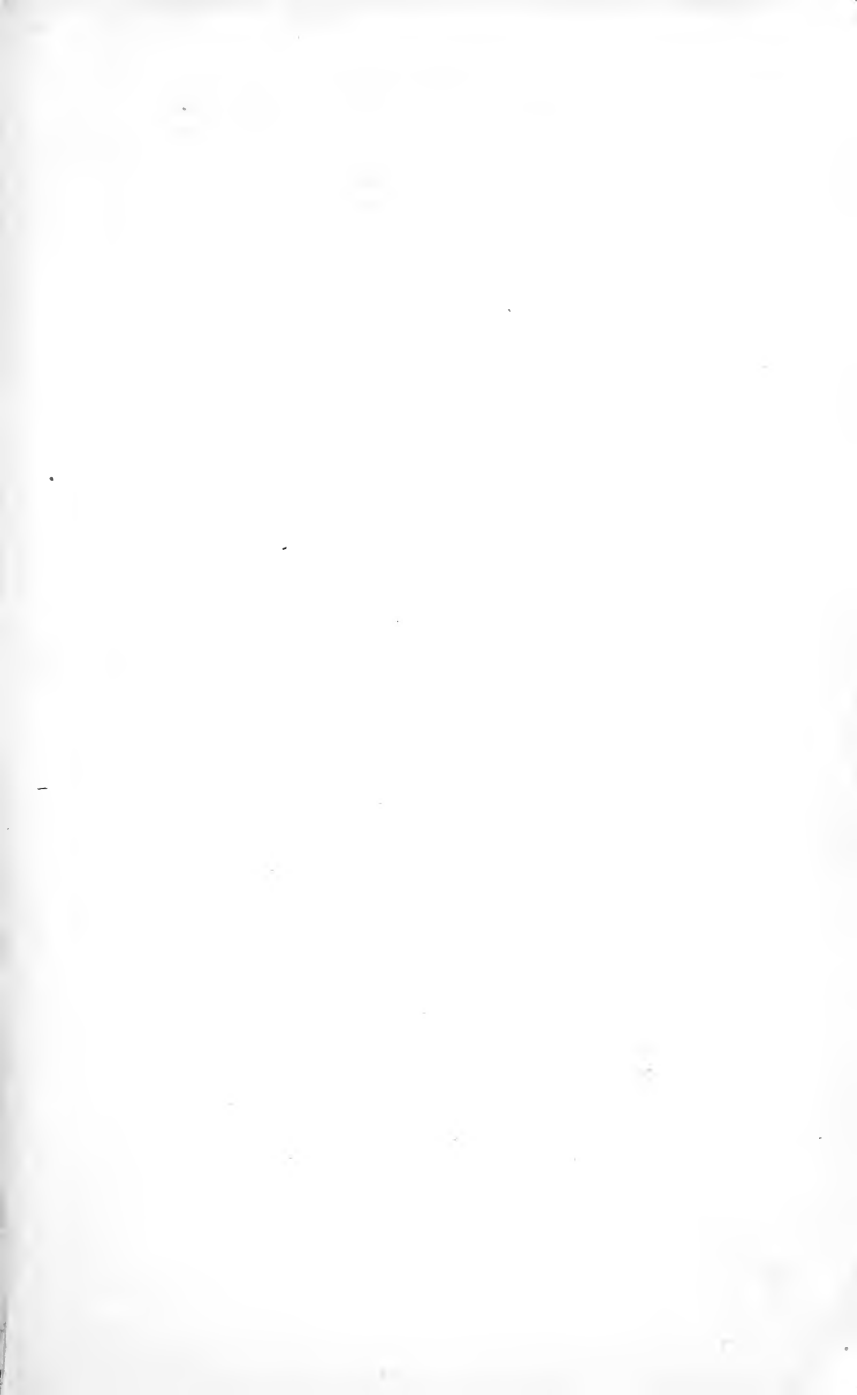






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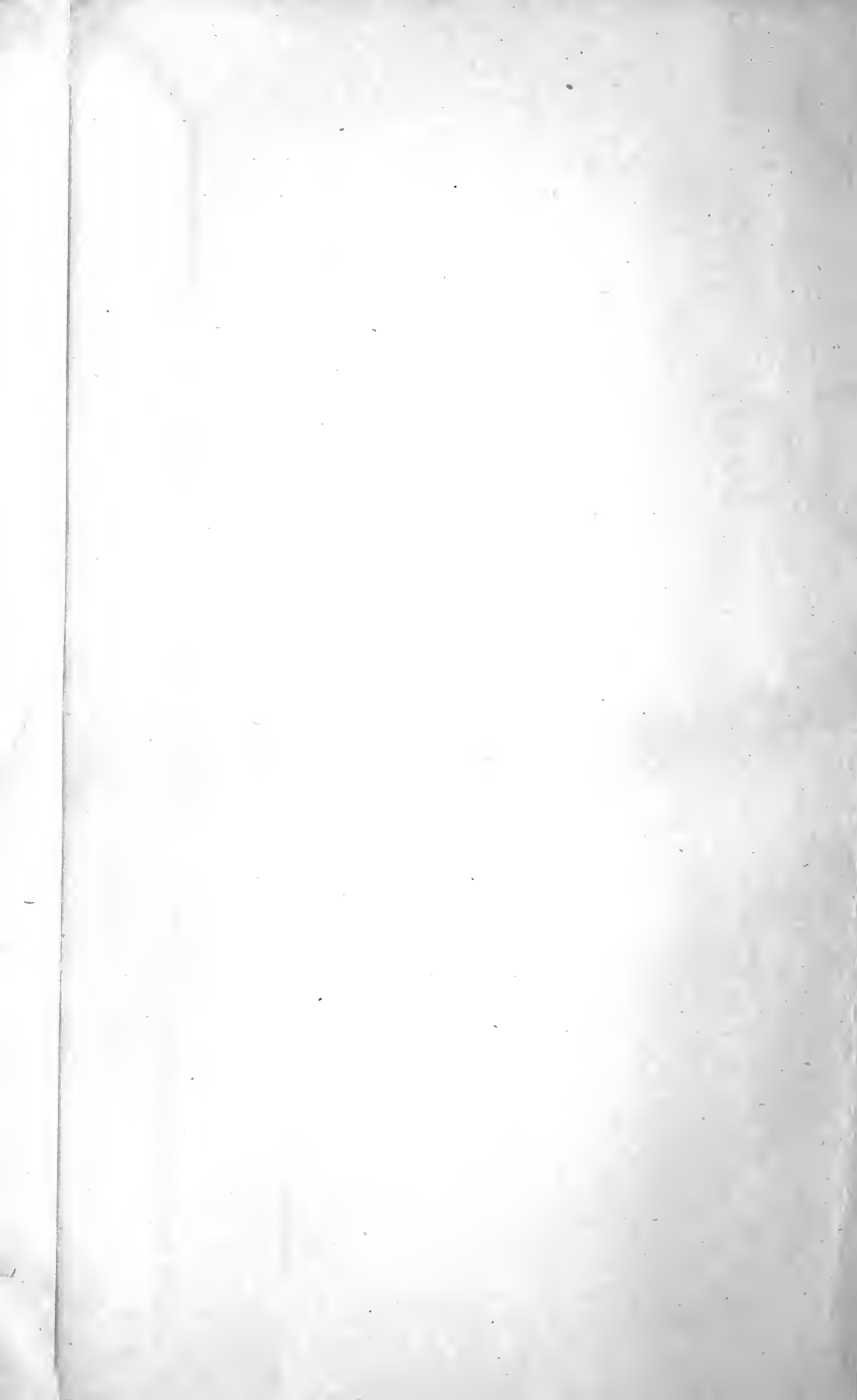
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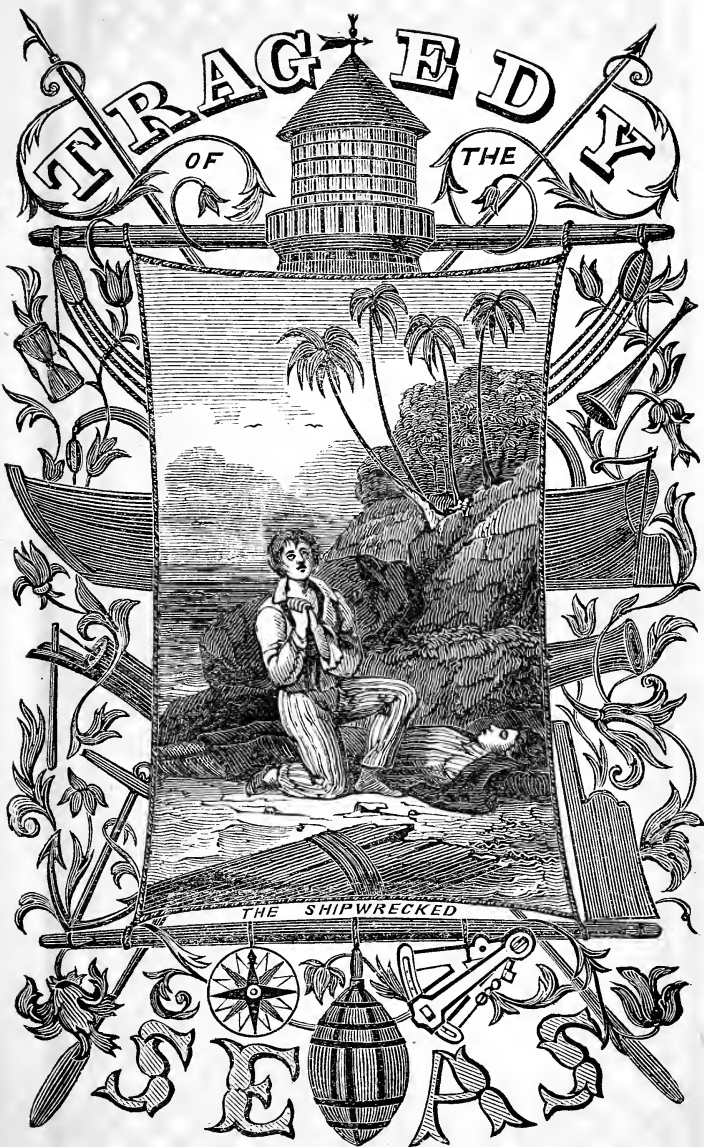


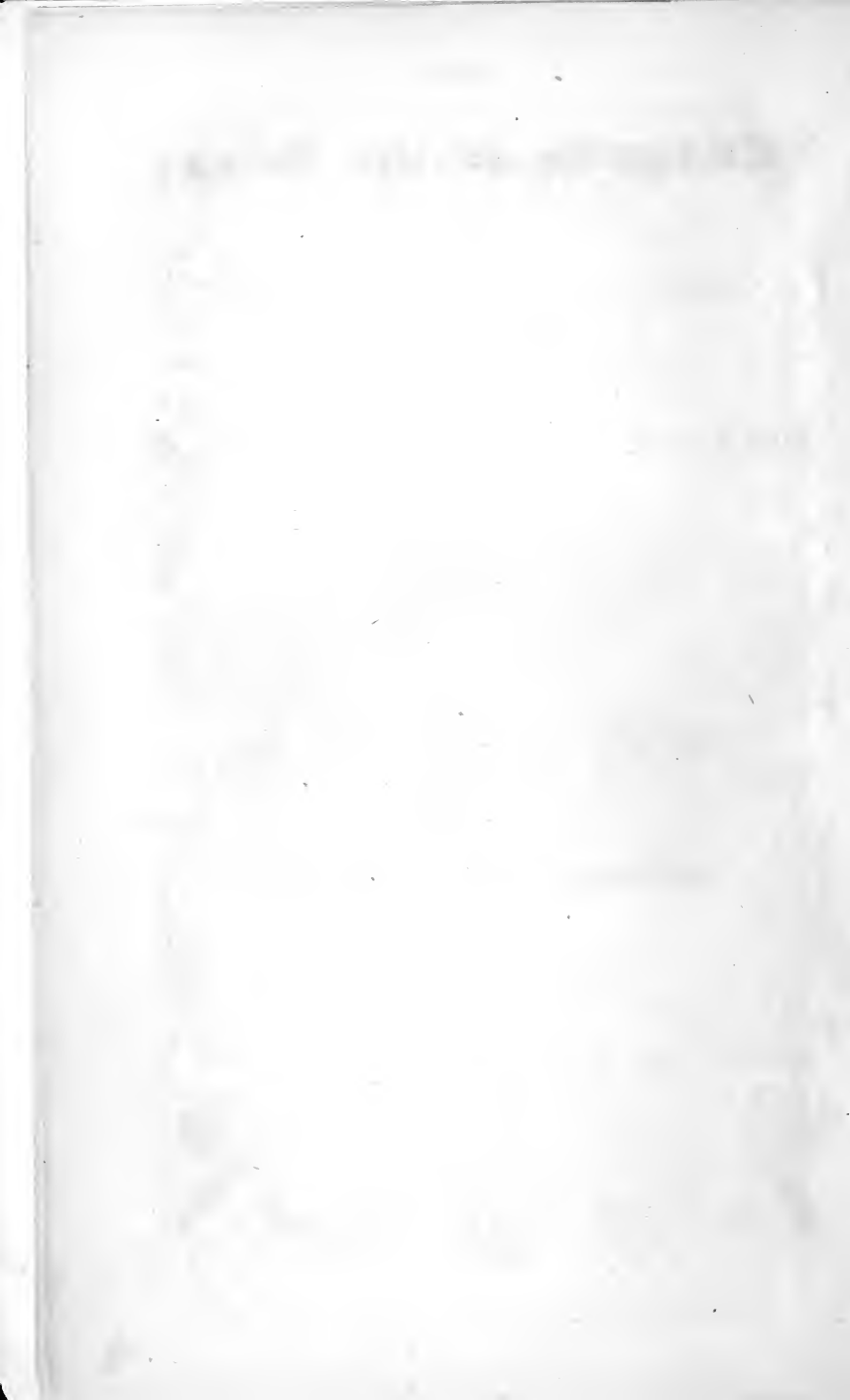
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The art itself is Nature.—*Shakspeare.*

Art is but Nature better understood.—*Pope.*







THE

# Tragedy of the Seas;

OR,

SORROW ON THE OCEAN, LAKE,  
AND RIVER,

FROM

SHIPWRECK, PLAGUE, FIRE, AND FAMINE.



" Her signal gun boomed o'er the wave,  
When midnight veiled Corunna's bay ;  
For help the hapless crew to save,  
He coursed the strand at dawn of day."

DON ALVAREZ.

BY CHARLES ELLMS.

NEW YORK:

COLLINS, KEESE & CO.

1841.



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Boston Light House.

## P R E F A C E .

THE imaginative mind of man has delighted to trace the origin of navigation from the instinctive motions of the buoyant nautilus, as it spreads its tiny sail to the breeze, or the appearance of a floating oak, which, uprooted by the sudden ravages of inundation, supported the animal that had reposed beneath its shade. But, passing by the numerous fanciful and traditionary accounts of profane history, we have the sacred record that it originated in that stupendous act of divine mercy and immutable justice, by which the human race were punished and preserved, — by which the earth was purified throughout its most distant extent; and the great archetype of navigation was the *Ark of Noah*, constructed by divine direction.

The rude essays in boat-building of all savage nations appear to have arrived at similar results. The difference is small between the canoe of the South Sea islander, hollowed out by fire, and that of the Esquimaux, framed of the bones of beasts and fishes, and covered with seal-skins — the canoe of the African and the American Indian. The barks of the early Britons, made of wattled osiers, and covered with hides, are, under the name of *coracles*, used in England at the present day.

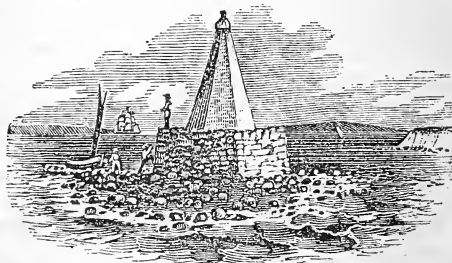
The natives of the North West Coast of America venture forth, in the roughest weather, in their skin-covered canoes, and can outstrip the swiftest barge in speed. The flying proa of the Ladrone Islands sails nearer the wind, and with a velocity far greater than science and philosophy have ever enabled civilized man to attain.

The improvement of naval architecture advanced with the arts of civilization; and from the canoe were successively produced the barge, galley, carravel, carrack, and ship. And by the appliance of steam power, continents are joined, and extensive seas are traversed, with the same regularity, but far greater speed, than by land travel.

What can convey a more exalted idea of human daring and fortitude, than the boldness with which man rushes forth to encounter the storms and waves of those two mighty elements, the air and ocean? What can speak louder in praise of human ingenuity, than the wonderful art by which he is enabled to boldly steer from the land until it fades in the horizon, and nothing is to be seen but the heavenly concave above and a watery waste around him? Yet by perseverance he wearies out the elements, and reaches his destined port in safety.

But often all his perseverance, fortitude, and ingenuity, avail him nothing; and he neither reaches his destined haven nor any other, on this side of eternity, having fallen a victim to the disasters of the ocean.

Reader! these misfortunes, produced by *shipwreck*, *fire*, and *famine*, compose this volume, prepared for your perusal.



Nix's Mate, in Boston Harbor, at low water.



"He must not float upon his watery bier,  
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,  
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas  
Wash far away." MILTON.

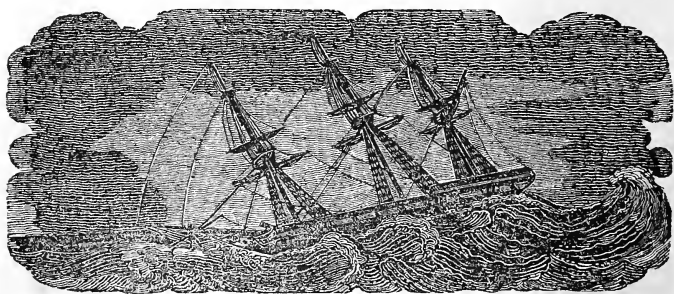
## INTRODUCTION.

THE strongest sympathies and emotions of our nature are justly called forth by the perilous adventures and unknown fate which so often befall "those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business on the great waters." How many breasts are daily agitated by the alternate throbs of hope and fear, as the "Shipping News" is read over for tidings of the vessel that has long been missing, and on board of which a husband, brother, son, or some other loved one, has embarked! And, long, long after all probability that he will ever again be heard from has ceased, hope, that balm of life, still cheers up the faint heart.

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore  
Earth's loneliest bounds, and ocean's wildest shore.

And if the lost one was on a voyage to the Indies, or had rounded Cape Horn, to cruise among the coral Archipelagos of the South Seas, the imagination may come to the aid of hope, and a distant vision of that missing ship float before the mind's eye.

As she briskly sails on the blue waters of a tropical sea, the breeze gradually dies away, and a calm succeeds; the sails idly flap against the masts; not a zephyr moves the sleeping canvass; and the extended yards and booms lazily creak in their slings and sockets, as she languidly reposes on her own shadow. The waters seem petrified into polished blue marble, tempting one to walk on their treacherous surface; and the feverish crew are oppressed by the excessive heat and closeness of the atmosphere. But the calms of the ocean, like those of life, are short; soon a change of weather is apparent, and the gray, misty hues of the horizon are every instant growing denser and darker. The men aloft are sending down the light masts and spars, and those on deck clewing up the sails, lashing the boats, and securing the hatchways. The sea is now lashed up into dark billows, with their foaming crests, and the storm strikes the ship. In an instant, the little sail that remains spread is blown into ribbons, and the ship staggers before the hurricane, under bare poles, with nothing to hold the furious wind, but the bending, straining masts and the wailing cordage.



After the first fury of the gale is spent, she is carefully luffed up to the wind, and laid to under a close-reefed storm-staysail. With the sea white with foam, and the sky of a pitchy darkness, night sets in. Soon a heavy sea is shipped, which sweeps the decks, carrying overboard the long-boat and part of the crew; and, during the middle watches, the ship strikes a sunken rock with fearful violence. One mast goes by the board, and the others are cut away, to relieve the ship. The waves now break over her, washing off many of the crew. The morning comes: a reddish glimmer in the east, with a dark scud above, discovers

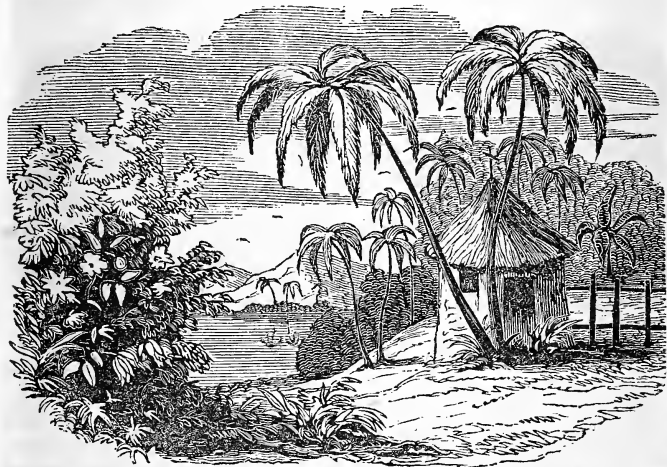
the situation of the ship, lying along a bed of coral rocks, and fixed within its jagged points; and, through the thick showers of spray, at no great distance, the head of the lofty palm is seen, bowing to the blast. The storm having expended its fury, as the sun rises, the gale abates, and the survivors, among whom is the cherished friend, effect a landing.

The island is uninhabited by man, but abounding in all the charms and luxuries of nature. Around the coral shores grows the cocoa palm.

“The Indian’s nut alone

Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,  
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.”

The interior is composed of mountain, stream, valley, lawns, and deep dells; and among the spicy groves, birds of tuneful song and gorgeous plumage fly. The fat and juicy turtle grazes on the sea-grass of the strand; the ponds abound with rice, and the uplands with the sweet yam; a dessert is found in the milky cocoa-nut, the melting plantain fruit, the luscious mango, mangosteen, and pine-apple. Under a pretty clump of palm-trees they build a hut of bamboos, the sides wattled with ratans, the roof thatched with cadjan leaves, and the wicker door interwoven with split reeds. Here they sing, and pray, and keep calm Sabbaths.



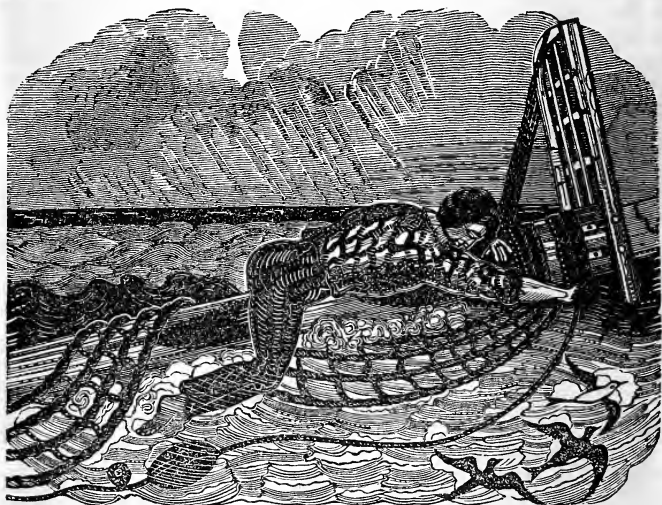
To such a solitary paradise the imagination may fondly trace the unknown fate of one who left his home for distant shores, and “*was never heard of more.*”

What spell is in those words, “*was never heard of more,*”

to enchain the imagination as they do? Why has the vague and mournful fate of Mungo Park more power to wake our human sympathies than all the detailed horrors of an authenticated martyrdom? How does the curious fancy follow him through savage wilds and unknown perils, and wander like a mournful ghost round the spot where the last faint traces of his pilgrimage are lost in dark and horrible rumors of murder and treachery!

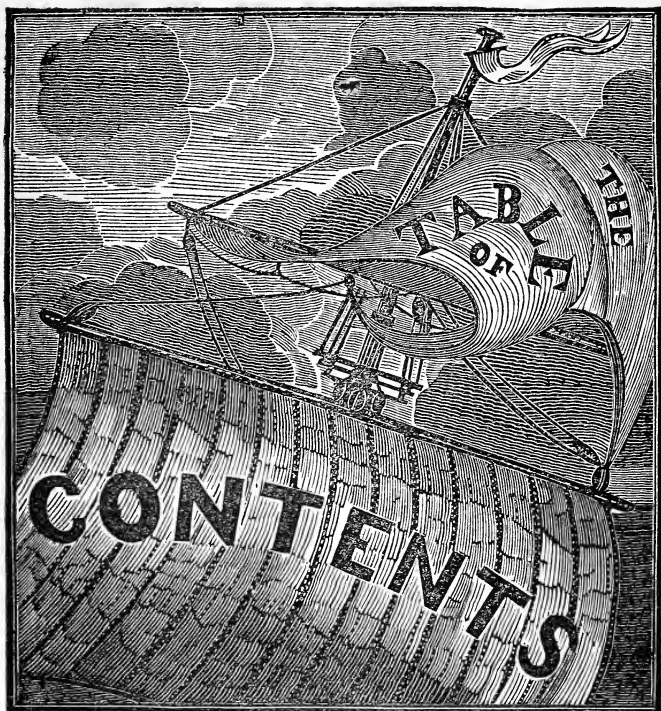
Who does not love to ponder on the romantic fate of La Pe-rouse, as circumstantially told by the fragments of his vessels, and the traditions of the islanders where he was wrecked, after being enveloped in profound mystery for forty years!

But what shipwreck, however fearful its relation, can have more intense interest in one's eyes than these words, copied from an old English newspaper—"The Buckinghamshire East Indiaman left London the 13th of May, 1769. She is supposed to have foundered at sea, with one hundred and forty souls on board, as she has never been heard of since!"



Reader, we will leave your imagination to discover the way in which this Indiaman met her fate.

But, leaving the regions of fancy, we will alight on the hard rocks of reality. *The Narratives* that follow are plain, true, and unvarnished; and if the hand that guided the rudder in the hour of misfortune was prevented, by the physical elements, from steering a correct course, nothing has prevented truth, that moral magnet of the mind, from invariably guiding the survivor in his narration.



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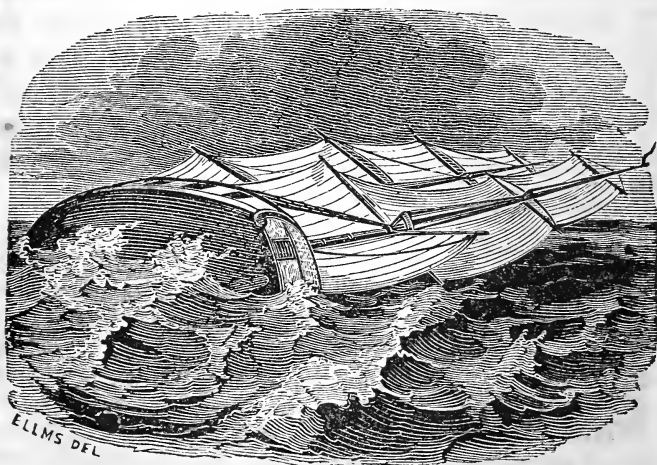




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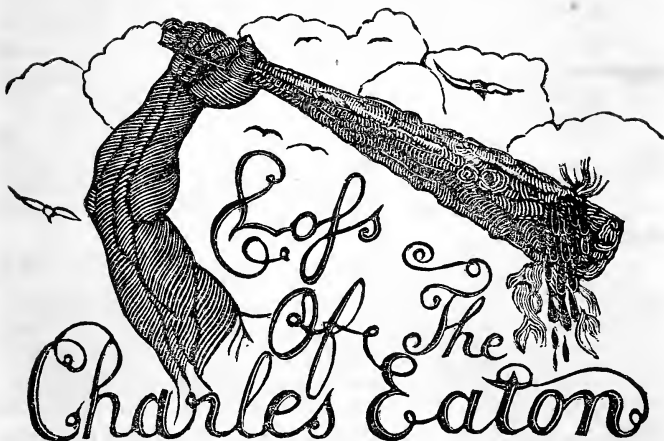


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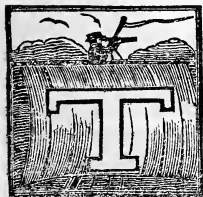


# AN AFFECTING NARRATIVE

OF THE



On the Great Barrier Reef of New Holland, and the Massacre of nearly all the Ship's Company by the Natives; with a Journal of the Proceedings on Board of the Schooner *Isabella*, when in Search of the Survivors, and the Rescue of the Infant William D'Oyley from the Polynesian Cannibals, August, 1834.



THE fate of the *Charles Eaton* and her company was, for about two years, the subject of intense interest and anxiety to many of the inhabitants of India. At length five of her crew reached Batavia in December, 1835. The account they gave of the disaster was, that the ship was lost on the Barrier Reef of New Holland.

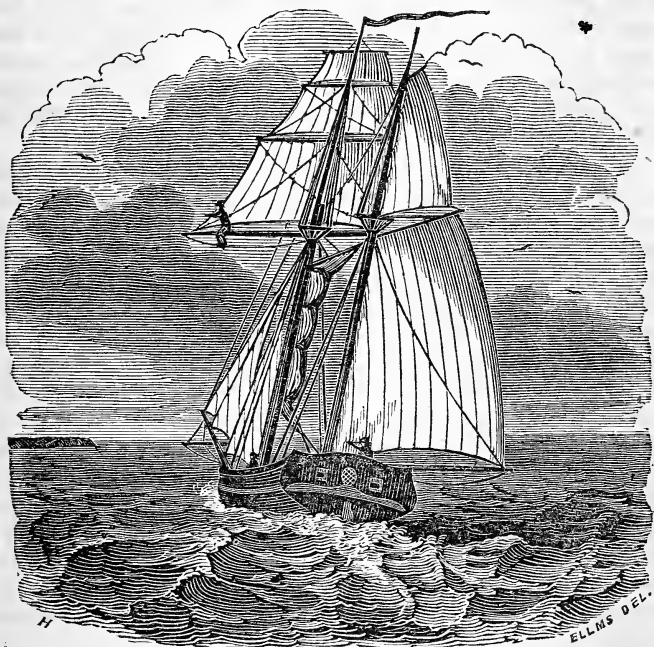
Soon after striking, she bilged, lost her rudder, and carried away her masts, the sea making a clear breach over her. One of the quarter-boats was lowered, into which were thrown sails, provisions, &c. The third mate, carpenter, and five seamen, entered her, pushed off, and soon lost sight of the ship. They stated that when they left her, the crew and passengers were all alive on the forecastle. The first land they made was Timor Laut, where they fell into the hands of the natives; but they were generally well treated, and after remaining on the island thirteen months, they persuaded the natives to let them take passage in a return proa to Amboyna, promising to send them back presents of muskets, ammunition, &c. They arrived here in October, and reached Batavia in December.

A clew was thus obtained as to the probable situation of those left behind, if living; and as a lady of rare accomplishments, and her interesting children, together with several highly-respectable passengers, were among the sufferers, a strong sentiment pervaded the minds of the public, that rigorous exertions should be made to ascertain if any were yet alive, and to restore them to their friends and the blessings of civilized life. Accordingly, the government of Bombay despatched the brig-of-war Tigris, with orders to proceed to the spot where it was supposed the ship was wrecked, and to search the reefs and islands in the vicinity. About the same time, the government of New South Wales despatched the armed schooner Isabella on the same errand of mercy. As the latter vessel first reached the spot, rescued the survivors, and ascertained the awful fate of the dead, we shall insert a narrative of the proceedings on board of her.

On the 3d of June, 1836, the Isabella, under the command of Mr. C. M. Lewis, left Sydney in search of the unfortunate survivors of the Charles Eaton; and at eight o'clock, June 19th, the weather being thick and heavy, the detached reefs on the north side of the entrance were seen bearing west-north-west, eight or ten miles. At nine o'clock, Murray's Island, from the mast-head, bore west by south, and at half past nine, the Isabella entered the Cumberland's

Passage, which was cleared at ten, and at eleven o'clock was anchored off the north side of Murray's Island, a mile distant, in nineteen fathoms, sand and coral.

As soon as the vessel was secured, the attention of the crew was directed to the shore, on the beach of which a group of Indians was collected, showing signals of peace by extending their arms, and displaying gestures similar to the natives of the main; and among them was plainly distinguished a naked white man. The Indians were preparing



The Schooner Isabella in Search of the Survivors.

to launch their canoes; and, as there existed some doubts as to the real disposition of these islanders, every preparation of defence was made on board of the schooner; but that they might not be deterred from visiting the vessel, the loaded guns were run in, and one half of the crew was concealed below, in readiness to repel any attack. To the westward a canoe was observed under sail.

It was not long before four canoes came off, each of which contained sixteen men. On their approach they began to make signs of friendship, by rubbing the hand over the abdomen, and calling out in loud voices, "Poud! poud!" (peace, peace.) Their object was to trade; and for that purpose they had brought tortoise-shell, cocoa-nuts, and other trifles, which, as they approached the ship, they held up, calling out, "Tooree," and "toolick;" meaning iron tools, such as knives and axes. It was, however, pretended by signs that they were not understood, in the hope that they would bring off the white man to interpret for them; at the same time some axes were displayed, the sight of which made the Indians so anxious to possess them, that although they might have easily been induced to give up their nearest relations in exchange, yet they showed great reluctance in producing the white man; and it was not until they found their trade would not be allowed, and they began to be impatient to possess the valuable articles which they had seen, that they sent a canoe to the shore, which returned in an hour with him; but he was not permitted to come on board until some axes were given in exchange. Upon interrogating him, Mr. Lewis was very much gratified to find that he was one of the unfortunate crew of the Charles Eaton, — his name being John Ireland.

Deferring any further inquiries for the present, Mr. Lewis gave the crew permission to trade with the Indians; upon which an active barter commenced, and was carried on with great briskness and in the most friendly manner. The first present which was given them was some empty glass bottles, which they call "tarpoor," on which a few lines, explaining the particulars and intention of the schooner's visit had been scratched, in order that should any white people be on the island, they might be informed of the means of escape which was now open to them. Ireland informed Mr. Lewis that he had been treated with great kindness by the Indians generally, but pointed out one in particular, whose name was Duppar, to whom he was indebted for his life and protection, and from whom he had even received parental kindness. A favorable opportunity was therefore afforded of rewarding him for his humanity. He was invited on board, clothed in "fine linen," and loaded with presents,

which put the old man in high spirits ; and if possessed of a reflective mind, he would doubtless have been amply repaid in the satisfaction of witnessing the delight that must have been visible in the faces of all on board, and of having been the means of restoring his adopted son to his countrymen. But it is to be feared that these sentiments are foreign to the savage, and that he would not have so readily given up his *protégé* had he not been allured by the desire of possessing the enticing baits that were held out to him. Duppar, however, seemed pleased and satisfied with his reception and treatment.

Ireland now informed Mr. Lewis that the youngest son of Captain D'Oyley was also on shore. Upon applying to the Indians to go for him, they said he was on the other side of the island, and could not be produced that night, but promised that they would bring him on board in the morning. Fearing, however, that their reluctance to part with the child might induce them to conceal him, all bartering was ordered to be suspended until he was given up ; soon after which the canoes left the vessel and returned to the shore.

Mr. Lewis had now an opportunity of obtaining from Ireland the account of the loss of the Charles Eaton, but found great difficulty in understanding him, for the boy had forgotten his native tongue, and mixed the Murray Island language so much with his own that he was unintelligible. Nor, indeed, was it until several days afterwards that the events which compose the following melancholy tale could be elicited.

The Charles Eaton left Sydney on the 29th of July, 1834, bound to Canton, by way of Torres Strait, and experienced a series of fine weather and favorable winds until she approached the Barrier Reefs, when the weather became thick and rainy. The master, being provided with a good chart, steered boldly for the reefs. Unfortunately for him, the weather was so clouded on approaching the Barriers, that he could obtain no observation for the latitude ; and yet it would appear that the ship was in a very favorable position.

About ten o'clock in the morning the reefs were suddenly perceived close to ; upon which the ship was hove up in the wind, and both anchors let go, and the cables paid out

to the end ; but as the depth was probably unfathomable, they had no effect, for she drifted on the reef and fell over on her beam ends. The chief mate then cut her masts away ; but the bottom was soon bilged, and every thing destroyed by the water which broke over the decks, and the ship became a perfect wreck. Happily the upper part of the vessel kept together, on which the crew and passengers collected. Soon after she struck, a vessel was observed three or four miles to windward, high and dry upon the reefs, with her masts standing, and royal yards across, and sails set ; in which position she must have been left by her crew.

During the confusion that existed, one of the quarter-boats was lowered, but immediately swamped, by which one man was drowned. Soon afterwards three of the crew, with the third mate and carpenter, put sails, provisions, and water, and arms, and all the carpenter's tools into the quarter-boat, and lowered her down, and kept near the wreck during the day and following night. The next day two seamen joined them, after which they refused to take any more, although six of the crew made their way over the reef the next morning, and wished to be taken on board. The boat, however, bore away, and was seen no more. The master, then, assisted by those who remained, attempted to make a raft, which was not completed before the expiration of seven days. During this period, they had managed to distil the contents of a cask and some bottles from the sea, by the aid of the ship's coppers and a leaden pipe from the quarter-gallery cistern, the whole of which they placed on the raft, with a basket containing some beer and a cask of pork. Whilst they were upon the wreck, they were upon a daily allowance of two wine-glasses of water and a little damaged bread.

As soon as the raft was completed, they got upon it ; but finding that it was not buoyant enough to hold them, they threw over the water, pork, and beer. Still it did not support their weight ; so the greater number returned on board, leaving Mr. Moore, the master, Mr. Grant, the surgeon, Captain and Mrs. D'Oyley and their two children, their nurse, a passenger, and two seamen, who determined to remain on it all night. In the morning, however, it was found that the



rope by which the raft had been made fast to the stern of the vessel, had been cut, and nothing was seen of their companions. It is probable that the uncomfortable situation in which they found themselves, up to their waists in water, and the sea constantly breaking over them, induced the master to cut the rope, and trust to Providence to guide himself and the passengers to some place of safety.

Those that remained then made a raft of the vessel's top-masts, lashed together with coir rope, and made a sail out of some cloth which formed a part of her cargo. It took seven days before it was completed, when they launched off and bade adieu to the ill-fated vessel, which was probably soon broken up, for at high water the sea breached over her.

The vessel that was seen with her masts standing was too far to windward for them to reach, for even the boat could not make way against the wind and current. Upon casting off, they set their sail and steered before the wind; but the raft was so heavy and deep that very little progress was made. She drifted rather than sailed, and probably did not go more than a mile and a half per hour. After some time, they came to a reef, upon which they remained for the night, and the next morning proceeded before the wind, but saw no more reefs. After two days and nights upon the raft, up to their waists in water, and having partaken of very little food, they passed an island, and then saw several more ahead. Soon afterwards a canoe was perceived paddling towards them, containing ten or twelve Indians, who, as they approached, stood up and extended their arms to show they had no weapons, and were inclined to be friendly. On reaching the raft, the Indians got upon it and conducted themselves very peaceably, and, after a short time, proposed that they should leave the raft and go into the canoe, which they at first hesitated to do, until Thomas Ching, a midshipman, said he would go, as he should then have a better chance of getting to England; upon which they all consented, and embarked in the canoe. Before they left, the Indians searched the raft very narrowly for iron implements, but only found a few hoops, which they collected and took with them. They left the raft about four o'clock in the afternoon, and in less than an hour were landed on the Island of Bāydān.

Upon disembarking, the natives accompanied them round the island in search of water and food, but they were so exhausted by fatigue and hunger that they could scarcely crawl. Upon their return to the place where they landed, they threw themselves on the ground in despair, as it was evident from the ferocious bearing and conduct of the savages, who stood around their party, grinning and laughing in the most hideous manner, that they were exulting in the anticipation of their murderous intentions. In this dreadful state of suspense, Mr. Claer, the first officer, addressing his companions, recommended them to be resigned to their fate, and read to them, in a most impressive manner, several prayers from a book which he had brought with him from the wreck; after which, commending themselves to the protection of the Almighty, they lay down, and, worn out by severe exhaustion, were soon asleep. But it was to them the sleep of death; for no sooner had they composed themselves than, as Ireland describes, he was roused by a loud shout and noise, and upon looking up, saw the Indians murdering his companions by dashing their brains out with clubs. The first that was killed was poor Ching, and after him his companion Perry, and then Mr. Mayer, the second officer; after which the confusion became so great that Ireland could not distinguish what passed. The last, however, that met his fate was Mr. Claer, who, in the attempt to make his escape to the canoe, was overtaken by his pursuers, and immediately despatched by a blow on the head.

Ireland and another boy, named Sexton, were now left awaiting their fate. The former, the narrator of this melancholy tale, thus describes his deliverance:—

“An Indian came to me, with a carving-knife, to cut my throat; but, as he was about to do it, having seized hold of me, I grasped the blade of the knife in my right hand, and held it fast, struggling for my life. The Indian then threw me down, and, placing his knee on my breast, tried to wrench the knife out of my hand; but I still retained it, although one of my fingers was cut through to the bone. At last, I succeeded in getting uppermost, when I let him go, and ran into the sea, and swam out; but, being much exhausted, and as the only chance for my life was to return to the shore, I landed again, fully expecting to be knocked

on the head. The same Indian then came up, with an infuriated gesture, and shot me in the right breast with an arrow, and then, in a most unaccountable manner, suddenly became quite calm, and led or dragged me to a little distance, and offered me some fish and water, which I was unable to partake of.



Little George D'Oyley, and the Ship's Dog Portland.

"Whilst struggling with the Indian, I observed Sexton, who was held by another, bite a piece of his arm out; but, after that, I knew nothing of him, until I found his life had been spared in a manner similar to my own.

"At a short distance off, making the most hideous yells, the other savages were dancing round a large fire, before which were placed, in a row, the heads of their victims, whilst their decapitated bodies were washing in the surf on the beach, from which they soon disappeared, having been,

probably, washed away by the tide. Sexton and I were then placed in charge of two natives, who covered us with the sail of the canoe, (a sort of mat,) but paid no attention to my wound, which had been bleeding profusely."

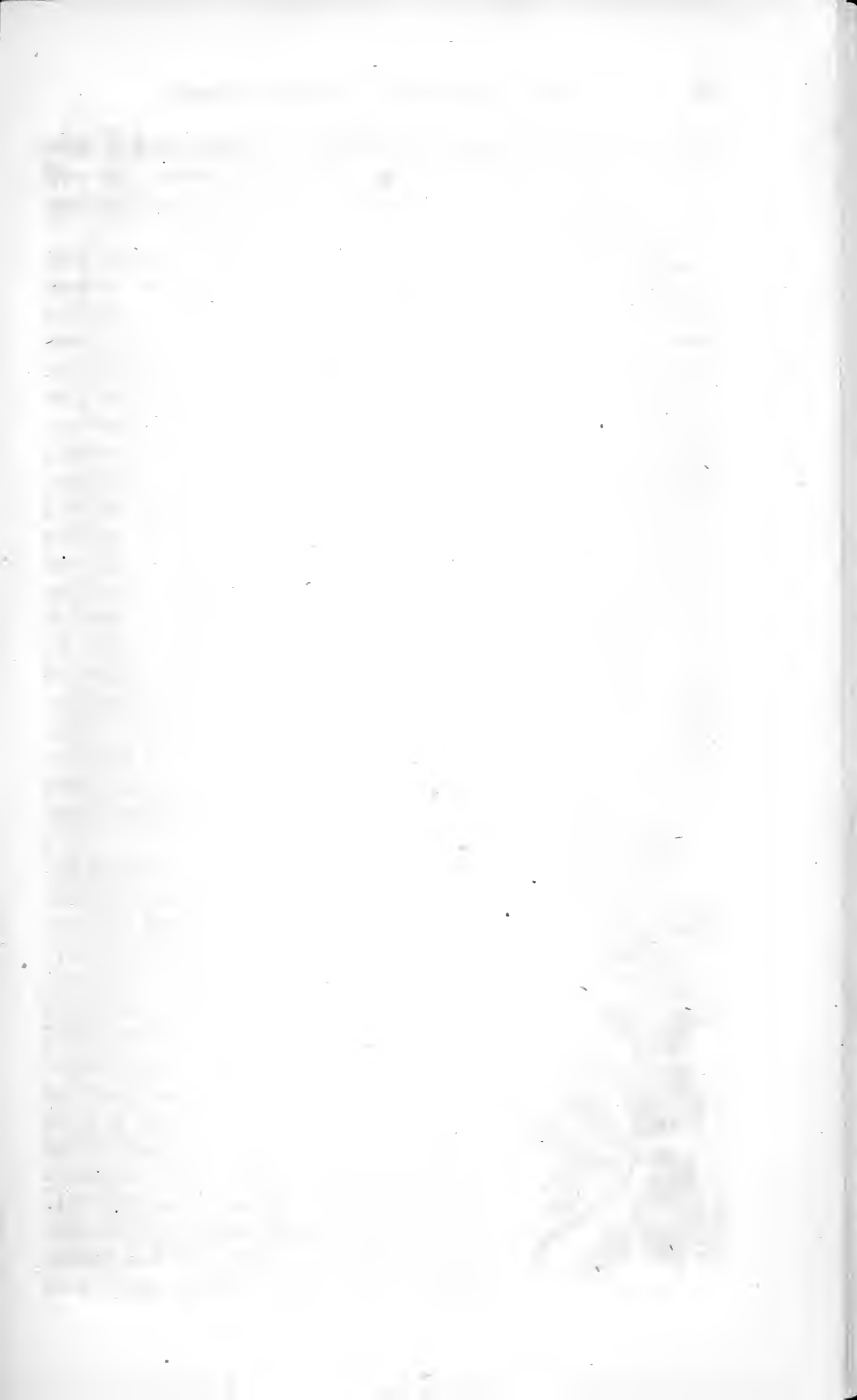
The next day, the Indians collected all the heads, and, embarking, removed to another island, where the women lived, which they called Pullan. On landing there, Ireland saw two of Captain D'Oyley's children, and the ship's dog, called Portland. The elder, George D'Oyley, told him that the first raft had landed on the island, and that all the passengers, excepting himself and his brother, had been instantly murdered; that his mother was killed by a blow with a club; and that his little brother was in her arms at the time, but was saved by one of the women, who afterwards took care of him. The child was seen by Ireland, when they landed, in the woman's arms, crying very much. He also saw some pieces of the ship's cabin doors, attached as ornaments to the heads of their canoes, which they appeared to prize very much, and other relics, among which were the skulls of the passengers and crew of the first raft, those of Mrs. D'Oyley and Captain Moore being plainly distinguishable, the former by the hair, the latter by the features. The heads were suspended by a rope to a pole that was stuck up near the huts of the women, round which they danced every evening and morning, accompanying their infuriated gestures with the most horrid yells.

The number of Indians collected amounted to about sixty; they were merely residing on the island during the fishing season, for their home, as it afterwards turned out, was at a considerable distance off. Their principal subsistence was turtle, and small fish, which they caught with hook and line, and shell fish, which abound on the reefs. The island also produces a small fruit, "like a plum, with a stone in it." The fish is broiled over the ashes of the fire, or boiled in the basin of a large volute, (*Voluta Ethiopica*), which, being a scarce shell, is of great value to them.

The Island of Pullan is covered with low trees and underwood, and the soil is sandy. In the centre of it is a spring, which supplied the whole party with



A Wild Plum.





The Infant, William D'Oyley, whilst among the Caimitals of Murray's Island, is taken care of by a Native, named Oby. — Page 25.

sufficient water for their consumption ; and, as Ireland says they used a great deal, it must, at least, have yielded fifteen or twenty gallons a day, for the hole was always full. Upon a voyage, they carry their water in bamboo joints and coconut shells, like the Malays.

After remaining here two months, the Indians separated. One party, taking Ireland and the infant D'Oyley with them, embarked in a canoe, and, after half a day's sail, reached another islet to the northward, where they remained a day and a night on the sandy beach ; and, the next morning, proceeded, and reached another island similar to Pullan, low and bushy, where they remained a fortnight. They then proceeded to the northward, calling, on their way, at different islands, and remaining as long as they supplied food, until they reached one where they remained a month ; and then they went on a visit to Darnley's Island, which they called Aroob, where, for the first time, Ireland says, he received kind treatment.

After a fortnight, they again embarked, and returned, by the way they came, to an island called Sirreb, situated near Aureed, where their voyage ended, and they remained until purchased by Duppar, the Murray Islander, who, it appears, upon hearing that there were two white boys in captivity at Aureed, embarked in a canoe with his wife, Pamoy, and went for the express purpose of obtaining them, taking, for the purpose of barter, some fruit. The price of their ransom was a bunch of bananas for each. They returned by way of Darnley's Island, where they stopped a few days, and then reached Murray's Island, where they remained ever since, most kindly treated. Duppar gave little D'Oyley to a native named Oby, to take care of — a charge of which he faithfully acquitted himself ; and both Oby and his adopted child soon became very fond of each other ; for, as the child was a mere infant, he soon forgot his mother, and naturally attached himself to his nurse. When at Aureed, the Indians had named Ireland *Wak* ; and little D'Oyley they called *Uass* ; names which they retained at Murray's Island, and



A Bunch of Bananas.

by which they are doubtless now known all over the archipelago.

Ireland lived in the same hut with Duppar and his family. His employment was to cultivate a plantation of yams, and, during the season, to assist in taking turtle and shell fish. On one occasion, he accompanied them in an excursion towards New Guinea, where they went for the purpose of barter and trade; which they frequently did to obtain bows and arrows, canoes, and feathers, for which they gave in return shells, and which, from their scarcity, the New Guinea people prize very much. But, as Duppar was fearful the New Guinea people would steal or murder him, he was left at Darnley's Island, in charge of Agge, an Indian, until their return. Duppar and his friends, however, were not long away; for, having stopped at Campbell's Island to pass the night, one of the islanders attempted to take by force from one of the visitors his *moco moco*, (a kind of badge worn round the calves of the legs,) — upon which a quarrel ensued, in which the Murray Islanders used their bows and arrows, and wounded several, one being shot through the body. The Jarmuth people then retreated to their huts, and the others embarked.

The next morning, the 20th, at seven o'clock, five canoes came off to the schooner to trade; but, as they had not kept their promise of bringing off the child, no communication was allowed to be held with them. As Mr. Lewis had now the advantage of Ireland's interpreting his wishes, no mistake or misunderstanding could occur in his communication with them. It was evident they were very reluctant to give up the child; and yet they coveted the "toolic" and "tooree" so much, that he had great hopes of effecting his object without resorting to force. After waiting, however, for some time, without any appearance of their sending for the child, he began to insist upon their giving him up; and, opening the ports, ran the guns out, and made a demonstration of using force, which had the desired effect; for, though it did not diminish the confidence they had in him, they saw he was determined to gain his point, and sent a canoe ashore to bring the child off. It returned in a short time with a message that he was on the other side of the island, but should be given up, if Mr. Lewis would give



“tooree” for him, which was, of course, immediately assented to; but then they wanted the payment to be made in advance. As it was evident, from the confidence they placed in Mr. Lewis, and the example that had been shown by the payment that had been made to Ireland, and the rewards that were afterwards given to Duppar, that the Indians had no intention of completing their part of the bargain, but merely wanted to obtain the “toolie,” he refused to comply with their proposal, and repeated his orders not to trade.

Shortly after this, upon looking towards the shore, a group of about one hundred Indians, evidently in deep consultation, were seen seated on a hill, and among them a little white child, perfectly naked, playing with others of the same size. After two or three hours, the group began to move down towards the shore; and, at four o’clock, the child, surrounded by the natives, was brought to the beach in the arms of a young Indian, who seemed, by his kissing him, to be very sorrowful at the idea of giving him up. He, however, embarked in a canoe, and brought him alongside. The child was frightened, and cried very much at leaving his sable friend, whose neck he clung round, and pointed to the shore. Oby, however, brought his little charge on board, and descended into the cabin, where Mr. Lewis satisfied him with presents, and dressed him with clothes, at which he evinced no small delight. The bargain having now been completed, the canoes were permitted alongside, and the people to trade. They had not much, however, to dispose of: a few yams and cocoa-nuts, a small quantity of tortoiseshell, bows, arrows, fish-gigs, and shells of little value, were all they possessed.

Towards evening, the canoes returned to the shore, but left Oby and Duppar on board, both of whom, particularly the former, sobbed very much at the idea of parting with their favorites.

Before leaving the vessel’s side, the Indians pressed Mr. Lewis to visit them on shore the next day, which he promised to do. According to his promise, he landed the following morning, and was immediately surrounded by upwards of one hundred Indians, who expressed great delight at the meeting, by hugging and caressing him, and shaking hands; but in order to prevent surprise, two boats were ordered to

be off on their oars, and be prepared with their arms, should any hostility be shown. This movement, however, appeared to frighten the women and children so much that they ran away to the huts; and it was some time before they mustered sufficient courage to approach. At last they were persuaded by the men, who were evidently amused by their timidity; an old fat lady gradually drew near and took Mr. Lewis's hand and held it in one of hers, scratching the palm with the fingers of the other. Confidence being thus restored, the women and children were presented with handkerchiefs and toys, which seemed to delight them very much. After remaining two hours with these friendly Indians, Mr. Lewis embarked with a view of examining the neighboring islands. On Dowar, which is high and rocky, many cocoa-nut trees, and several huts, were noticed; but as it was not the fruit season, they were not inhabited. Near the huts were observed many skulls strung up among the bushes, which Ireland described to be the memorials of departed friends. Upon Dowar, or Golgotha, as Mr. Lewis named it, a golden plover was shot, and a few seeds and specimens of plants collected.

Wyer was found to be very barren, and from its rugged and precipitous chasms bore a resemblance to a ruined fortress. In the sheltered parts, however, a few huts were seen, and near them some cocoa-nut trees. *Beche le mer* abounded on the beaches; some of them were procured weighing three pounds. The next morning, June 22d, five canoes came off to trade, but they brought little on board of any worth. Understanding that there was a water-hole on the west-south-west end of the island, eight casks were sent on shore to be filled. The well was about one hundred yards from the beach, but it only contained enough to fill one cask, and that was so muddy as to be unfit for use. It appears that the island is very deficient in water, and what they use is collected in the wet season in holes, and the valves of an enormous bivalved shell, the *Chama gigas*, the fish of which alone has been frequently found to weigh upwards of three hundred weight; so that it would take the united strength of three or four men to move the shell when it contains its inhabitant. The valves may probably contain three or four gallons of water. For drink they use principally the milk

of the young cocoa-nut. Whilst filling the cask with water, one of the Indians took the opportunity of stealing a cask, and concealing it in the bushes at some distance; it was, however, discovered, upon which the thief and his companions scampered off, for fear of punishment, for the party was well armed. The Isabella's people afterwards had several opportunities of witnessing their thievish propensities; particularly for any edge tools. On Wyer was observed, suspended between two bamboo trees, but supported by a rock in an inclined position, the skeleton of a man, which had evidently been placed there some time, as all the flesh was dried up or decomposed. The figure had been painted over with a dark-red ochreous pigment, with which they daub their bodies. In the forehead were pieces of mother-of-pearl, to represent eyes. The natives explained that he had died from swollen bowels, which was caused by some incantation of the Darnley Islanders, and that after he was dead, a substance, like a turtle, was taken out of him, which they attributed to the curse.

The next day Mr. Lewis had another conversation respecting the massacre, with a large party, who were assembled around him and Ireland: the latter interpreted, as usual, what they had to say. They gave him to understand that the heads of the "white people," who had been murdered at *Boydan*, were in a state of preservation at the huts on *Aureed*; and that the Indians every night and morning danced around them, and expressed their delight by yelling and hooting, and displaying the most horrid gestures; but repeated the oft-told tale, that there were no survivors, and confirmed the story he had previously heard from Ireland, that the Murray Islanders had seen the heads of Sexton and George D'Oyley at one of the islands, and that the hair of one of them had been so much admired, that the Indians had cut it off and made it into an ornament. They told him that the murderers had eaten the eyes and cheeks of their victims, to excite them to the deed; but this was generally done, whenever any fell in battle, or are murdered. The children are also made to partake of this disgusting food, in order to make them ferocious.

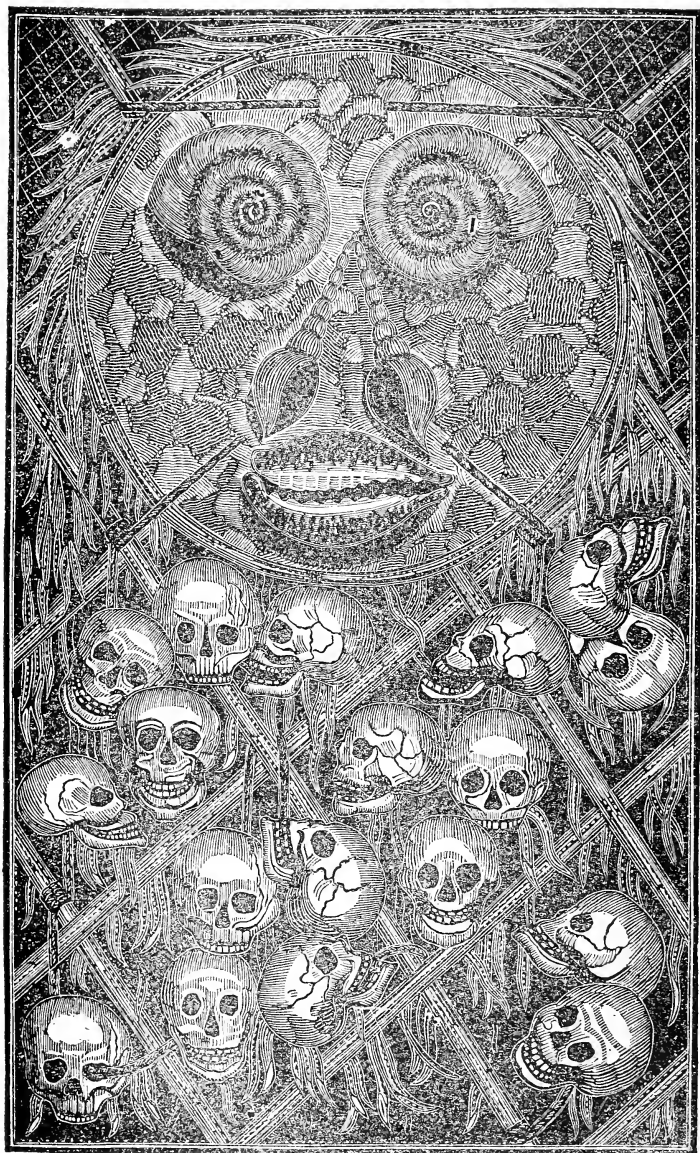
Mr. Lewis now determined to proceed to Aureed, to recover the heads of his unfortunate countrymen. In de-

scribing the situation of Aureed, they pointed to the southwest by south, and gave him to understand that it could not be mistaken, since it was the only island that had cocoa-nuts on it; from which he anticipated that the search would be comparatively easy.

On the 20th, Mr. Lewis left Darnley Island, when he repeated his hope, that they would never injure or ill-treat any white people who might be cast away upon the island, and was again and again promised they would attend to his wishes. Upon going away, the Indians were all seated in a circle, when one took Mr. Lewis by the arm and led him round the party, to shake, or rather scrape, each other by the hand, and to receive an affectionate embrace.

The next day, at evening, they anchored under the lee of Marsden Island; these Indians are of the same character as those of Murray and Darnley Islands, and speak the same language. Ireland understood every word they said, and was therefore enabled to communicate with them without difficulty. He first demanded the white; and on being asked what had been done with the "white skulls," they denied having them in their possession; they had only been brought by the Indians of Aureed to show to them, but had been taken away again. Mr. Lewis, however, not feeling satisfied with their answers, ordered eighteen men out of the boats, armed with muskets and fixed bayonets, and cutlasses, and then, having them in his power, peremptorily demanded the skulls; but as they were much frightened and produced none, it was thought probable their story was correct. They also stated that the natives of Aureed had left the island, having heard that the schooner was on the way to punish them for the murder they had committed; that all the white men had been murdered, and that some of the skulls had been sent to New Guinea. During this parley the Indians were shouting loudly for assistance from their friends, but the boat's crews were too strong for them. After some time, finding that no satisfactory intelligence was obtained, room was made for them to pass; upon which they scampered off with great rapidity. Two of the seamen very improperly fired their muskets over their heads; which, however, did not injure them, and served only to increase the rapidity of their flight. These islanders told





The terrible Trophy to which the Skulls were affixed. — *Page 33.*

them that their principal food was cocoa-nuts and yams, and that they were frequently robbed of them by the Indians of other islands.

On Mr. Lewis's wading across to the southernmost island, the Indians, who were there, escaped in their canoes, and steered towards the west-south-west. A strict search was made all over the island, but no remains of Europeans were found. The party then returned on board.

The next day was occupied in searching amongst the islands. The anchor was dropped in the afternoon near an island about half a mile off; when a boat visited the shore, but found no trace of what they were in search of. A few deserted sheds, used probably when fishing, were the only marks of its ever being visited by the Indians. Several birds, viz., pigeons, quails, and rails, flushed; and an immense number of rats were seen. The trees were principally swamp oak and fig; a species of vine, also, and creeping plants, were seen. Mr. Lewis carved his name on one of the trees.

On the morning of the 25th the schooner got under way, and worked to windward towards an island, which, having cocoa-nuts on it, and being very low, answered to the description given of Aureed by the Murray Islanders. Several dogs were noticed howling on the beach, but no Indians showed themselves. Mr. Lewis then caused the boats to be manned and armed, and to proceed to the shore, and, having landed, walked towards the cocoa-nut trees, near the centre, where he fully expected to find the inhabitants, or their dwellings; but after a diligent search neither were found. However, perceiving another group of trees at a distance, he proceeded thither, and discovered a low, thatched shed, containing the long-searched-for heads. They were attached by a piece of European rope to a grotesque representation of a man's face, formed by turtle shell, and ornamented with cowries and other shells. Several of the skulls were evidently of Indian, but many were of European origin, and bore marks of violence; some few having the hair driven into the indentations made by blows with the tomahawk.

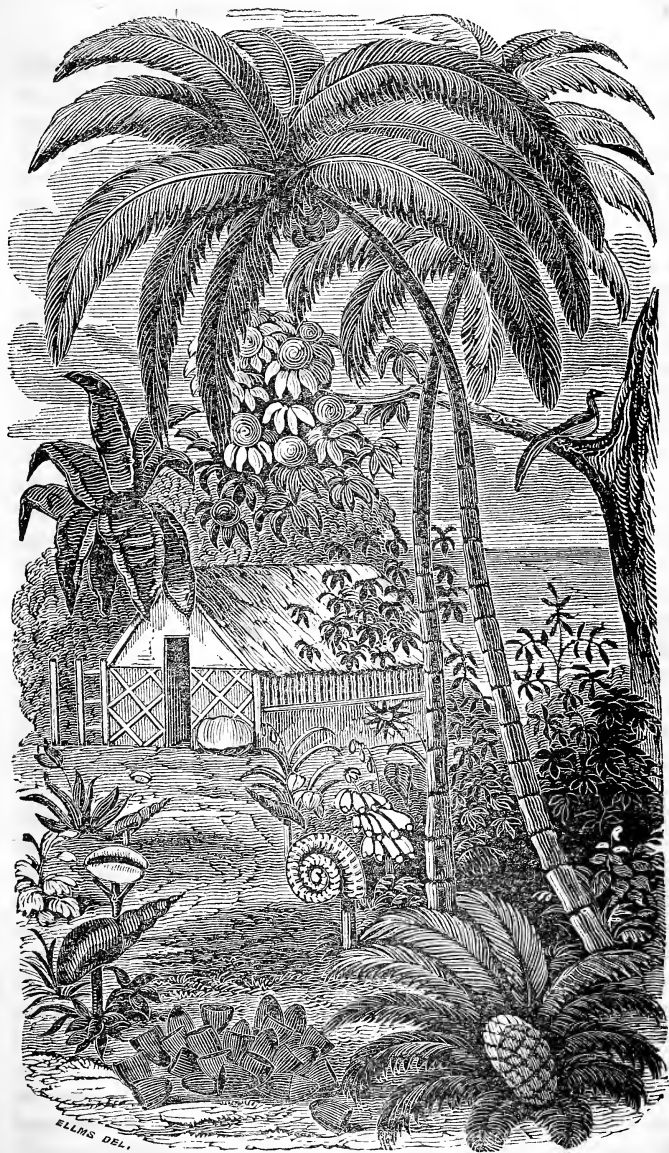
In order not to mutilate this figure, or destroy it, Mr. Lewis caused the shed to be unroofed, and then carefully

removed it to the boat. Whilst one party was doing this, another proceeded to make a diligent search through the island; at a short distance, they came to a circular spot, planted with tobacco, which they destroyed. Several trees bore the recent marks of a tomahawk. Searching farther, they discovered what, under other circumstances, might have been considered a very romantic spot, shaded with large trees, which the Indians probably used to celebrate their infernal orgies; for an avenue led to it from the skull house, both sides of which were ornamented with shells stained with ochre: in the centre of this spot was a pile of drinking cups, made of the cocoa-nut shell cut in half. As there were no marks of a recent feast, it is probable that the island is only used as a depository of skulls.

Mr. Lewis was now satisfied that he had found the identical Aureed; and therefore, by way of showing his anger at the horrid deed they had committed, destroyed every thing that could be useful to the Indians. The skull house was burned down, and the fire raged over the whole island, and burned down some huts at the north-east end, which had been examined previously, but only a club, a sort of bird cage, and a few pieces of deck plank, were found in them. The following day was spent in destroying all the cocoanuts, and cutting down the other trees, and doing all the mischief they could. It will take some time for the cocoanuts to grow up again, but the other plants will speedily reappear. After another search, a sheet of copper and an eye-bolt, and near the ruins of the shed two more European skulls, were found: the last were a little scorched with the fire, but they were taken on board and deposited with the others in a case.

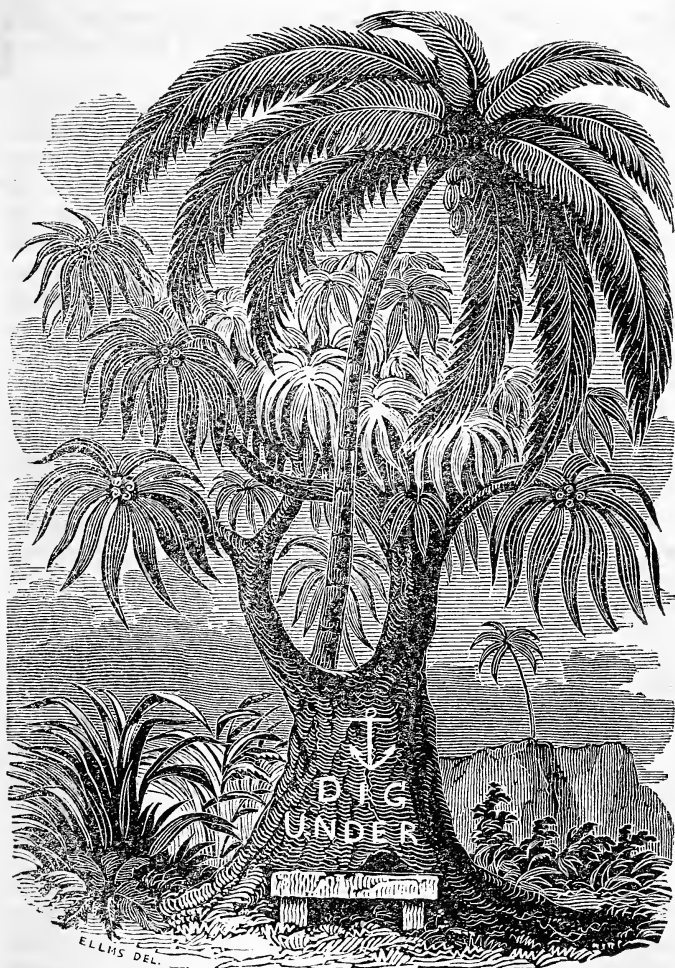
Leaving Aureed, the schooner proceeded and stood to the east-north-east, towards another island; but as there were no Indians on it, Mr. Lewis did not land. It was evident that the object of the schooner's visit was known throughout the group, since every island was deserted by the inhabitants as she approached, for fear of being punished; for it is probable that the Indians of all the group are more or less implicated in the brutal transaction. They now landed on Half-Way Island, and examined it; but nothing worth notice was found, excepting the marks of former visitors,





The Romantic spot, where the Cannibals held their Infernal Orgies ; — and a View of the Hut, where the Skulls were deposited. — *Page 34.*





The Tree under which Mr. Lewis buried the Bottle.

and some native fishing huts, at the north-east end. Some culinary seed were sowed in many parts of the island ; and a letter, corked up in a bottle, was buried in the ground, under a remarkable tree, through the branches of which

grew a lofty palm, on which the words "Dig under" were carved. The letter contained an account of what had been done.

Here an immense specimen of the *chama gigas* was found: to take it on board it was slung to an oar, but six of the boat's crew could not lift it; so they were obliged to roll it to the boat. The next day, 29th, they proceeded and anchored on the north side of Mount Adolphus's Island, at a mile off shore; and the next day arrived at Double Island, on which some Indians were observed, waving, and, as usual, crying out, "Poud, poud." As soon as the vessel was anchored, Mr. Lewis communicated with them, but could obtain no account of white people. He thought they spoke the same language as the Murray Islanders, but Ireland could understand but few words. On the beach, some planks and a vessel's mizzenmast were found; but the ship to which they belonged must have been wrecked many years since. The plank was teak; the mast was cut up for firewood, for it was useless for any other purpose, being rent in every part, and much decayed. The next day, 31st, the Honorable Company's cruiser, the *Tigris*, arrived from Bombay, in search of the survivors of the *Charles Eaton*.

The *Tigris* had stopped at Half-Way Island, and found the letter in the bottle, which informed them of all that had transpired. The surgeon of the *Tigris* visited the *Isabella* with Captain Igglesdon, and examined the skulls; seventeen of which he was satisfied were the heads of Europeans. It was now arranged that both vessels should proceed to Raffles Bay for water, calling, in their way, at Wednesday Island. At the anchorage, off Double Island, very strong tides were experienced.

The following morning, Aug. 2d, the *Tigris* and *Isabella* anchored on the north side of Wednesday Island, near a reef. Whilst Mr. Lewis was sounding it, a group of about twenty Indians appeared on the beach, hallooing and waving boughs, and inviting him to land, which he did, and found them principally to be females. One of them, an elderly woman, told him that she had then with her ten daughters, besides more children in the bush. He made the old lady a present of handkerchiefs, and also one to each of the rest, and then returned on board. Captain Igglesdon's people

also had a friendly interview with them, and made them some presents, which gained their good-will.

In the afternoon, Captain Igglesdon accompanied Mr. Lewis, with three armed boats, to the head of the bay, where the Indians lived, and found six canoes on the beach, and a large number of Indians standing around the huts, whose appearance was not of the most friendly complexion. However, after a short interview, they separated without a quarrel. It was with some difficulty that they could obtain an answer to their question respecting the existence of any white men amongst them; but after a little time, they told the interpreter that they knew of none. Mr. Lewis gave them a few presents, for which, in return, they presented them some mother-of-pearl. At a short distance from the beach Mr. Lewis found a heap of sea-elephant bones, collected in the form of a grave.

From this place the vessels crossed the Gulf of Carpentaria; and on the 5th passed Cape Wessel, off which much discolored water was observed, which they passed round; but at seven P. M., standing towards Cape Croker, Mr. Lewis was suddenly alarmed by observing minute-guns fired from the Tigris, which was three miles ahead. Of course the Isabella was instantly anchored; and on going on board of the Tigris it was found she had grounded on a patch of coral, but she was soon got off with the loss of her false keel and rudder. The next day, 7th August, being near Raffles Bay, both vessels got under way and proceeded thither, where a new rudder was made by the assistance of the Isabella's carpenter. After separating, the Isabella entered Bass Strait on the 5th October, and arrived at Sydney on the 12th, having been absent nearly five months.

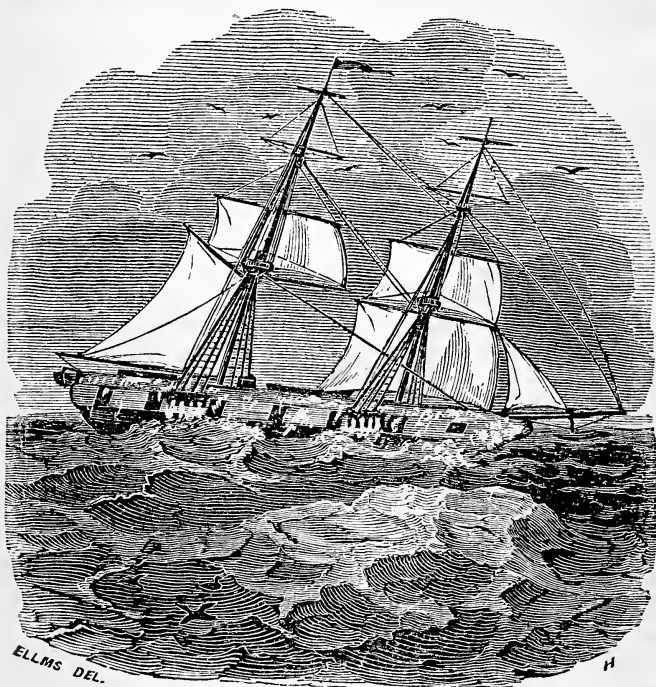
It now only remains to say that the skulls of the unfortunate crew and passengers of the Charles Eaton were interred in a grave in the burial-ground at Sydney, which may afford some consolation to their friends. The fate of George D'Oyley and Sexton is still in some remote degree uncertain. Every pains and trouble seem to have been taken to ascertain the certainty of their fate; and Mr. Lewis had no doubt of the fact. Had either been alive, the desire of possessing the valuable iron implements, which were offered in exchange for them, would have insured their being brought

forward by the Indians; and their not having done so is a more than presumptive proof of their not being in existence. The same story, of their having been murdered, was told throughout the islands without prevarication, together with the names of the murderers, as well as the circumstance of the hair of young D'Oyley having been preserved as an ornamental trophy.

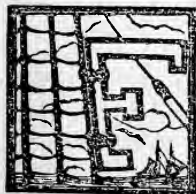


A Trophy, supposed to have been made from the Hair of George D'Oyley.

A NARRATIVE  
OF THE  
**WRECK OF THE BRIG REGULATOR,**  
OFF PLYMOUTH, IN MASSACHUSETTS BAY,  
1837.



The Brig Regulator entering Massachusetts Bay.



FROM the numerous records of shipwreck and suffering which have happened on the inclement coast of New England, we insert the following graphic and affecting narrative, written by Captain William D. Phelps, and obligingly given to us for publication : —

“The Regulator, from Alexandria, Egypt, via Smyrna and

Malta, arrived on the American coast the 1st of February, 1837, bound to Boston. On that day, we got soundings in the South Channel; wind south, with a warm, drenching rain. The passage across the Atlantic had been pleasant for the season; and we were now within a day's sail of our port, with a fair wind, and good prospects of a pleasant termination to a voyage which had heretofore been remarkably pleasant.

"Every stitch of canvass was spread to the breeze, and a heavy press carried on the vessel, in order to get to the northward of all the shoals, and into Boston Bay, before a change of wind. About 3, P. M., judging the vessel clear of the shoal ground, she was hauled up north-west for the back of Cape Cod, the lee studding-sails taken in, and booms rigged in. At about 4, P. M., those well-known indications of a sudden change of wind to the north-west warned us that our fair wind, and prospects of a speedy termination to the voyage, were soon to be changed for a contrary gale, and the biting breath of winter. The light sails were all taken in, the topsails clewed down to be reefed, and all possible despatch used to get the vessel snug; but, owing to the heavy rains, which had continued for the twenty-four hours previous, the sails and rigging were so saturated with water as to retard the work very much. The wind now hauled suddenly to the north-west, blowing furiously, and the cold intense. In ten minutes, every sail was frozen stiff, while the rigging and spars were covered with ice from the mast-heads to the deck. One reef was secured in the topsails, and, after ineffectual attempts at a second, the men were ordered from the yards, half of them being badly frosted. The gale continued to increase, and the vessel, under a heavy press of canvass, driving to the north-eastward, shipping much water, and the ice fast accumulating on the decks and about the bowsprit. At midnight, wore ship, and stood in shore, and at daylight, made Chatham lights ahead. At 7, A. M., wore ship again, about two miles north-north-east of the lights, and headed off shore. The cold now became more severe; thermometer at eight degrees below zero throughout the day; the ice constantly increasing on the vessel; during the day, the rudder had frozen up; the rigging, from its increased size, wholly useless; and the vessel had settled a foot by the



head, owing to the weight of ice about the head-stays and rigging of the bowsprit. All hands employed throughout the day in endeavoring to free the vessel of ice.

"February 3d.—During the forenoon of this day, the wind moderated, and hauled west; all hands at work beating off ice, there being two feet of ice on deck, and the vessel unmanageable. At dark, succeeded in freeing the rudder, and clearing the braces, and wore ship to the south. In the course of the night, the wind changed to the eastward; at midnight, got the topsails and courses set, judging ourselves in the latitude of Cape Ann, and steering accordingly.

"February 4th, 10, A. M., the wind hauled to north-east, with snow, wind increasing, and extreme cold weather. At noon, made the highlands of Plymouth; the rudder was again choked up with ice, and all our attempts to keep it clear were unsuccessful. We could now keep our course for Boston light, steering the brig by the braces. At this time, the weather was clear; and, if the wind had continued as it then was a few hours longer, we hoped to have been safe in Nantasket Roads; but, alas! fate decreed otherwise. At 2, P. M., the wind hauled to north, and blew hard; four of the crew badly frosted; the vessel covered with ice, and deprived of the use of her rudder, working ship was out of the question. We therefore hoisted a signal of distress, and bore away for Plymouth harbor. Seeing a brig at anchor in safety inside, we had strong hopes of assistance to enable us to reach the anchorage. It was now near low water, and the sea was breaking violently across the entrance, threatening destruction to the vessel that approached it. We had no alternative, as the vessel could not be kept off shore more than an hour longer, and we accordingly pushed for the entrance. Abreast of Gurnet Head, the wind headed us off, and the anchors were both let go in three fathoms water, the vessel striking heavy between the swells; the land, on one side, was distant about half a mile, between the vessel and which a furious sea was breaking, which forbade all hope of relief from that quarter. About the same distance from us lay a brig, in perfect safety; but, as the sea was making a fair breach over us, it was impossible for her boats to approach. Night was now fast closing upon us; the breakers were sweeping our decks, the vessel striking on the hard

sands, every few minutes, with a force sufficient to demolish, at each concussion, a vessel of ordinary construction ; the crew worn down by fatigue and unremitting exertions ; with a long and dreary night of severe suffering and anxiety before us, with no prospect of relief till the morrow, and dreadful doubts whether the vessel could sustain the severe shocks for an hour, — rendered our situation one of the most painful and distressing that can be conceived.

“As yet, the hull was unbroken and tight ; the sails were secured as well as circumstances would admit ; the yawl got out, and veered astern ; tackles got up, and hooked on the long-boat ; oars and buckets lashed in, and a hawser made fast to her, and every thing ready to get her out, if the brig should bilge during the night.

“About half past 8, P. M., the flood tide made, and the vessel lay easy and afloat ; the wind also moderated ; and at midnight, we flattered ourselves that, at daylight, assistance could be rendered us from the shore and the other brig. As we were unable to do any thing more for the preservation of the vessel, the crew were suffered to relax awhile from their severe toils. The frozen were taken into the cabin, where a fire had been kept in the stove, and their sufferings alleviated as far as possible. A kettle of hot chocolate was prepared over the stove, which refreshed and cheered us wonderfully ; so much so, indeed, that the brave fellows laughed at past toils, and fondly dwelt on the comforts that were awaiting to repay them for past sufferings, and which their warm imaginations painted to them as almost within their reach. But their rejoicing was of short duration. About 4 o'clock in the morning, the wind again increased to a gale from the north ; and, the tide at that time being the last of ebb, we were again in shoal water, and, a heavy sea tumbling in, the vessel began to strike again violently, every shock taking us off our feet, and making the masts to swing about like reeds in the blast. After thumping in this manner for half an hour, we found she had bilged. The sea was, at this time, breaking over fore and aft ; and, the long-boat being so heavy that, with our weak crew, we were unable to get her out, the maintopmast backstays and the weather rigging of the foremast being cut, the foremast was cut away, taking with it every spar but the

mainmast, which had broken off just above the eyes of the main rigging. Eased of this weight, the hull lay easier for a while ; but the sea increasing, the work of destruction continued. The cables were now slipped, in the hope of the wreck driving higher up on the shoal, where she would lay less exposed to the furious sea which every moment was tearing her asunder. The cabin and forecastle were full of water ; and at daylight we found that the keel and many of the planks had left the vessel : she was now lying head to the breakers, and we again attempted to get out the long-boat by cutting away the bulwarks and stanchions, in order to launch her over. But, before we could accomplish this, the wreck swung round broadside to, with the gangway to windward, and the wreck of the masts and yards under the lee, hanging by the lee rigging, which we could not cut away ; therefore we were obliged to abandon our attempts in that direction. The flood tide was setting athwart the breakers, carrying the fragments of the wreck and drift stuff into smooth water ; and we had hoped to escape in the long-boat, by the help of the current, if we could have launched her.

“ We had now drifted to within a third of a mile of the brig at anchor, the crew of which had been anxious observers of our situation all the morning, without being able to render us assistance. A boat had been despatched, early in the morning, to our relief, and approached the wreck as near as the sea would permit them, and lay on their oars, waiting for an opportunity to rescue us, should any opportunity occur, of which there was but a faint hope. They were sometimes entangled in the ice, and carried a mile or two from us, and at other times striving to work their way towards the spars and fragments of the wreck which the current carried clear of the breakers, to see if there were any human beings clinging to them.

“ The sea was now breaking with such violence over us, that we were frequently buried beneath the fragments of wreck ; *and now the angel of death boarded the ill-fated bark, and began to number his victims.* The first sufferer was a beautiful little Greek boy, about twelve years of age, whom I had found at Smyrna an orphan, and took as an apprentice. When the cabin began to fill with water, I brought

him on deck, wrapped in a blanket, and stowed him in one corner of the round-house, which had resisted many heavy seas, and yet remained entire. The heart-rending cries of the poor little fellow, who was a universal favorite on board, drew tears from the eyes of the hardiest, and all seemed for a while to forget their own sorrows in the contemplation of the sufferings of poor *Jerome*. A tremendous sea at this



Jerome Philantro, the Greek Orphan.

moment boarded us; the round-house was shivered into fragments, and the poor boy's agonizing shrieks were hushed in death. The same sea washed the long-boat overboard, but did not capsize her; and she lay to leeward of the wreck, upright, but full of water, and out of our reach. One of the

seamen was also buried beneath the ruins of the round-house, and perished there. The mainmast was still standing, and the rigging firm : to it the remainder of us now retreated.

“ The vessel was now fast breaking up ; plank and timbers were leaving her ; she had broken in two amidships, and every sea was reducing her to fragments. While on deck, with the sea continually breaking over us, and the water being much warmer than the air, the ice did not accumulate on our clothes ; nor did we feel the cold as we did after gaining the rigging : here we were more exposed to the action of the air, and in a few minutes, with the sea occasionally reaching us, we resembled clods of ice more than human beings. About this time, a reflux sea brought the long-boat near the lower part of the rigging, where three seamen and myself were clinging ; two of them threw themselves into her ; the other, Augustus Tileston, a fine young lad from Vermont, now on his first, and, I may also add, his last voyage, was on the point of following them ; but, seeing that I had moved towards the boat, but again retreated, he hesitated what to do, until, just as the last chance offered of reaching her, and hearing me express my determination not to leave the others, who were unable to get into the boat, he embraced my knees in an affectionate manner, and jumped for the boat ; in a second, she was out of reach again ; they now cast off or cut the hawser, and drifted astern. I firmly believed they, and they alone, would be saved ; but, exhausted by their previous exertions, and chilled through by being up to their shoulders in a boat full of ice and water, they were unable to clear away an oar to keep the boat head to the sea, and were consequently capsized, and perished.

“ Five were now already dead, and in their sad fate we had but little doubt of foreseeing our own. While in the rigging, I saw the poor boy Tileston wash from the opposite side, a stiffened corpse, and in a few moments he washed from the wreck, with his head jammed to a pomace. Finding that we were fast freezing in this situation, I succeeded in regaining a part of the quarter-deck, to keep more under water, and less exposed to the air : to this I was followed by the others, with the exception of one poor fellow, whose hands were badly frozen, and his fingers bent like hooks : he

had hooked one hand over a ratline, and lost his foothold ; consequently was dangling in the air, until a heavy sea lifted him, and fortunately extricated him from his singular and perilous situation. We were unable to lash ourselves, but succeeded in getting into the bight of two water-cask lashings that were around the quarter stanchions, the casks having washed out of them. Here we remained for about an hour, viewing with intense interest the movements of the party in the boat, who, after above five hours' fruitless exertions to rescue us,—being themselves often in imminent danger of being carried by the ice among the breakers, or of freezing in the boat, the weather being extremely cold ; in vain forcing their way through bodies of ice, and, impelled by the loud supplications of their suffering brethren, approaching even within the whirling foam of the breakers, but well knowing if they ventured farther all would be lost, — again retired. And oh, with what feelings of agony did we see them return to their vessel ! yet we hoped they went for fresh hands ; and again we had hope, and again hope died within us at seeing them leave their boat, and their places not taken by others. But they could not stand idle long : again our shouts rang in their ears, and aroused their hearts to greater daring. The long-boat was cleared away, and hoisted out ; and, after what seemed to us an age of time, both boats shoved off again to our rescue.

“In the mean time, the wreck was fast disappearing, breaking up, or settling in the sand ; and, expecting that the next wave would send us all into eternity, with what awful suspense did we await their motions ! They approached with both boats to within about one hundred yards of us,—nearer to the terrific breakers they could not approach and live,—and there they awaited the result. In about half an hour, and when we were satisfied that no boat could reach us unless the sea fell,—and nothing short of a miracle could have effected that before we had all frozen to death,—and I had made up my mind *that man could not save us*, a cake of ice, drifting by the wreck to windward, kept the sea from breaking for perhaps eight or ten minutes. They seized the opportunity, pulled in with the long-boat, and we threw ourselves into her, cleared the breakers in safety, and soon found ourselves in the comfortable cabin of the brig *Cervantes* of

Boston, Captain Kendrick, and receiving all the kindness and attention that humanity could suggest.

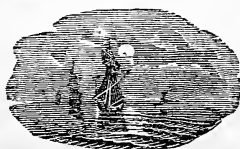
“To the intrepid and daring perseverance of these humane men, under God, we owe our lives. We were utterly helpless when taken off; the ice had accumulated on our clothes to such a degree that we could not bend a joint; we felt the blood freezing in our veins, and nature fast exhausting. Our deliverance was unlooked for, and truly providential.

“The next morning, when the *Cervantes* got under weigh for Boston, nothing was to be seen of the wreck but some of the floor-timber-heads sticking out of the flats at low water. The spot where the *Regulator* was lost is a sunken island, called Brown’s Island, of great extent, over which the sea breaks with dreadful violence.

“On the morning of the 7th, the survivors were landed at Rainsford Island, in Boston harbor, where they experienced every attention and care that their wants required, or hospitality could bestow; and for the kindness of Mr. Minot and his excellent family, and the medical care of Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the survivors feel under deep obligations of gratitude.

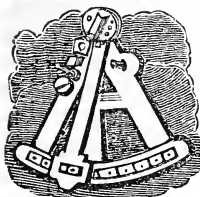
“The names of those who perished were as follow:—George Dryden, Daniel Canton, Augustus Tileston, John Smith, seamen; Jerome Philantro, boy.—The survivors were much frozen and bruised. The first mate and one man have since had all the fingers of their left hands amputated.

“The Humane Society of Boston bestowed gold medals and money on the officers and crew of the *Cervantes*; and the citizens of Boston, with their accustomed liberality, subscribed six hundred dollars for the relief of the mates and surviving seamen of the *Regulator*.”



THE SINGULAR PRESERVATION  
OF  
JAMES BROCK, THE BEACHMAN,

Who was capsized in a Yawl off Yarmouth, on the Eastern Coast of England, and his Providential Rescue, after swimming more than Fourteen Miles, October, 1835.



AMONGST the sons of labor, there are none more deserving of their hard earnings than that class of persons denominated Beachmen, on the shores of Great Britain. To those unacquainted with maritime affairs, it may be as well to observe, that these men are bred to the sea from their earliest infancy; are employed in the summer months very frequently as regular sailors or fishermen; and during the autumn, winter, and spring, when gales are most frequent on that coast, in going off in boats to vessels in distress, in all weathers, to the imminent risk of their lives; fishing up lost anchors and cables, and looking out for waifs, i. e. any thing abandoned or wrecked, which the winds and waves may have cast in their way. In the seaports, those persons are usually divided into companies, between whom the greatest rivalry exists in regard to the beauty and swiftness of their boats, and their dexterity in managing them: this too often leads to feats of the greatest daring, which the widow and orphan have long to deplore. To one of these companies, known by the name of "Layton's," whose rendezvous and "look-out" is close to Yarmouth Jetty, Brock belongs, and in pursuit of his calling the following event is recorded.

About one o'clock, P. M., on the 6th of October, 1835, a vessel was observed at sea, from this station, with a signal



flying for a pilot, bearing east, distant about twelve miles. In a space of time incredible to those who have not witnessed the launching of a large boat on a like occasion, the yawl "Increase," eighteen tons burthen, belonging to Layton's gang, with ten men and a London Branch Pilot, was under weigh, steering for the object of their enterprise. "I was as near as possible being left ashore," said Brock to me, "for, at the time the boat was getting down to the breakers, I was looking at Manby's apparatus for saving the lives of persons on a wreck, then practising; and but for the 'singing out' of my messmates, which caught my ear, should have been too late; but I reached in time to jump in with wet feet."

About four o'clock, they came up with the vessel, which proved to be a Spanish brig, *Paquette de Bilboa*, laden with a general cargo, and bound from *Hamburgh* to *Cadiz*, leaky, and both pumps at work. After a great deal of chaffering and haggling in regard to the amount of salvage, — always the case with foreigners, — and some little altercation with part of the boat's crew, as to which of them should stay with the vessel, *T. Layton*, a Gatt pilot, *J. Woolsey*, and *George Darling*, boatmen, were finally chosen to assist in pumping and piloting her into *Yarmouth harbor*: the remainder of the crew of the yawl were then sent away. The brig, at this time, was about five miles to the eastward of the *Newarp Floating Light*, off *Winterton*, on the *Norfolk* coast, the weather looking squally. On passing the light, in their homeward course, a signal was made for them to go alongside, and they were requested to take on shore a sick man; and, the poor fellow being comfortably placed upon some jackets and spare coats, they again shoved off, and set all sail, three lugs: they had a fresh breeze from the west-south-west. And now, again, my readers shall have Brock's own words: —

"There was little better than a pint of liquor in the boat, which the Spaniard had given us, and the bottle had passed once round, each man taking a mouthful, and about half of it was thus consumed; most of us had got a bit of bread or biscuit in his hand, making a sort of light meal, and into the bargain I had hold of the main sheet. We had passed the buoy of the *Newarp* a few minutes, and the light was

about two miles astern ; we had talked of our job, — i. e. our earnings, — and had thus calculated that by ten o'clock we should be at Yarmouth."

"Alas! nor wife nor children more shall they behold,  
Nor friends, nor sacred home."

Without the slightest notice of its approach, a terrific squall from the northward took the yawl's sails flat aback, and the ballast, which they had trimmed to windward, being thus suddenly changed to leeward, she was upset in an instant. Her crew and passenger were nine in number.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell."

But perhaps Brock's words on the occasion will excite more interest than Byron's. "'Twas terrible to listen to the cries of the poor fellows, some of whom could swim, and others who could not: mixed with the hissing of the water and the howlings of the storm, I heard shrieks for mercy, and some that had no meaning but what arose from fear. I struck out to get clear of the crowd, and in a few minutes there was no noise, for most of the men had sunk ; and, on turning round, I saw the boat was still kept from going down, by the wind having got under her sails. I then swam back to her, and assisted an old man to get hold of one of her spars. The boat's side was about three feet under water, and for a few minutes I stood upon her ; but I found she was gradually settling down, and when up to my chest I again left her and swam away ; and now, for the first time, I began to think of my own awful condition. My companions were all drowned, — at least I supposed so. How long it was up to this period, from the boat's capsizing, I cannot exactly say ; in such cases, sir, there is *no time* ; but now I reflected that it was half past six, P. M., just before the accident occurred ; that the nearest land at the time was *six miles distant* ; that it was dead low water, and the flood tide *setting off the shore*, making to the southward ; therefore, should I ever reach the land, it would take me at least fifteen miles setting up with the flood, before the ebb would assist me."

At this moment, a rush horse collar, covered with old net-

ting, which had been used as one of the boat's fenders, floated close to him, which he laid hold of, and getting his knife out, he stripped it of the net work, and, by putting his left arm through it, was supported till he had cut the waistband of his petticoat trousers, which then fell off: his striped frock, waistcoat, and neckcloth, were also similarly got rid off; but he dared not try to free himself of his oiled trousers, drawers, or shirt, fearing that his legs might become entangled in the attempt: he therefore returned his knife into the pocket of his trousers, and put the collar over his head, which, although it assisted in keeping him above water, retarded his swimming, and, after a few moments thinking what was best to be done, he determined to abandon it. He now, to his great surprise, perceived one of his messmates swimming ahead of him, but he did not hail him. The roar of the hurricane was past; the cries of drowning men were no longer heard; and the moonbeams were casting their silvery light over the smooth surface of the deep, calm and silent as the grave over which he floated, and into which he saw this last of his companions descend, without a struggle or a cry, as he approached within twenty yards of him. Yes, he beheld the last of his brave crew die beside him; and now he was alone in the cold, silent loneliness of night, more awful than the strife of the elements which had preceded. Perhaps, at this time, something might warn him that he, too, would soon be mingled with the dead,

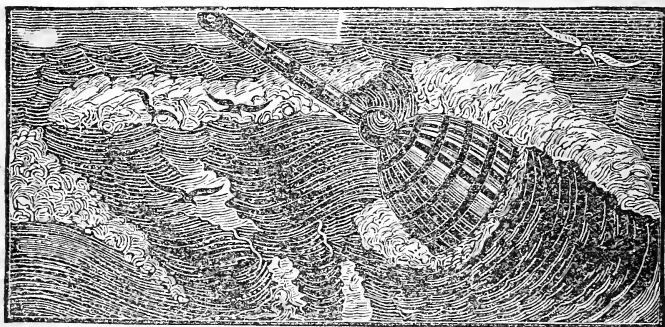
"With not one friend to animate, and tell  
To others' ears that death became him well."

But if such thoughts did intrude, they were but for a moment; and again his mental energies, joined with his lion heart and bodily prowess, cast away all fear, and he reckoned the remotest possible chances of deliverance, applying the means,

"Courage and hope both teaching him the practice."

Up to this time, Winterton Light had served, instead of a landmark, to direct his course; but the tide had now carried him out of sight of it, and in its stead, "a bright star stood over where" his hopes of safety rested. With his eyes

steadfastly fixed upon it, he continued swimming on, calculating the time when the tide would turn. But his trials were not yet past. As if to prove the power of human fortitude, the sky became suddenly overclouded, and "darkness was upon the face of the deep." He no longer knew his course, and he confessed that for a moment he was afraid; yet he felt that "fear is but the betraying of the succors which reason offereth;" and that which roused him to further exertion would seal the fate of almost any other human being. A sudden, short, crackling peal of thunder burst in stunning loudness just over his head, and the forked and flashing lightning, at brief intervals, threw its vivid fires around him. This, too, in its turn, passed away, and left the wave once more calm and unruffled; the moon, nearly full, again threw a more brilliant light upon the bosom of the sea, which the storm had gone over without waking from its slumbers. His next effort was to free himself from his heavy laced boots, which greatly encumbered him, and in which he succeeded, by the aid of his knife. He now saw Lowestoff High Lighthouse, and could occasionally discern the tops of the cliffs beyond Gorleston, on the Suffolk coast. The swell of the sea drove him over the Cross Sand Ridge, and he then got sight of a buoy, which, although it told him his exact position, as he says, took him rather aback, as he had hoped he was nearer the shore. It proved to be



The Chequered Buoy of St. Nicholas Gatt.

the chequered buoy of St. Nicholas Gatt, off Yarmouth, and opposite his own door, but distant from the land four miles. And now again he held counsel with himself, and the ener-

gies of his mind seem almost superhuman ; he had been five hours in the water, and here was something to hold on by ; he could even have got upon the buoy, and some vessel might come near to pick him up, and the question was, Could he yet hold out four miles ? " But," as he said, " I knew the night air would soon finish me, and, had I staid but a few minutes upon it, and then altered my mind, how did I know that my limbs would again resume their office ? " He found the tide, to use a sea term, was broke ; it did not run so strong ; so he abandoned the buoy, and steered for the land, toward which, with the wind from the eastward, he found he was fast approaching. The last trial of his fortitude was now at hand, for which he was totally unprepared, and which he considers, — sailors being not a little superstitious, — the most difficult of any he had to combat. Soon after he left the buoy, he heard just above his head a whizzing sound, which his imagination conjured into the prelude to the " rushing of a mighty wind ; " and close to his ear there followed a smart splash in the water, and a sudden shriek, that went through him, — such as is heard

"When the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry."

The fact was, a large gray gull, mistaking him for a corpse, had made a dash at him ; and its loud discordant scream in a moment brought a countless number of these formidable birds together, all prepared to contest for and share the spoil.

"The eagle soars alone ; the gull and crow  
Flock o'er their carrion just as mortals do."

These large and powerful foes he had now to scare from their intended prey ; and by shouting and splashing with his hands and feet, in a few minutes they vanished from sight and hearing.

He now caught sight of a vessel at anchor, but a great way off ; and, to get within hail of her, he must swim over Corton Sands, the grave of thousands, the breakers at this time showing their angry white crests. As he approached, the wind suddenly changed ; the consequence of which was that the swell of the sea met him. And now, again, for his own description : —

"I got a great deal of water down my throat, which greatly weakened me; and I felt certain that, should this continue, it would soon be all over; and I prayed that the wind might change, or that God would take away my senses before I felt what it was to drown. In less time than I am telling you, I had driven over the sands into smooth water; *the wind and swell came again from the eastward*, and my strength returned to me as fresh as in the beginning."

He now felt assured that he could reach the shore; but he considered it would be better to get within hail of the brig, some distance to the southward of him, and the most difficult task of the two, as the ebb tide was now running, which, although it carried him towards the land, set to the northward; and to gain the object of his choice would require much greater exertion. But here comes Brock again:—

"If I gained the shore, could I get out of the surf, which at this time was heavy on the beach? and, supposing I succeeded in this point, should I be able to walk, climb the cliffs, and get to a house? If not, there was little chance of life remaining long in me; but if I could make myself heard on board the brig, then I should secure immediate assistance. I got within two hundred yards of her, the nearest possible approach, and, summoning all my strength, I sung out as well as if I had been on shore."

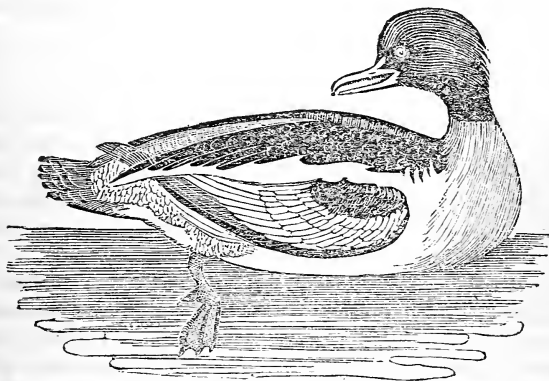
"The seamen's cry was heard along the deep."

He was answered from the deck, a boat was instantly lowered, and at half past one, A. M., having swam seven hours in an October night, he was safe on board the brig Betsy of Sunderland, coal laden, at anchor in Corton Roads, fourteen miles from the spot where the boat was capsized. The captain's name was Christian.

Once safe on board, "Nature cried Enough;" he fainted, and continued insensible for some time. All that humanity could suggest was done for him by Christian and his crew: they had no spirits on board, but they had bottled ale, which they made warm, and by placing Brock before a good fire, rubbing him dry, and putting him in hot blankets, he was at length with great difficulty enabled to get a little of the ale down his throat; but it caused excruciating pain, as his

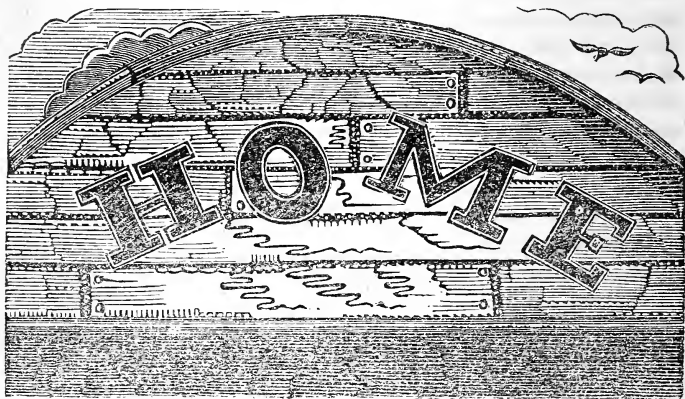
throat was in a state of high inflammation, from breathing, as a swimmer does, so long the saline particles of sea and air; and it was now swollen very much, and, as he says, he feared he should be suffocated. He, however, after a little time, fell into a sleep, which refreshed and strengthened him; but he awoke to intense bodily suffering. Round his neck and chest he was perfectly flayed; the soles of his feet, his hands, and his hamstrings, were also equally excoriated. In this state, at about nine o'clock, A. M., the brig getting under way with the tide, he was put on shore at Lowestoff, in Suffolk, and immediately despatched a messenger to Yarmouth, with the sad tidings of the fate of the yawl and the rest of the crew.

Being now safely housed under the roof of a relative, with good nursing and medical assistance, in five days from the time of the accident, with a firm step he walked back to Yarmouth, to confirm the wonderful rumors circulated respecting him, and to receive the congratulations of his friends and kindred



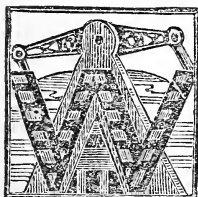
## A DETAILED JOURNAL

OF THE PROCEEDINGS ON BOARD OF THE STEAM-PACKET



WHICH SPRUNG A-LEAK OFF CAPE HATTERAS;

With a melancholy Account of her subsequent Loss  
on Ocracoke Island, off the Coast of North Carolina,  
October, 1837.



WE introduce this narrative with the following eloquent extract from the funeral discourse of the Rev. Mr. Smyth, addressed to the inhabitants of Charleston, S. C.

“We have been called upon, my brethren, to hear, during the past week, a tale of no ordinary sadness, and to witness calamity of no common or usual endurance. No enemy has been among us, to lay waste and destroy. No plague or pestilence have stalked through our city, brandishing around them the sword of death. Famine has not opened her wide and hungry jaws with earthquake rapacity. No hurricane has burst



upon us with the fury of a midnight assassin, nor has the thunder's bolt riven our peaceful habitations. None of these things have happened. There has been among us neither open enemy, nor plague, pestilence, or famine, nor yet the fury of the whirlwind and the thunder.

"Whence, then, that pall of sadness which has covered this entire community? Whence that deep and universal sympathy which has taken possession of every heart? Whence that eager, anxious solicitude to hear fresh tidings of alarm? Whence those sounds of lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning — parents weeping for their children, and wives for their husbands, and friends for their relatives, and all refusing to be comforted because they are not.\* One subject has entered into every conversation, and suggested the inquiry to every meeting friend. What news of the boat? sounded from every parlor. What news of the boat? was heard in every dwelling, and at the corner of every street.

"And now we have subsided into the certain and unquestionable belief, that about ninety individuals, several of them our fellow-townsmen, and all of them our countrymen, have been swallowed up as in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, and perished in the mighty waters. The flood opened and they sunk like lead into its depths. And the sea returned in his strength and overthrew them, and the waters covered them — there remained not so much as one of all that hapless number. They now lie cold and stiff in death, buried by the sea-shore, where the roar of its illimitable waters will chant their funereal dirge. There they alike repose, having lain down together, to wake no more until they hear that trumpet's voice, which will arouse the dull, cold ear of death. There are the old and the young — the infirm and the robust — the rich and they who struggled hard in the toils of life. There is the

\* The individuals belonging to Charleston, who were lost, were, Madame Boudo, Madame Reviere, Mrs. Hussey, Mrs. Levy, Miss F. Levy, Miss O. Levy, Mrs. Flinn, and two children; Messrs. P. S. Cohen, H. A. Cohrs, S. G. Fuller, H. M. Tileston, and Williman. To these may be added the names of Hardy B. Croom, (formerly of Newbern, N. C.,) and his interesting family, who were intending to make Charleston their future residence, viz., Mrs. Croom, Miss Croom, Miss J. Croom, Master Croom, and Mrs. Camack, a relative.

mother and her infant babe — the husband and his long-tried bosom partner — the friend and the friendless. And there, too, are the talented and accomplished. One grave protects them; the same earth covers them; past them will flow the same waters, and around them will howl the same wintry tempests.

“One fortnight since, and how many hearts, now stiffened in death, beat high with expectation! One fortnight since, and how many homes now desolate, and forever to remain so, were filled with the hope and the promise of anticipated delight! Separations were to be soon terminated, and torn hearts bound up. The social circle was soon to be enlivened, and its vacant chairs filled up by their accustomed tenants. The festivities and merriment of the approaching season were already wakened up; and forms now vanished were seen rejoicing amid the splendors of the scene.

“My brethren, we can see this multitude of fellow-beings, as they crowded on board that packet which was to restore them to their own sweet homes. We can accompany them, as they cheerfully endured all the trials of their way, in the glad promise of a speedy voyage. We can enter into their fears, as they heard the wind roar around them, preluding storm and tempest. We can sympathize with their distress, when they saw the curling, topping waves roll on the increasing fury of the gale, and the darkening heavens shut out the cheerful light of sun, and moon, and stars. We can weep with them, when they remembered home, and children, and friends, and felt that they were theirs, probably, no more. We can more than fancy their anguish, when the ship began to yield to the strokes of the battering waves; when the water, no longer kept without, forced its entrance; when they were driven from their cabins, now filling with the devouring element; when the machinery, enveloped in the moist waters, could no longer play; when their failing strength was no more able to keep at bay the advancing flood; when the lowering shades of night deepened the gloom of the tempest; and when, in the hopelessness of relief, they welcomed the fearful hazard of running themselves ashore, amidst the breakers, and taking chance among the ruins of the shattered hull.

“But who can paint the scene of misery which now pre-

sented itself? Who can conceive the horrors of that awful hour, when, having struck the shore, a multitude were at once swept by the irresistible billows into the dark and foaming ocean; when the boat, filled with those who were willing to make trial of the fearful hazard, was seen emptying its contents into the insatiate waters; when, amid the sepulchral tolling of the bell, the ship herself was seen rapidly cleaving in pieces before the omnipotence of the storm; and, one after another, was torn from his place of fancied security, and whirled into the eddying rush of waters? This is a scene which fancy may attempt to picture, but which cannot be truly imagined even by the fevered mind of those who were so wonderfully delivered from it."

On Saturday, the 7th October, 1837, at four o'clock, P. M., the steam-packet *Home*, commanded by Captain White, left New York for Charleston, S. C. Her company consisted of between *eighty and ninety* passengers, and *forty-three* of the boat's crew, including the officers; making in all about *one hundred and thirty* persons. The weather was fine, with a light breeze from the south-west. To shorten the distance, a skilful pilot took her through the Buttermilk Channel, and left her after passing Governor's Island.

Captain White says, "I now called an experienced helmsman to the wheel; with whom I remained until we had passed two of the *New Buoys*, which we left some distance to the eastward. Before coming to the *Second Buoy*, however, and at a quarter past five o'clock, P. M., the steward had applied to me for the silver, and a list of passengers, to enable him to set the table for tea, which were both in my office. I told him to wait until we had passed the *Second Buoy*; and, after passing it, gave the helmsman directions to keep the boat headed direct for the lighthouse, as she was then going. The mate at this moment was engaged in slacking the lanyards of the braces of the smoke-chimneys, about *ten feet* from the helmsman. After examining the list of passengers, &c., on leaving the office, found that the boat headed off to the eastward, and the headway nearly stopped. I then ran up to the man at the wheel, and ordered the helm hard a-port: he answered, 'The helm is hard a-port, sir, but she won't mind her helm.' By this time the boat had entirely stopped on the Romer Shoal;

the ebb tide setting strong to the eastward, and a light westerly wind, to which cause I attribute the grounding of the boat. At this time the engine was working forward. The engineer inquired whether he should continue to work her so, or back her off. I ordered him to keep on, under the impression that she was so near the eastern edge of the shoal that she would go over; but finding that she did not go ahead, I ordered him to back her off; at the same time ordered the wood and cable to be shifted to the larboard side, in order to list the boat; in backing her, found she slued a little, but would not work off the shoal. There was now no alternative, but to remain until the tide rose. The passengers, at tea, made many inquiries as to any danger from being aground; apprehended none myself, as the water was entirely smooth, and wind light. I endeavored to make them easy. About seven, P. M., we were boarded by a Sandy Hook pilot, Joshua Manwaring, who coincided in the opinion that the boat could receive no injury where she lay, until she should float. He inquired if he could be of any service; I replied, that as he was on board, I preferred that he should remain until we had passed the Hook. At half past ten o'clock, P. M., the tide having risen, the square-sail was hoisted and laid aback; we started the engine, and succeeded in backing her off, having the flood tide to aid us.

"Then proceeded on our course past the Hook; and about a quarter past eleven o'clock the pilot left us for town. The boat and machinery appearing to be in good order, we made rapid progress; and were abreast of Barnegat light on Sunday, between four and five o'clock, A. M. We continued with fine weather until towards noon, when the wind hauled north-east, with indications of a storm. In the after part of the day, the wind increased, occasioning a heavy sea. Between seven and eight o'clock, P. M., Mr. Hunt, the chief engineer, informed me that the feeder-pipe of the forward boiler had opened at the joint, so that it forced more of the water into the hold than into the boiler; consequently there was not a supply for that boiler: we then run with one boiler, and set the square-sail. I inquired if he could repair the pipe at sea; to which he answered that it was possible, if we kept the vessel off before the wind and sea. I accordingly put her before the wind, which both

eased the vessel and enabled me to near the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, in case it should become necessary to make a harbor. About midnight, the chief engineer reported to me that he had succeeded in repairing the feeder-pipe; and then we again put both boilers in operation, and resumed our course for Charleston, continuing, occasionally, to heave the lead, shoaling the water gradually, from twenty to eleven fathoms. When we got into eleven fathoms, at four o'clock, A. M., the mate and his watch were called; we took in the square-sail, and hauled her course to south-south-east, this being the course along the land; we continued this course until seven o'clock, at which time it lighted up a little, and we saw the land about fifty miles to the northward of Hatteras. The gale continuing to increase, I ordered the second mate, Mr. White, to reef the jib and foresail, to have them ready for use if we should want them. At about nine o'clock, A. M., on Monday, the second engineer, Mr. Conro, came to me at the wheel-house, and reported that the boilers had given out, and said, 'We can do nothing more for you with steam.'

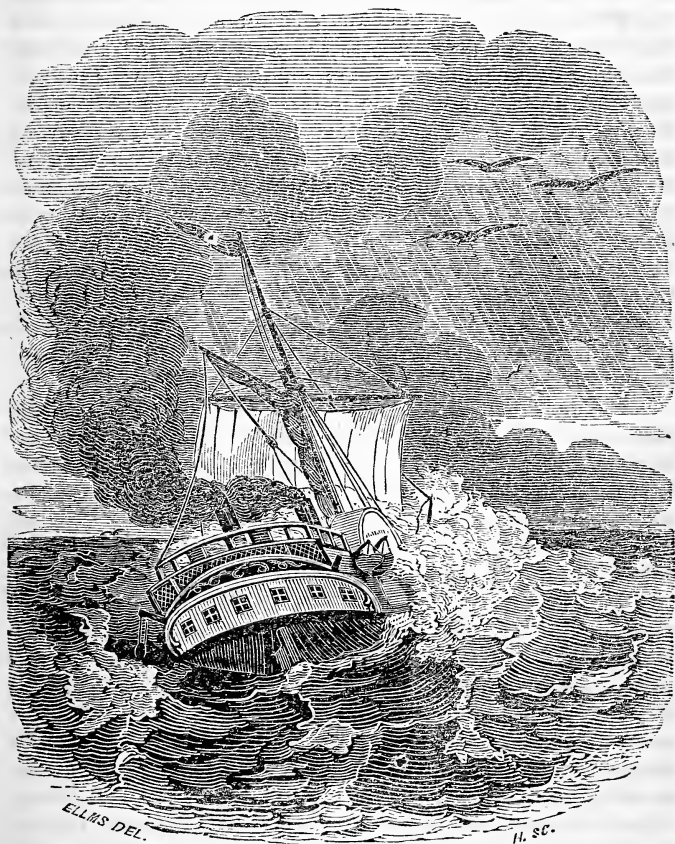
"The land being then in sight, I ordered the jib and foresail set, and headed the vessel in for shore, with the intention of beaching her. I ordered the reef turned out of the foresail, and then went down to the chief engineer, Mr. Hunt, in the engine-room, and asked him whether the boilers had indeed given out; he replied, 'No, it is the feeder-pipe,' which had again started; and that the report of the second engineer arose from a mistake of the fireman. Mr. Hunt having 'woulded' the joint again, I asked him whether it would stand to work the boat off shore; he answered, yes, that he thought it would. I then ordered him to fire up, and to get more steam on, to force her off shore; I then returned to the wheel-house, and ordered the foresail taken in, and again hauled the vessel off shore to resume our former course. Before we got to the Wimble Shoals, when I was at the wheel-house, I observed Mr. Lovegreen very busy about the small boat on the after upper deck. I went aft to see what he was doing; he told me he 'was getting the boats ready for launching, in case we should want them, and was fixing life-lines and lashing the oars in the boat.' I said, 'Very well, sir, but cast off *none of the lashings.*'

"In consequence of running in, for the purpose of beaching her, as above stated, we were brought within the Wimble Shoals. In passing these shoals, we received the shock of three heavy rollers on our larboard beam, which stove in our after gangway, several of the larboard state-room windows, and one of the dining-room windows. Mr. Matthews, about this time, remarked, 'We are through this.' I answered, '*Yes, we are over that part of it,*' meaning the passing of the shoals. Captain Hill, a passenger, came to the forward deck and hailed me, to know whether 'we had not better knock away the forward bulwarks, that the sea might have a fair breach over her,' as he was afraid that we might ship some of those seas and fill the deck and cabin. I told him there was no necessity for it, as some of the boards had already been burst off; however, I had no objection to his knocking off some more, if he chose to do it; he did knock off some of the boards, and with the assistance of the steward, Mr. Milne, unshipped the starboard gangway.

"During this time our course was south-south-east to south-east; and finding the vessel pressed too much to leeward, I ordered the jib to be taken in. About this period Captain Salter, of Portsmouth, N. H., a passenger, came on the forward deck and hailed me, I being at the wheel-house on the upper deck, and said, 'Captain White, had not some of us better look out for some place to beach her?' I answered, 'No, Captain Salter, I do not intend to beach her yet, nor as long as I can keep off shore.' He expressed his surprise, and replied, 'No! Do you think you can work her off?' I answered, '*Yes.*' Between two and three o'clock, P. M., Mr. Hunt, the engineer, sent to the wheel-house for me; I went to the engine-room; he told me that 'the boat had commenced leaking badly.' I asked if it were not possible to keep her free with the engine-pumps. He said, 'You had better send men to the hand-pumps, and perhaps we may then keep her free.' I ordered the mate to send men to the pumps, which was immediately done. I then returned to the wheel-house.

"About this time Captains Salter and Hill came on the forward deck, and asked me if I would not get a light, and go down with them and try to find the leak. I ordered a

lantern and marlinspike, which were brought. I then went down into the forward cabin with them, took up the floor scuttles, went down into the hold, found *no water* over the platform, broke some holes in the platform with the marlin-



The Home shipping a tremendous Sea near the Wimble Shoals.

spike, and then found *no water*. Whilst in the fore-hold, Captain Salter remarked that the boat 'was ceiled with nothing but thin, common pine plank, whereas she should have been ceiled throughout with *seven inch* oak timber,

champered down to the edges.' We then returned to the deck, and went to the after cabin, where they proceeded to open the scuttle, and I returned to the wheel-house. I now ordered the mates to set the crew to bailing from the engine-room. The passengers now scuttled the after cabin floor, and commenced taking out the coal for the purpose of bailing, as they had previously found water aft. At this time the water was gaining on the pumps; some of the passengers and waiters went on to bailing from the after cabin. The water, in front of the furnaces, having risen several inches in depth, washed the coals about, by the rolling of the vessel, rendering it impracticable to feed the fires with coal. I therefore directed the mate to have wood passed along, as we would keep steam up altogether with wood, which we continued to burn until the water quenched the fires in the furnaces. About three o'clock, P. M., Captain Salter again came to the forward deck, and said, 'Captain White, we had better go around Hatteras Shoals, and not attempt to go through inside.'

"Whilst the passengers and crew were at work with the pumps and buckets, I frequently went down to see that they continued at work. In passing the engine-room I remarked to Mr. Hunt, 'If we can keep the water down, so as not to reach the furnaces, I think we will go *round* the shoals; as the risk would be greater in going inside.' My reason for this conclusion was, that if, in an attempt to pass inside, with such a heavy sea and thick weather, the vessel should strike, probably every life would be lost. I again went up to the wheel-house, and Mr. Matthews asked me, 'if I was going round the shoals.' I answered in the affirmative. Captain Salter now came forward and said, 'it was the best way to track the shoals around by the lead.' We had all along been occasionally heaving the lead, and had from nine to eleven fathoms water. I continued to run so as to pass the outer shoal, until I deepened the water from eleven to twenty fathoms, and hauling up her course gradually to the south-west, until we judged ourselves round the shoals; then hauled up by degrees until we brought her up to a north-north-west course, for the purpose of getting under the lee of the shoals, believing that, as we got into smooth water, the leak would decrease, and that we should be enabled to



run up under the lee of Cape Hatteras. The leak continued to gain upon us, and I soon after altered our course to north-west, and ordered the jib to be set. After heading her for the land, at the solicitation of Mr. Matthews, I left him in charge, and went to my room to get some rest. I examined one of my charts, threw off my wet coat, sat down on my trunk, and leaned my head against the berth; but after remaining some time, found it impossible to get any rest. I went on deck and proceeded aft, where I found the water was fast gaining on us. I then went to the wheel-house and took my trumpet; the crew and passengers being still occupied in bailing and pumping, and the engine-pumps working, although these often had to be cleared of the shavings, &c., which the suction drew in; but we had to depend mostly upon the hand-pumps and bailing. About eight o'clock, P. M., Mr. Hunt came to me at the wheel-house, and told me that the 'furnace fires were out.'

"All hope was now abandoned of making a harbor under the lee of Hatteras; and our only alternative was to run her on shore, for the purpose of saving our lives. I then directed the mate to have the square-sail set, to press her in to the land. In a few minutes the lee leach of the square-sail split from foot to head, and it was lowered down. The vessel being water-logged, we consequently made but slow progress towards the shore. The weather became more moderate. Shortly after, I went below to my room and put on my pea jacket; went aft, and saw them bailing and pumping. Whilst passing among the passengers, some of them asked me if there was a probability of their being saved. I replied, that I feared the chance was but small; as the boats would be of no service, and that there must be a heavy surf running on the beach which we were approaching. I then walked to the after starboard quarter-deck, and hove the lead, and found nine fathoms water; I laid the lead in, and remained by the rail, thinking of our condition, and calculating our chances for our lives. I now went forward, and in passing the dining-room (which was on deck and over the after cabin) door, saw the ladies and many of the gentlemen sitting in there, and in great distress and anxiety. This was the last time I went aft on the lower deck. I then passed on by the entrance to the

after cabin ; I found the stairway completely occupied with men in passing up water. I then passed forward, and went up to the wheel-house : by this time we were not far from the shore.

"About ten o'clock Mr. Matthews, then standing on the lower deck, asked me if I meant to put her head on ; I answered, 'Yes, certainly.' Some one now ran forward, and called out that the water was over the cabin floor. Captain Salter cried out, 'Bail away, bail away, boys.' Captain Salter also asked Mr. Matthews if the boats were all clear, that they might be all lowered away without confusion, after she struck. Mr. Matthews said, 'The boats are all ready.' We now made the breakers on the starboard bow and ahead. Mr. Matthews was standing forward, and said, 'Off the starboard bow it looks like a good place to beach her.' I ordered Trost, the man at the helm, to port his helm ; and said to him, 'Mind yourself ; stand clear of that wheel when she strikes, or she will be breaking your bones ;' he answered, 'Yes, sir, I'll keep clear.'

"The boat immediately struck on the outer reef, slued her head to the northward ; the square-sail caught aback ; she heeled off shore, exposing the deck and upper houses to the full force of the sea. The square-sail halyards were let go, but the sail would not come down, as it was hard aback, against the mast and rigging ; it had previously been split, and was now blown to ribbons. The passengers, ladies and gentlemen, placed themselves along the in-shore side of the boat, seeking protection from the breaking of the sea. At this time Mr. Matthews came up to me, on the upper deck, and asked me if I was going in the boats ; I replied, 'No ; I think there is no possibility of any person being saved in them, but you had better go aft and see to the launching them.' He went aft on the upper deck, and I saw them launching the large boat off of it. The larboard quarter boat having been lowered before and upset, they succeeded in getting the large boat alongside ; many of the passengers, and both mates, got into her, several others clinging to her gunwales ; she upset before she had gone ten yards from the vessel. The starboard quarter-boat had been previously stove, as well as the houses and bulwarks on that side. I went forward, pulled off my pea jacket, vest, and boots, and

threw them into the door of the wheel-house; then went a few feet aft, unshipped a small ladder, found a strand of rope lying on the deck, made one end of it fast around the middle step, took the other end around my hand, then placed myself on the forward part of the upper deck, took hold of a chimney-brace with the other hand, awaiting the event of the breaking up of the vessel.

"About the time I went aft, as above stated, the mast had gone about twenty feet from the head. The boat was now fast breaking to pieces — the dining-cabin gone — the star-board state-rooms all stove in — upper deck breaking up. Whilst standing with the ladder in my hand, Mr. Hunt came up to me. I said, 'Mr. Hunt, we little thought this would be our fate when we left New York.' I shook hands with him, and added, 'I hope we may all be saved.' He turned and went to the gallows frame, where there were many others collected with him. The forward smoke chimney fell in shore, across the side houses on the upper deck, close by where I was standing. Mr. Holmes, a passenger saved, was standing by me with a piece of board and rope, prepared to jump. The most of the passengers, who had placed themselves along the guards, had, by this time, been washed off; their shrieks and cries, during this time, were appalling and heart-rending beyond description. The deck, on which Mr. Holmes and myself were standing, was breaking up; we threw away our ladder and board simultaneously, and jumped off the deck, and made for the top-gallant forecastle, which appeared to be our best place for safety. In running forward I stepped into the fore-hatch, which was open, and fell in, but caught by the remnants of the sail which were hanging down the hatch, and which saved me from falling quite down. I got up, by the aid of the sail, on to the deck, and made for the forecastle, which I gained, where I found a number of persons had already placed themselves.

"The first one whom I recognized, or heard, was Captain Salter, who said, 'Captain White, *my dear fellow*, I am glad to see you here.' I was at this time holding on the forestay, which lay across the forecastle; and he further said, 'Come forward here; take the other end of this rope; it is long enough for both of us.' I went and took the rope;

he then added, 'I picked out this place for myself, long before the boat went ashore.' I lashed myself to the next stanchion: this deck now began to work loose from the main part of the boat; the deck settling, the starboard bow heaving up. I remarked, 'I don't like this being tied fast to stanchions; for if the bow falls over on to us, we have no means to clear us from being crushed by it.' I proposed casting ourselves loose from the stanchions; we did so; and then I took a piece of small rope, passed it round a small cleat, and held one end in my hand. At this time Captain Salter was washed off from the forecastle, but succeeded in regaining it, and was a second time washed off, when one of the men, named Jackson, caught him and assisted him to get on the forecastle. I then handed the other end of the rope, which I had fastened to the cleat, to Salter. The sea which had washed Salter off broke off the stanchions to which we had first been lashed. All this time a Mr. Lovegreen was on the gallows frame, tolling the bell.

"The forecastle deck now broke loose and floated towards the shore, with the six persons besides myself. Very soon one man jumped off and gained the beach; we all followed. I washed ashore with only shirt, pantaloons, stockings, and hat. We proceeded along the beach towards the light. We soon found another survivor; afterwards we met Mr. Lovegreen. We continued our steps towards the lighthouse; next found Captain Hill, apparently very much exhausted; asked for assistance to help him along, as he could not proceed without. Finding the lighthouse at a greater distance than was at first believed, I persuaded one of the crew to remain with me to go along the surf, in order to give assistance to those who might be washed ashore; whilst the other above-mentioned persons continued their course to the lighthouse."

We have now given Captain White's minute detail of his proceedings on board of this ill-fated bark, from his first leaving the wharf, at New York, until he reached the shore of Ocracoke Island in safety.

We will now relate the sufferings, escape, and heart-rending reminiscences of other individuals, who survived this appalling event. From Mr. B. B. Hussey we have the following particulars:—

“As every particular is a matter of interest, — especially to those who had friends and relatives on board, — it may not be improper to state, that one individual urged the propriety of lowering the small boats, and putting the ladies and children into them for safety, with suitable persons to manage them, before we struck the breakers. By this arrangement, had it been effected, it is believed that the boats might have rode out the gale during the night, and have been rescued in the morning by passing vessels, and thus all, or nearly all, have been saved. But few supported this proposition, and it could not be done without the prompt interference of those who had authority to command, and who would be obeyed.

“Immediately before we struck, one or two passengers, by the aid of some of the seamen, attempted to seek safety in one of the boats at the quarter, when a breaker struck it, swept it from the davits, and carried with it a seaman, who was instantly lost. A similar attempt was made to launch the long-boat from the upper deck, by the chief mate, Mr. Matthews, and others. It was filled with several passengers, and some of the crew; but, as we were already within the verge of the breakers, this boat shared the fate of the other, and all on board (about ten in number) perished.

“Now commenced the most heart-rending scene. Wives clinging to husbands, — children to parents, — and women, who were without protectors, seeking aid from the arm of the stranger; all awaiting the results of a moment which would bring with it either life or death. Though an intense feeling of anxiety must, at this time, have filled every breast, yet not a shriek was heard, nor was there any extraordinary exclamation of excitement or alarm. A slight agitation was, however, apparent in the general circle. Some few hurried from one part of the boat to another, as if seeking a place of greater safety; yet most, and particularly those who had the melancholy charge of wives and children, remained quiet and calm observers of the scene before them.

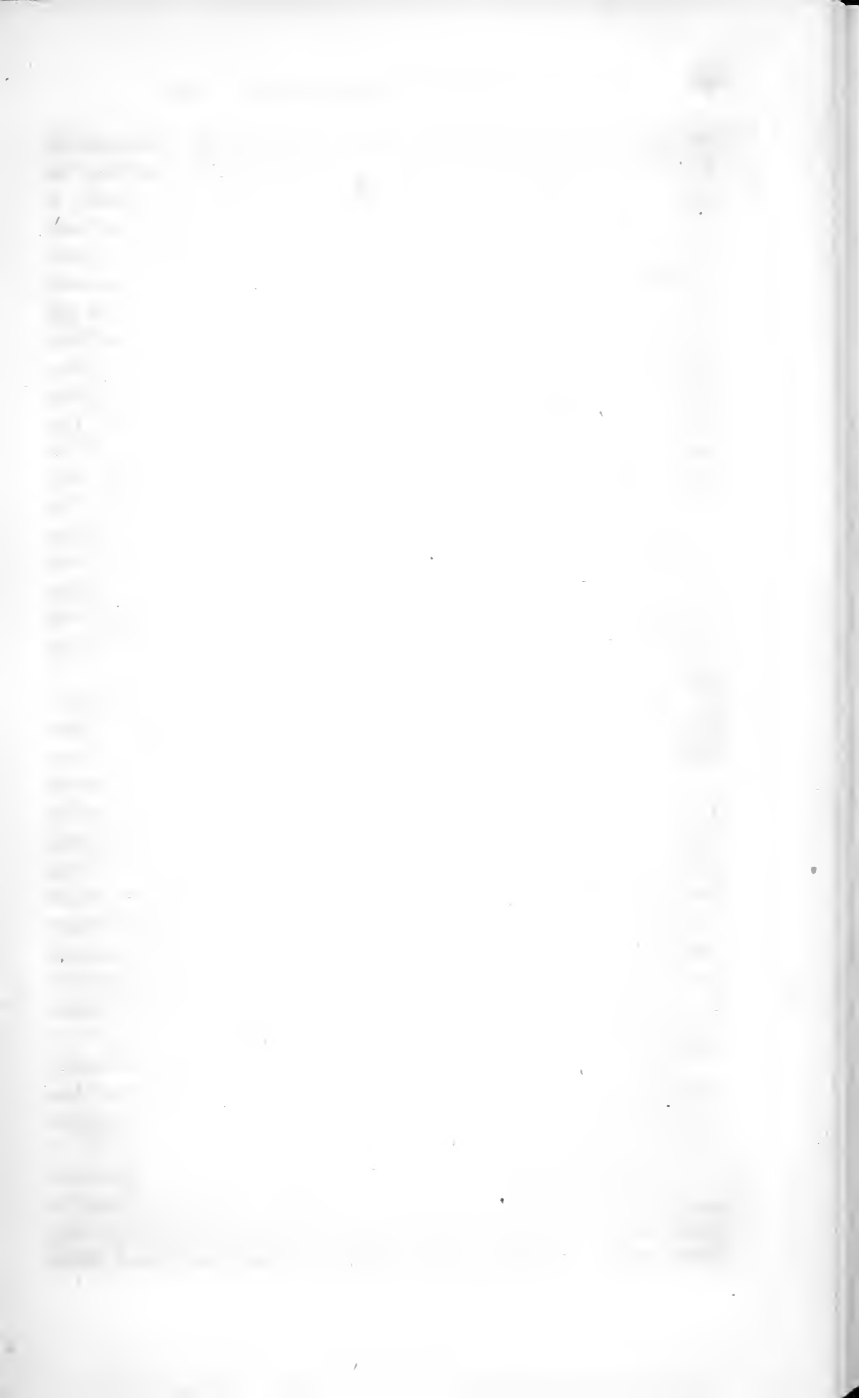
“The boat at length strikes, — it stops — as motionless as a bar of lead. A momentary pause follows, — as if the angel of death shrunk from so dreadful a-work of slaughter.

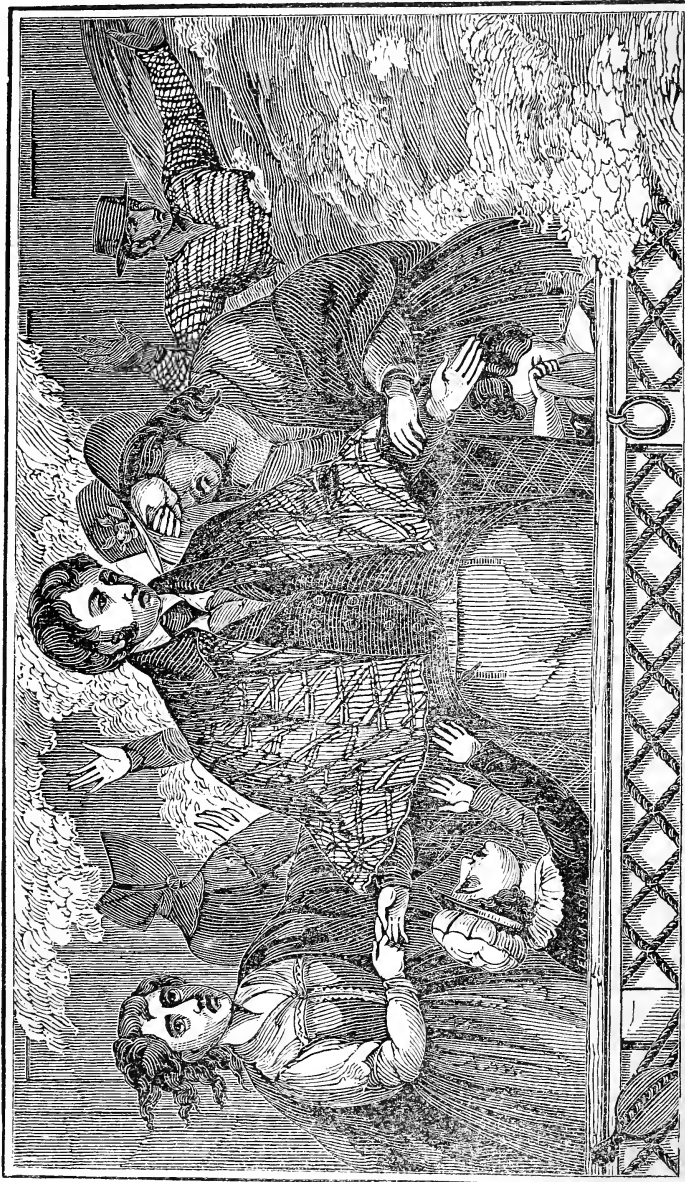
But soon the work of destruction commenced. A breaker, with a deafening crash, swept over the boat, carrying its unfortunate victims into the deep. At the same time, a simultaneous rush was made towards the bows of the boat. The forward deck was covered. Another breaker came, with irresistible force, and all within its sweep disappeared. Our numbers were now frightfully reduced. The roaring of the waters, together with the dreadful crash of breaking timbers, surpasses the power of description. Some of the remaining passengers sought shelter from the encroaching dangers, by retreating to the passage, on the lee side of the boat, that leads from the after to the forward deck, as if to be as far as possible from the grasp of death. It may not be improper here to remark, that the destruction of the boat, and loss of life, was, doubtless, much more rapid than it otherwise would have been, from the circumstance of the boat heeling to windward, and the deck, which was nearly level with the water, forming, in consequence, an inclined plane, upon which the waves broke with their full force.

“A large proportion of those who rushed into this passage were ladies and children, with a few gentlemen who had charge of them. The crowd was so dense, that many were in danger of being crushed by the irresistible pressure. Here were, perhaps, some of the most painful sights beheld. Before introducing any of the closing scenes of individuals, which the writer witnessed, or which he has gathered from his fellow-passengers, he would beg to be understood, that it is not for the gratification of the idle curiosity of the careless and indifferent reader, or to pierce afresh the bleeding wounds of surviving friends, but to furnish such facts as may be interesting, and which, perhaps, might never be obtained through any other channel.

“As the immediate connections of the writer are already informed of the particulars relating to his own unhappy bereavement, there is no necessity for entering into a minute detail of this melancholy event.

“This passage contained perhaps thirty or more persons, consisting of men, women, and children, with no apparent possibility of escape; enclosed within a narrow aperture, over which was the deck, and both ends of which were





The Affecting Situation of Mr. Croome and his Family. — Page 75.



completely closed by the fragments of the boat and the rushing of the waves. While thus shut up, death appeared inevitable. Already were both decks swept of every thing that was on them. The dining-cabin was entirely gone, and every thing belonging to the quarter-deck was completely stripped off, leaving not even a stanchion or particle of the bulwarks; and all this was the work of about five minutes.

"The starboard wheel-house, and every thing about it, was soon entirely demolished. As much of the ceiling forward of the starboard wheel had, during the day, fallen from its place, the waves soon found their way through all that remained to oppose them, and were in a few minutes' time forcing into the last retreat of those who had taken shelter in the passage already mentioned.

"Every wave made a frightful encroachment on our narrow limits, and seemed to threaten us with immediate death. Hopeless as was the condition of those thus hemmed in, yet not a shriek was heard from them. One lady, unknown to the writer, begged earnestly for some one to save her. In a time of such alarm, it is not strange that a helpless female should plead with earnestness for assistance from those who were about her, or even offer them money for that aid which the least reflection would have convinced her it was not possible to render. Another scene, witnessed at this trying hour, was still more painful. A little boy (supposed to be the son of Hardy B. Croom, of Newbern, N. C.) was pleading with his father to save him. 'Father,' said the boy, 'you will save me, won't you? You can swim ashore with me; can't you, father?' But the unhappy father was too deeply absorbed in the other charges that rested upon him, even to notice the imploring accents of his helpless child. For at that time, as near as the writer could judge, from the darkness of the place they were in, his wife hung upon one arm, and his daughter of seventeen upon the other. He had one daughter besides, near the age of this little boy, but whether she was at that time living or not is uncertain.

"After remaining here some minutes, the deck overhead was split open by the violence of the waves, which allowed the writer an opportunity of climbing out. This he instantly

did, and assisted his wife through the same opening. As he had now left those below, he is unable to say how they were finally lost, but as that part of the boat was very soon completely destroyed, their further sufferings could not have been much prolonged. We were now in a situation which, from the time the boat struck, we had considered as the most safe, and had endeavored to attain. Here we resolved to await our uncertain fate. From this place we could see the encroachment of the devouring waves, every one of which reduced our thinned numbers, and swept with it parts of our crumbling boat.

“For several hours previous, the gale had been sensibly abating; and, for a moment, the pale moon broke through the dispersing clouds, as if to witness this scene of terror and destruction, and to show to the horror-stricken victims the fate that awaited them. How few were now left of the many who, but a little before, inhabited our bark! While the moon yet shone, three men were seen to rush from the middle to the stern of the boat. A wave came rushing on. It passed over the deck. One only, of the three, was left. He attempted to regain his former position. Another wave came. He had barely time to reach a large timber, to which he clung, when this wave struck him, — and he too was missing. As the wave passed away, the heads of two of these men were seen above the water; but they appeared to make no effort to swim. The probability is, that the violence with which they were hurled into the sea disabled them. They sunk — to rise no more.

“During this time, Mr. Lovegreen, of Charleston, continued to ring the boat’s bell, which added, if possible, to the gloom. It sounded, indeed, like the funeral knell over the departed dead. Never before, perhaps, was a bell tolled at such a funeral as this. While in this situation, and reflecting on the necessity of being always prepared for the realities of eternity, our attention was arrested by the appearance of a lady, climbing up on the outside of the boat, abaft the wheel, near where we were. Her head was barely above the deck, on which we stood, and she was holding to it in a most perilous manner. She implored help; without which she must soon have fallen into the deep beneath, and shared the fate of the many who had already gone. The

writer ran to her aid, but was unable to raise her to the deck. Mr. Woodburn, of New York, now came, and, with his assistance, the lady was rescued: she was then lashed to a large piece of timber, by the side of another lady,—the only remaining place that afforded any prospect of safety. The former lady (Mrs. Shroeder) was washed ashore, on this piece of the wreck,—one of the two who survived. The writer, having relinquished to this lady the place he had occupied, was compelled to get upon a large piece of the boat, that lay near, under the lee of the wheel; this was almost immediately driven from its place into the breakers, which instantly swept him from it, and plunged him deep into the water. With some difficulty he regained his raft. He continued to cling to this fragment, as well as he could; but was repeatedly washed from it. Sometimes, when plunged deep into the water, he came up under it. After encountering all the difficulties that seemed possible to be borne, he was, at length, thrown on shore, in an exhausted state. At the time the writer was driven from the boat, there were but few left. Of these, four survived, viz., Mrs. Shroeder and Mr. Lovegreen, of Charleston, Mr. Cohen, of Columbia, and Mr. Vanderzee, of New York."

One mother sustained the noble character which, in all ages, has distinguished maternal affection. Her infant was in her arms, pressed close to her bosom, as if the whisperings of hope inspired the devoted woman with a belief that the feeble protection of a mother's love would shield her child from the conflict of warring elements. But for a moment did this dream of hope last; a wave wrested the infant from her grasp, and plunged it into the foaming waters! A convulsive shriek proclaimed the agony of the bereaved mother, and ere the relentless surge had hidden her lost one forever, she sprang amongst the breakers and perished! Who does not almost envy the fate of such a woman, dreadful though it seem? Who would not wish to enter the presence of Almighty God as she did, a voluntary sacrifice to the first of natural duties?—a duty deeply implanted in the human breast, for the wise purposes of Heaven.

"On reaching the beach, there was no appearance of inhabitants; but, after wandering some distance, a light was discovered, which proved to be from Ocracoke lighthouse,



Affecting Instance of Maternal Affection. (See page 77.)

about six miles south-west of the place where the boat was wrecked. The inhabitants of the island, generally, treated us with great kindness; and, so far as their circumstances would allow, assisted in properly disposing of the numerous bodies thrown upon the shore."

"Mr. and Mrs. Cowles arrived in New York, September 22d, intending to pass the winter with a brother and sister in Augusta, Georgia. They were long doubtful what means of conveyance to choose. They had a most decided aversion to a passage in the steamboat. Indeed, such *had always been their strong and invincible dread of the sea*, that they would have chosen to journey the whole distance by land, if it had not been thought unsafe to travel so early in the season through the low countries of the South. During their visit to that city, the Home completed her second trip from Charleston; the first in sixty-two, the last in sixty-four, hours. The speed, comfort, and safety of this boat were so highly extolled, that both were led to think more seriously

of taking passage on her return ; and, after a personal inspection of her accommodations, and learning that, on previous passages, she had taken the inner channel, thus avoiding Cape Hatteras altogether, their berths were secured.

“ On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 7th, they were accompanied to the boat, in more than ordinary health and spirits, excepting some natural tears on leaving home and friends, and (in the case of one, there can be no doubt) because of *her instinctive and unparalleled fear when upon the water.*

“ For several successive days, the weather was remarkably fine in that city ; many who had friends on board the Home watched it day and night ; and on rising, Tuesday morning, congratulated themselves and the voyagers on account of their safe arrival at Charleston.

“ How great was the shock, when, on the subsequent Tuesday, the awful tidings arrived, that the Home had foundered at sea, and the large majority of passengers, including Mr. and Mrs. Cowles, were in eternity !

“ It was the first impulse of all, on recovering sufficient composure, to converse with the survivors, and obtain from them, if possible, more definite information concerning their particular friends and relatives. The first and only individual who was able to make any report of Mr. and Mrs. C., was Mr. Jabez Holmes, an amiable and pious young gentleman of the house of Cornelius Baker & Co. He had no personal acquaintance with either. He knew them not by name. But when told that Mr. C. was a clergyman, he identified him at once, describing his dress and that of his wife so accurately, as to preclude all possibility of his being mistaken. He had considerable conversation with both during the fatal storm ; and his recollections of them were the more distinct, because of the very remarkable composure which they exhibited ; which word, added the same gentleman, failed to express all their countenances indicated. It was something more than composure — it was happiness, when they spoke of their confidence in God !

“ The characteristic and precious remark made by Mr. C., as overheard by Mr. H., *He that trusts in Jesus, &c.*, was enough to remove all those terrific images of distress, and paleness, and runnings to and fro, by which the minds of surviving friends were before agitated by day and night.

“The remark of Mr. C., referred to above, was addressed to the steward and clerk of the boat, to see whom was judged very desirable, as he was observed to be in frequent conversation with Mr. and Mrs. C. up to a late hour.

“The steward of the Home was Mr. David B. Milne, the son of a deceased clergyman, and who was saved in a manner almost miraculous, to rejoice a pious mother, and a sister on missionary ground. From him the following facts were afterwards obtained : —

“The gale commenced on Sabbath morning, and continued to increase all the day. At night, the boat labored much, and leaked considerably, but not enough to excite apprehensions of danger. On Monday, A. M., there was no concealment of the fact, that all were in imminent peril. The general expectation was, that the boat would sink with all on board, when fifteen miles off Cape Hatteras. Mr. C., who, during two years of feeble health, had often been told by physicians that he must die, without a perceptible quickening of his pulse, or one distracting fear in his heart, — and his wife, who had often stood at his side in the very presence of the pallid king, — were now, throughout this day of awful suspense, to exemplify the effects of their previous discipline, when suddenly called to face death in one of its most terrific forms.

“Mr. Milne states that he has a more distinct recollection of Mr. and Mrs. C. than of any other passengers, because of *the religious conversation which they addressed to him*. In the midst of the perils of that eventful day, Mr. C., who was compelled by sickness to keep his berth, requested Mr. M. to read aloud certain portions of Scripture, among which was that singularly appropriate and sublime passage, the 24th chapter of Matthew ; and then (many of the passengers gathering round, and listening with profound interest) commended them all to God in audible prayer. Never, says Mr. M., were individuals more perfectly composed than Mr. and Mrs. C. Several distinct times, Mr. C. gave vent to his gratitude on account of the calmness and peace of his wife, who he expected would be greatly terrified. Both expressed a great degree of interest for the welfare of others. To one individual, the direct inquiry was proposed, in the kindest manner of Christian fidelity, whether he was

a Christian, and if he did not admit, at such a time, that it was of all things safe and important to have God for a refuge. Concerning another, who, in a state of desperation, and under the influence of intoxicating liquors, uttered some horrible imprecations, Mr. C. remarked, 'How much better would it be for that man to be in prayer for his soul, than to blaspheme his God!' The remark was afterwards communicated to the individual himself, under very affecting circumstances. He survived his wife on that dreadful night.

"At three o'clock in the afternoon, when it was evident that the boat could not long hold together, Mr. and Mrs. C., who had hitherto declined going up, on the plea that their doing so would be of no service, were summoned to the dining-cabin on the main deck. Mr. M. himself assisted Mrs. C. out of her berth, and again heard her declare, when dressing for her death, her joy and sense of security in confiding on almighty love. To him the remark was made by Mr. C., '*He that trusts in Jesus is safe, even amid the perils of the sea.*'

"At eight o'clock in the evening, when nearing the shore, another effort was made to lighten the boat by bailing; and, as it was necessary for all to aid, the ladies, and among them Mrs. C., formed a line for passing the empty buckets, in which occupation her cheerful appearance was observed by many, and tended not a little to inspire others with hope. Mr. C. expressed regret that, owing to his great feebleness, he was unable to afford much aid, but, seated on a trunk, did what he could, in passing the empty pails. Notwithstanding all their exertions, the leak gained very rapidly; the fire under the boilers had long ago been extinguished; the engines were useless; the cabin floor was deeply flooded, and all further effort was abandoned. All was silence; most were providing themselves with whatever presented the least hope of safety. Mr. and Mrs. C. sat together in calm expectation. At ten minutes before eleven, the boat struck. The moon was shrouded by thick clouds, but it was not so dark, but that the shore could be seen at the distance of a quarter of a mile. Orders were immediately given for all the passengers to go forward. A life-line was passed from the bow aft, to which they were advised to cling in a sud-

den emergency. Mr. C. was seen to go forward with his arm around his wife. They were seen no more. Probably the first breaker which struck the boat, after she swung to the sea, swept them together to their watery grave. 'Lovely were they in their lives, and in death they were not divided.' Who can doubt that it would have been the choice of both, if either was to be taken, not to be separated in such a death? Both were taken to their home and refuge at the same moment. Blessed be God for all those calm supports which He extended to them in prospect of death, — elevating the one above the reach of a more than ordinary timidity, and thus comforting the hearts of many on sleepless pillows, when the dark and driving storm carries their frightened thoughts to the sea.

"We have the melancholy satisfaction of adding, that the body of Mrs. C. was found the morning after the fatal disaster, carried to the residence of Mr. William Howard, there shrouded by the humane hands of Mrs. H. and other ladies, — whose tender and feeling conduct deserves the highest praise of the community, as it has evoked the blessing of many bleeding hearts, — and thence removed to an adjoining place of sepulture, and decently interred, with a board, bearing her name, to mark the spot."

"The survivors, after remaining on the island till Thursday afternoon, separated, — some returning to New York, others proceeding on to Charleston. Acknowledgment is due to the inhabitants of Washington, Newbern, and Wilmington, as well as of other places through which we passed, for the kind hospitality we received, and the generous offers made to us. Long will these favors be gratefully remembered by the survivors of the unfortunate Home."

The cause of this terrible disaster was the unseaworthiness of the vessel. However well she might have performed her accustomed trips on a calm river, she never should have ventured outside of Sandy Hook; being totally unfit for ocean navigation, so unfaithfully was she built. A gentleman who was on board of the Home in September, during a conversation with Mr. Hunt, the chief engineer, noticing the peculiar form of the deck, which was serpentine, drooping very much at the bows and stern, asked what was her original shape. Hunt said she was originally straight,



but said that in her first trip they had put a large quantity of ballast too far forward, and under her forward cabin floor, and that in consequence two of her fore and aft stay-ropes had broken before she arrived in Charleston, and that in consequence the boat had strained and dropped at the bows. He also said that after they had taken the ballast out, and repaired the stay-ropes, the boat had come back considerably to her place.

As the gale increased, the awful and portentous insufficiency of the frail bark began to be developed. The hull bent and twisted, when struck by a sea, as if the next would rend it asunder; the panels of the ceiling were dropping from their places; and the hull, as if united by hinges, was bending against the feet of the braces. After she struck, her destruction was as rapid as that of the unfortunate crew. She went to pieces in less than an hour; and all agree that the speed of her dissolution indicated a weakness and rottenness of constitution entirely unfit for the service on which she had been sent.

In this case we see and feel how many human beings were led to destruction, by the criminal neglect of those who had assumed the responsibility, and therefore lay under the most imperative obligations to protect their lives by all the means which human prudence could provide. On the contrary, it appears that a reckless indifference to these responsibilities, and a total disregard of the solemn trusts they had assumed, did characterize the conduct of the owners of this ill-fated vessel. It matters little whether they *did* or *did not know* that they were inviting their fellow-creatures to their destruction. It is plain that the *owners ought to have known it*, and that their ignorance, if it did exist, was owing to a gross and palpable neglect of duty, amounting to a high crime against morality and humanity.

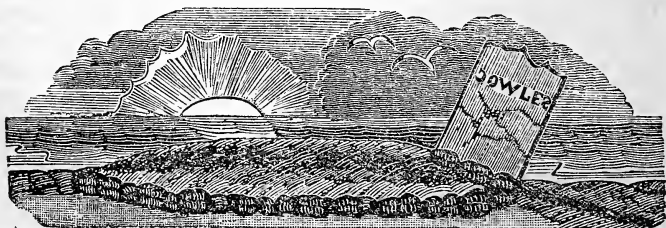
#### LIST OF PASSENGERS.

*Passengers lost.* — Madame Boudo, Madame Reviere, Mrs. Hussey, Mrs. Levy, Miss F. Levy, Miss O. Levy, Mrs. Flinn and two children, Hardy B. Croom and lady, Miss Croom, Miss J. Croom, Master Croom, Mrs. Camack, Mr. P. S. Cohen, Mr. H. A. Cohrs, Mr. S. G. Fuller, Mr.

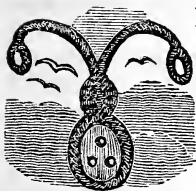
H. M. Tileston, Mr. C. Williman, of Charleston, S. C. Rev. G. Cowles and lady, of Augusta, Geo. Prof. Nott and lady, of Columbia, S. C. Mr. Desaybe, lady, and servant. Mr. Broquet, lady, child, and servant. Mr. O. H. Prince and lady, of Athens, Geo. Mrs. Hill, of New Hampshire. Mrs. Whiting. Mrs. Boyd. Mrs. Faugh. Mrs. Miller. Miss Stowe, of Augusta, Geo. Miss Roberts, of South Carolina. Mr. J. Root. Mr. J. M. Roll. Mr. G. H. Palmer. Mr. H. C. Bangs, of Connecticut. Mr. Whiting. Mr. Wild. Mr. J. Paine, of Mobile. Mr. A. F. Bostwick, of South Carolina. Mr. A. Desaybe. Mr. F. Desaybe. Mr. T. Smith. Mr. Laroque. Mr. P. Domingues. Mr. Labadie. Mr. Walton. Mr. Hazard. Mr. Canthers. Mr. Finn. Mr. Woodburn, Mr. Richard Graham, of New York. Mr. Sprott, of Alabama. Mr. T. Anderson, Mr. D. B. Toms, of Columbia, S. C. Mr. Kennedy, of Darlington, S. C. Mr. Walker. Mr. Benedict, of Augusta, Geo. Mr. J. Boyd.

*Passengers saved.*—Madame La Coste, Mrs. Shroeder, Mr. A. A. Lovegreen, Mr. Charles Drayton, Mr. B. B. Hussey, of Charleston, S. C. Mr. J. S. Cohen, of Columbia, S. C. Mr. C. C. Cady, of Montgomery, Ala. Mr. Thomas J. Smith, Mr. J. D. Roland, Mr. John Bishop, Mr. J. Holmes, Mr. H. Vanderzee, Mr. H. Anderson, of New York. Captain Hill, Captain Salter, of Portsmouth, N. H. Mr. Jas. Johnson, jun., of Boston. Mr. W. S. Reed, of New Haven, Ct. Mr. D. Clock, of Athens, Geo. Mr. John Mather. Conrad Quinn, boy, of Jersey City.

Of the crew, there were in all forty-three, including the captain, two mates, the chief engineer, &c.: of these, the captain and nineteen of the boat's company alone were saved. The names of the crew not known.



HORRID PARTICULARS  
OF THE  
PROCEEDINGS ON BOARD OF THE  
SHIP FRANCIS SPAIGHT,  
WHICH  
Foundered in the Atlantic Ocean,  
DECEMBER, 1837.



HIS shocking account of the transactions on board of this vessel was written by one of the crew.

The Francis Spaight, of 345 tons, laden with timber, sailed from St. John's, Newfoundland, November 24th, bound for Limerick. The crew amounted to fourteen men, with the captain and mate; they had fine weather for a few days, but it afterwards blew so hard that they were obliged to drive before the wind. At three o'clock in the morning of December 3d, the vessel, through the carelessness of the helmsman, suddenly broached to, and in less than an hour she lay on her beam ends, the greater part of the crew saving themselves by clinging to the rigging. Patrick Cusack and Patrick Behane were drowned in the forecabin, and Griffith, the mate, in the after cabin. The captain and Mulville got to the fore and mainmasts, and cut them away; the mizzen-topmast went with them over the side, and the ship immediately righted. As soon as she righted, she settled down in the sea, and there was scarcely any thing to be seen of her except the poop and bulwarks. No situation could be more miserable than that of the unfortunate crew, standing ankle deep on the wreck, in a winter's night, and clinging to whatever was nearest,

as sea after sea rolled successively over them. On the dawn, they discovered that their provisions had been washed overboard, and they had no means of coming at any fresh water. The gale continued unabated, and for safety and shelter they gathered into the cabin under the poop. Even here, she was so deep with water, a dry plank could not be found, and their only rest was by standing close together. At ten o'clock in the forenoon, a vessel was descried to the westward, but she stood far away beyond the reach of signal, and was soon out of sight. That day and the next passed away without any change in the weather. On the third, it began to moderate. There were thirteen hands alive, and not one had tasted a morsel of food since the wreck, and they had only three bottles of wine; this was served out in wine-glasses, at long intervals. There was some occasional rain, which they were not prepared at first for saving, but on the fourth or fifth day they got a cistern under the mizzenmasts, where it was filled in two days.

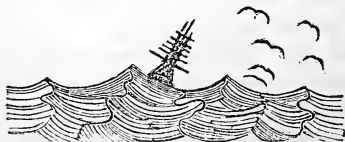
The periods in which little or no rain fell, were, however, often long, so that they stinted themselves to the smallest possible allowance. In seven days after the appearance of the first vessel, another was seen only four miles north. An ensign was hoisted, but she bore away like the former, and was soon lost to their view. Despair was now in every countenance. How they lived through the succeeding five days it would be hard to tell; some few endeavored to eat the horn buttons of their jackets. Horrible as this situation was, it was made yet worse by the conduct of the crew towards one another. As their sufferings increased, they became cross and selfish; the strong securing a place on the cabin floor, and pushing aside the weak to shift for themselves in the wet and cold. There was a boy, named O'Brien, especially, who seemed to have no friend on board, and endured every sort of cruelty and abuse. Most of the men had got sore legs from standing in the salt water, and were peevish and apprehensive of being hurt: as soon as O'Brien came near them in search of a dry berth, he was kicked away, for which he retaliated in curses.

On the 19th December, the 16th day since the wreck, the captain said, they were now a length of time without

sustenance, that it was beyond human nature to endure it any longer, and that the only question for them to consider was, whether one or all should die: his opinion was, that one should suffer for the rest, and that lots should be drawn between the four boys, as they could not be considered so great a loss to their friends, as those who had wives and children depending on them. None objected to this, except the boys, who cried out against the injustice of such a proceeding. O'Brien, in particular, protested against it; and some mutterings were heard amongst the men, that led the latter to apprehend they might proceed in a more summary way. Friendless and forlorn as he was, they were calculated to terrify the boy into acquiescence, and he at length submitted. Mulville now prepared some sticks of different lengths for the lots. A bandage was tied over O'Brien's eyes, and he knelt down, resting his face on Mulville's knees. The latter had the sticks in his hand, and was to hold them up, one by one, demanding whose lot it was. O'Brien was to call out a name, and whatever person he named for the shortest stick was to die. Mulville held up the first stick, and demanded whom it was for. The answer was, "For little Johnny Sheehan;" and the lot was laid aside. The next was held up, and the demand was repeated. "On myself;" upon which Mulville said, that was the death lot—that O'Brien had called it for himself. The poor fellow heard the announcement without uttering a word. The men told him he must prepare for death, and the captain proposed bleeding him in the arm. The cook cut his veins across with a small knife, but could bring no flow of blood; the boy himself attempted to open the vein at the bend of the elbow, but, like the cook, he failed in bringing blood. The captain then said, "This is of no use; 'tis better to put him out of pain by bleeding him in the throat." At this O'Brien, for the first time, looked terrified, and begged that they would give him a little time; he said he was cold and weak, but if they would let him lie down and sleep for a little, he would get warm, and then he would bleed freely. To this there were expressions of dissent from the men, and the captain said, 'twas better at once to lay hold on him, and let the cook cut his throat. O'Brien, driven to extremity, declared he would not let them; the first man, he said, who laid hands on him,

'twould be the worse for him ; that he'd appear to him another time ; that he'd haunt him after death. There was a general hesitation amongst them, when a fellow named Harrington seized the boy, and they rushed in upon him. He screamed and struggled violently, addressing himself, in particular, to Sullivan, a Tarbert man. The poor youth was, however, soon got down, and the cook, after considerable hesitation, cut his throat with a case knife, and the tureen was put under the boy's neck to save the blood.

As soon as the horrid act had been perpetrated, the blood was served to the men. They afterwards laid open the body, and separated the limbs ; the latter were hung over the stern, while a portion of the former was allotted for immediate use, and almost every one partook of it. This was the evening of the 16th day. They ate again late at night ; but the thirst, which was before endurable, now became craving, and they slaked it with salt water. Several were raving, and talking wildly through the night, and in the morning the cook was quite mad. His raving continued during the succeeding night, and in the morning, as his end seemed to be approaching, the veins of his neck were cut, and the blood drawn from him. This was the second death. On that night Behane was mad, and the boy Burns on the following morning ; they were obliged to be tied by the crew, and the latter eventually bled to death by cutting his throat. Behane died unexpectedly, or he would have suffered the same fate. Next morning Mahony distinguished a sail, and raised a shout of joy. A ship was clearly discernible, and bearing her course towards them. Signals were hoisted, and when she approached, they held up the hands and feet of O'Brien to excite commiseration. The vessel proved to be the *Angenora*, an American. She put off a boat to their assistance, and the survivors of the *Francis Spaight* were safely put on board the American, where they were treated with the utmost kindness.



The Pamperos of the Rio de la Plata;  
WITH THE  
REMARKABLE NARRATIVE  
OF  
MR. GEORGE FRACKER,  
THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE CREW OF  
THE SHIP JANE;

His Escape to the Shore, and perilous Situation  
while among the Guachas of South America,  
September, 1817.



IN the eastern coast of South America, thirty-four degrees south of the equator, the grand and majestic La Plata flows into the Atlantic Ocean. On approaching the river from the sea, the low and level land appears wholly different in its outline from the wild and towering front along the coast of Brazil.

This vast river is a hundred and fifty miles wide at the mouth, and extends, with a gradual contraction, and in a winding direction, along the shores of Paraguay, in the heart of South America, a distance of twelve hundred miles. At Monte Video the water is brackish, and cannot be drank; but at a short distance above, though it appears at all times turbid and discolored, as if with the yellow mud at the bottom, the taste is sweet and palatable. A sealing ship was once cast away on the Falkland Islands, and a few of the crew with difficulty saved themselves in the long-boat. Being on a barren land, they resolved, with one barrel of beef, which they had fortunately recovered, and a scanty

supply of water, to commit themselves to the mercy of the waves, in their frail bark, and pushed for the River La Plata. After a miserable passage, and expending their entire stock of provisions, they arrived at last even to the inner roads of Buenos Ayres, ascended the deck of the first vessel they saw, and implored, "in the name of God," a draught of water; having traversed over a surface of one hundred miles of *good fresh water*, for twenty-four hours, not apprehending that it was fresh, and sailed dismally over it, perishing with intolerable thirst.

The tides in the river, as far up as Buenos Ayres, are, in general, regular, except when influenced by strong and constant winds, and the rise and fall is about eight or ten feet. The bed of the river is of hard sand, and when the tides are low, no boats can come near the shore; and many persons gain a living by conveying goods and passengers from the boats and craft to the shore, which is sometimes a quarter of a mile. The following facts will illustrate the power of those violent gales, called *pamperos*, from their blowing from the *pampas*, or plains. Their power upon the waters of this river is tremendous.

Many years ago, during the contest with Spain, a Spanish sloop-of-war was lying in the outer roads, distant at least seven miles from the city. A succession of strong pamperos, in a few days, laid bare the whole ground of the inner harbor, and the vessels and craft were left motionless and dry. The winds still continuing to roll back the waters, even the proud Spaniard, it was discovered, was laid bare to the keel. Preparations were immediately made by the patriots to attack her, in this her stationary and perilous situation. A large body of artillerists, with some pieces of heavy cannon, descended the banks of the river, and were drawn along on the sand by horses, and all the bustle of a march, and preparation for battle, as on the tented field, were seen on ground which the winds had cleared for them, and over which the waves were wont to roar. The astonished Spaniards saw with alarm and consternation the approach of an enemy on horseback, where, a few days before, their ship had rode in ten fathoms of water. They, however, prepared for a desperate conflict, being resolved to defend their ship, or rather now their castle, to the last. Their fate ap-



peared almost certain; but fortune for once favored them, and accomplished more in ten minutes than their own greatest bravery. The action had commenced, when an unusual shout of triumph, from the deck of the Spaniard, caused the assailants to look beyond, when, with a dismay like that of Pharaoh's host, they beheld the surge rolling in and roaring towards them! The battle ceased instantly: the alarm was electric, — the traces were cut from the cannons, — the guns were abandoned, — and they galloped off in full retreat, with the sea in close pursuit at their heels, and were precipitately driven up again, by this new enemy, from the invasion of her possessions.

The Plata has been called, by the Spaniards, "*El Infierno de los marineros*;" sufficient stress has not, however, been laid on the redeeming qualities which it possesses in having anchoring ground every where, and in soundings, whose nature tells whether you are approaching danger; as on and near the banks the bottom is hard, while in the deeper water it is very soft.

Before a *pampero*, the barometer continues to fall during several days, and invariably the water then rises. The gale commences, the barometer ceases falling and begins to rise, and very soon afterwards the level of the river is found to be sinking.

Before a *pampero*, the weather is sultry during a few days, with a light breeze from the east or north-east, ending in a calm. A cool, light wind then sets in from the south or south-east, but confined entirely to the lower strata of the atmosphere, while the clouds above it are moving in an opposite direction, from north-west to south-east. The northern horizon, as night advances, becomes dark, with heavy, lowering clouds, accompanied with lightning from the east or north-east. The southern wind now ceases, and is followed by variable winds from the northward. Heavy clouds are thus brought over, and lightning, accompanied by thunder, follows, in a terrific manner. The wind veers gradually to the westward in violent gusts; the lightning becomes more vivid, and the thunder more awful; the gale now follows from the south-west. The lightning is beautifully colored, presenting the hues of orange, violet, and pink. At

Monte Video, are seen very remarkable instances of electric light, playing like the Aurora Borealis, at an altitude of 20 degrees above the horizon.

"When on board of the ship Ocean, of New York, the vessel in which I left the United States," says Mr. Fracker, "as we lay at anchor in the La Plata, on the twenty-second of February, Washington's birth-day, a phenomenon took place at Buenos Ayres, which will ever be remembered by those who witnessed it, and which, I believe, has never been recorded. On the morning of that day, while lying off from the shore about three quarters of a mile, the men being employed, as usual, in washing the decks, it being about half past seven, and the sun two hours high,—'Jack,' says one of the men to his shipmate, after he had thrown his bucket of water, and was observing the weather, 'what means that cloud of dust in the wake of the town yonder?' Before the question could be answered by his comrade, however, the uncommon appearance of this dense body of dust, and the wild appearance of the sky, had riveted the eyes of all on board. 'Stand by the cable tier,' vociferated the chief mate; 'jump down and be ready to pay out; bear a-hand, my hearties; here's a *pampero* coming, driving the world before him.' The black cloud of dust now rising and expanding in awful grandeur, and extending over half the horizon, rapidly approached us, immediately followed by an immense shroud of impenetrable darkness, which rose beneath and followed it. As the ship lay broadside to the shore, I was proceeding from midships to the helm, in order to bring her head to wind; but I was arrested in my progress by total darkness and the tremendous blast, which at once struck the ship and nearly capsized her, and had to secure myself by clinching the railing. 'This is indeed a phenomenon!' I exclaimed to the chief mate; 'what comes next?' But astonishment kept him and all others deprived, for the time, of speech. Here, for a few minutes, was a grand and awfully-sublime spectacle: on one side of us was a body of almost palpable darkness, and on the other the fair light of heaven. Expecting momentarily to be blown to the other regions, we waited, breathlessly, the result of this wonder of nature, for about twenty minutes, when the field of darkness passed

through, and was driven beyond us to the other side ; and in its vacancy the light slowly returned : thus we had repeatedly light on one side and darkness on the other. On discerning the features of each other, we were surprised at their ludicrous complexion : a sooty black dust had overspread our faces, and rendered our appearance like that of negroes. On recovering our surprise, we found we had sustained no other damage than dragging our anchors a few cables' length ; but other vessels, near before, we scarcely could recognize, they had drifted so far. The remainder of the day was boisterous and rainy, attended with heavy thunder and lightning. The sailors considered this event as a voice of Providence, and the carpenter piously believed it a judgment on the sinful inhabitants of the land. In the city a greater degree of consternation prevailed. Many, at the time, were in the streets going and returning from market ; but the sudden absence of light compelled them to remain as they were caught, with caravans of mules, droves of horses, &c.

"In April, the ship having altered her destination, I obtained a release ; not choosing to return home, and being desirous of seeing more of the world.

"In the month of May, I entered at Buenos Ayres as second officer on board the English ship *Jane*, Captain William Seaboth, bound on a voyage from that place to the Brazils. Our departure was some time retarded, (an ill-omened event,) owing to the carelessness of the pilot, by striking on the bar in going out, which materially damaged our rudder, and caused our detention nearly six weeks. Towards the middle of June, however, we again set sail, and after a moderate passage of twenty days, anchored in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. Waiting here two months for freight, we at last succeeded in getting it, and on the third of September, in company with a large fleet for different ports, sailed on our return, bound to the ports of Monte Video and Buenos Ayres, with a cargo consisting of rum, sugar, tobacco, flour, butter, rice, and dry goods, having on board five passengers, two of them Spaniards, inhabitants of Buenos Ayres, a German, an Englishman, and an American, the three last freighters of the vessel, and owners of the principal part of the cargo ; four blacks, their slaves ; and fourteen of the ship's company, comprising in all

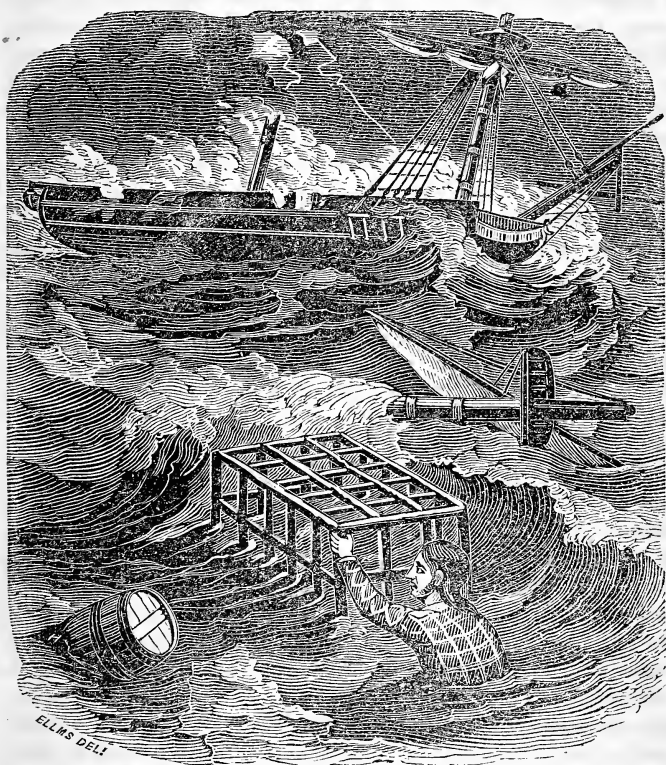
twenty-three persons. Our passage was agreeable and very favorable, and in fifteen days we discovered Cape St. Mary, the northern entrance of the River La Plata; continuing our course along the banks of the river, with a fine wind, till towards sunset on that day, when the weather becoming foggy, the wind increasing, and the night approaching, it was deemed expedient to haul off shore, and gain an offing for anchorage. We accordingly came to anchor about fifteen miles from Monte Video, our first destined port, near the Island of Flores, or Flowers, that being to windward, and the wind about south-east. The gale increasing very fast, at eight o'clock more cable was payed out, and at nine, it blowing very hard, another anchor was let go. At half past nine we took supper, elated with the idea of our being so near the end of our passage, and happy in the fair prospect of breakfasting next morning on shore. Little did they imagine that supper to be their last, and of being so near the end of the voyage of life. From this time the gale still continued to increase, the ship pitching very heavily, and wetting from fore to aft by the spray of the sea. At twelve, midnight, after passing an anxious watch below, owing to the strange rolling and pitching of the ship, caused by a strong weather current, I came upon deck to relieve the watch. I went forward to examine the state of the cables in the hawse-holes, and then returned to the quarter-deck, to the lead line, which we had kept over the side, and by its feeling was fearful that the ship had been, and was still drifting. The motion of the ship and strong current prevented my knowing this to a certainty; both our anchors, which were of over-proportioned sizes, being down, and our cables, nearly new, out, with their whole scope of a hundred fathoms. While at the lead, I observed something, at a distance to leeward, like a white foam, and remarked it to the boatswain, who was standing near. He replied, he thought it no more than the curl of the waves. Not satisfied with this, I went aft into the yawl astern, and was soon satisfied they were breakers, and not far off. I quickly went below to the cabin, awoke the captain, and aroused the passengers. He soon ran up on deck, and had just gained it, when, at fifteen minutes past twelve, the ship struck. Those below were directly

alarmed by the shock, — for the previous motion, with the noise of the wind, and the roar of the sea, must have prevented their sleeping, — and hurried affrighted to the deck. The sea began instantly to break over every part of the ship, and all were struck with horror on looking round at the awful prospect, and the inevitable destruction that awaited them. Some were in their shirts, others half dressed, and many with their clothes in their hands. For the first time, I saw seamen completely terror-struck and dismayed. The captain ordered the steward to go down and secure some articles in the cabin: he descended, but soon came up with the dismal tidings that the cabin was full of water. Many, from the violence of her striking, were obliged to hold on by the railing, and the captain, among them, gave orders to cut away the masts. The carpenter was sick in his hammock below. I asked several for the place where the axe lay. ‘We don’t know of any axe, sir,’ was the answer; ‘Lord, have mercy upon us.’ The seas now made complete breaches over every part of the ship; and perceiving I should have to commit myself to the waves, I threw off my pea jacket and hat. Most of the crew and passengers were holding on to the different parts on the quarter-deck, as the highest part of the ship: three or four, I was pained to see, although nearly naked in freezing weather, had got up into the main shrouds. From the time she had first struck, the seas had broken so completely over us, that it rendered every effort abortive towards the first and most laudable intention of cutting the cables, making some sail, and driving as far as possible on shore; or, at the worst, to cut away the masts. But such was its sudden violence, that nothing was soon thought of but to attempt to hold on as long as possible, and efforts for any thing else were impracticable and abandoned. While holding on to the quarter-rail, we were at every sea overwhelmed and washed out, at arms’ length, off our legs; and many were forced from their holds and drowned, or broken and bruised to death, by pieces of the wreck. Finding it impossible to stand longer this freezing and suffocating drenching, I watched my chance, and sprang over the heads of some that were in the mizzen-rigging, and gained the mizzen-top, advising the rest to follow, as I was certain no one could

stand such horrid seas five minutes longer. Here, in the mizzen-top, in the intervals of the ship's striking, I fell to thrashing myself, preparing for the waves. I took off my shoes, and beat the soles of my feet. My limbs had been for some time much benumbed, and my feet without feeling: I succeeded, however, at last, by great exertion, in circulating the blood, and rendered myself once more warm. While aloft, the work of chaotic destruction was busily carried on by the dread ministers of death. It appeared as if orders had been given from above, on this night, for total and indiscriminate destruction in the shortest time possible. There I could almost perceive those spirits of vengeance who 'ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.' From thence was a view of a shipwreck in all its terrors, and in all its sublimity. While here, most of those below were now washed from their grasps, and soon met death. The mainmast likewise fell over the side, — unfortunately the wrong side, to windward, — off shore, the ship laying broad-side to the sea, and having a weather heel.

"The ship continued to beat very hard upon a ledge of rocks till she was in pieces. The long-boat, by repeated seas, was forced from her grips and fastenings, and the small boat, astern, instantly after struck, and was carried away upon the top of a sea, with all its appendage of sails, tackles, and lashings. I soon found myself going over with the mizzenmast, which fell, and carried me along with it. I was plunged into the sea, and received a few scratches and bruises, but happily extricated myself, and by making my way down the rigging, with difficulty regained the ship. I was now beset on all sides with conflicting timber, but was well aware of the danger which threatened me. It was, indeed, passing the watery ordeal to cross the ship at this time to gain the shore, and, springing in the interval of a sea to gain the other side, I found every plank of the main deck washed off and in pieces; the foremast had now likewise fallen, and numerous pipes of wine, floating around, added to the general wreck. I had fallen in springing among this ruin, and had so far received but one or two serious bruises; but a tremendous wave now swept before it some large spars, and carrying me along with it, my right leg was struck by one of them just at the joint of the knee,

which was instantly crushed, and jammed in between that and a deck beam, a few of which still remained fast, as near as I could distinguish ; for it was now as dark as Erebus. Now, for a few moments jammed in, as it were in a vice, my situation was most critical, and frightfully dismaying. The



Wreck of the Ship Jane, in the Rio de la Plata.

blow I felt had almost severed my leg, and kept it still confined ; another sea was roaring towards me, which would infallibly have washed some large surrounding timber higher up against my head and body, and of which I was in instant expectation. But, by a fortunate rise of the water, I caught hold of the lee-rail, and threw myself over the ship's side

into the sea, not with a hope of reaching the shore, which I did not know how to steer for, as I had not seen it, but resolving to hasten my end, preferring to die with sea-room, and to avoid a death which seemed equal to being broken upon the wheel. I had heard the voices of two or three others, and among them the captain, their bones probably mostly broken, and but just alive. These I believed were all that still survived.

“After I had plunged into the sea, and rose, I held on for a moment to the upper works, which was all that was now left of the ship. I then quitted and began to strip—no easy manœuvre for a person in my then situation, as I had on a thick jacket, waistcoat, two pair of trousers, and neckerchief. While doing this, some one, and the only one whom I discovered clinging to the ship’s timbers, was suddenly washed from his hold, and, extending his arms, grasped my neckerchief behind, and we sunk together. Pushed for breath myself, it was no time for ceremony: the next hold I perhaps could not disengage; and I was not so beside myself as, by attempting to assist another, to insure certain death to both. I therefore quickly untied my neckerchief: he sunk with it in his hand, and I saw him no more. I presumed he was a passenger, from his white shirt; and from his great size, Senior Monasteria, a Spanish engineer. While under water, I in a moment stripped myself, and again rose to the surface, divested of all covering but my shirt; my leg hung down useless in the water; besides which, I had several cuts in my feet, several bruises upon my ribs, and a large cut over my left eye, through which the chilling coldness of the water struck to the heart. Although always an expert swimmer, I found I could barely keep myself above water. Fearless before of wind and water, I was now puzzled; for swimming, even with health and whole bones, was unavailing in a sea like this. Hitherto I had seen no land, but was swept and carried along by every sea which came over me, and I resolved to get hold of the first thing I fell in with, and gain breath, of which I was very short. I soon seized hold of a bale of goods, but it, being wet and heavy, was of no use, for every sea rolled over me, and I quitted it nearly exhausted. I saw numberless pieces of the wreck, and was in constant danger of being struck by some, which I often avoided by



diving and scrambling from, but which the prodigious seas would wholly overwhelm.

"I stood this hard buffeting for about a dozen seas, and nature was fast retreating from the conflict; being desperately pushed for breath, as I could draw but little in the short interval of the seas. I had now been nearly half an hour in the water, and half the time underneath it; disabled as I was, I had withstood beyond my hopes this war of elements, but my breath now deserted me like the flash of a taper, and another sea struck out every particle of the remainder. Suffocated and strangled, I gasped twice with a convulsive leap. It was in vain; another sea swept over me; I saw death inevitable, terrible, and face to face. I had but time, with a last breath, to say involuntarily the ejaculation, 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,' and quickly sunk many feet under water, without the least or most distant hope of again seeing the light, but with the fullest assurance I had taken a last view of transient objects, and, till the last trump summoned all hands, I should rise no more. My senses, with my breath, also forsook me, and, for a moment, my mind was filled with the most singular and delightful sensations, seemingly in an enrapturing dream. This, however, was as momentary as it was wonderful. Whether from the violence of a wave, which then broke over me, or by the pain of the wounds and chill of the water, I am not certain by what means, I was soon brought to my senses, and rose again to the surface seemingly refreshed; on looking around I distinctly discovered, a few fathoms from me, as if supernaturally thrown in my way, something large and light, for it kept constantly above the waves. I exerted my remaining power, and reached it. It was a large crate, containing nothing but straw; clinging to this, I soon recovered breath, as its buoyancy kept it high above the seas. After holding to this some length of time, and constantly turning it round, as my weight pulled it over towards me, I still kept courage, and dropped myself frequently down, without quitting my hold, with the earnest hope of touching the bottom, but without success. I was much fatigued, and could scarcely keep hold of the crate, for every sea would sweep us at least ten feet before it. I had almost despaired of the land's being near, and was fearful that at last it might prove only a shoal. Still, however,

holding on with hopeless indifference, I soon after observed a sudden lull, and that the waves were not a third so violent. I shook myself, and roused my drowsy spirits, looked round, and found myself inside the breakers! I quickly again dropped myself down, and with my foot touched the ground. I found it was of sand, and in a few moments I got up to about breast high in the water, and then, by shoving myself forward by leg and arms, soon crawled out upon the beach. Thus, after being more than half an hour in the water, and making my way, for nearly three quarters of a mile, through a tremendous sea, at midnight, I at last found myself upon a desert beach, certain that no one could have reached ten fathoms from the ship, which, in an hour and a half after she first struck, was scattered in pieces on the strand. Some idea may be had of the violence of the elements, when not a single mast came on shore entire, and out of twenty-three persons, among whom were four stout African slaves, whose constant practice of swimming renders them almost amphibious, but one body came on shore that night. The remainder, buried by the first wave, came not on shore till nine days afterwards.

"Amazed, and nearly stunned, I attempted to stand, but my leg refused its office, and I fell backward to the ground, hurt by the fall, and the blood streaming from several wounds. Half frantic with pain, and the severe wintry weather, a groan for the first time escaped me. Here, as I lay extended on the earth, I repeatedly wished for death, for his stroke would have been welcome. Then I could have met his face, not as the grim visage of the dread king of terrors, but as the hope-inspiring countenance of meek-eyed mercy. I considered the fate of my companions far more happy than my own; for their sufferings, though severe, were but momentary, while mine were perhaps to be protracted till struggling nature, slowly giving way, sunk under misery at its utmost stretch. Sufferings so acute I determined not to endure. The dread alternative, therefore, was soon chosen, and I resolved to put an end to my existence by the first means chance should throw in my power.

"I had a firm opinion that the shore was a barren and desolate country, without inhabitants for a great distance, with no chance of being discovered, impenetrable from

swamps and shrubbery ; and not being able to move without torture, I should certainly not survive till the morning. Groping my way at the edge of the water, I felt something large, and found, to my surprise, a pipe of wine ; here was the lowest part of the cargo on shore before me. I was upon the point of knocking my head against it, and dashing out my brains, but doubted my strength to give a blow sufficient. A second thought most happily struck me ; the cask was big enough to contain me, and by knocking in the head, if possible, would, if placed in a favorable position, be a complete shelter from the horrible cold. Hope once more brightened, and gave me triple vigor. Groping farther round, I found several sticks of wood, dunnage to the pipes, and taking up one, I got round to the upper head, and by repeated strokes made a breach, the wine spirted out through the crevices ; I drank some, and then continued my strokes with renewed force. The head at last was entirely stove in, the wine washed out over me, the touch of which, to my frozen carcass, was electric and most agreeable. I then placed two pieces of the head staves into the bilge or bottom of the cask, to make it square and level, and crowded in. It seemed and felt like an oven. I had all this time been partly in the water, at the edge of the surf, which now came into the cask at every wave, which kept me constantly throwing it out with my left hand, as I lay upon my back, as the least painful position. This labor I was obliged to continue, during the remainder of the night, till towards morning, when the wind somewhat abated, the tide ebbed, and the surf retreating, no longer kept me bailing ; I was, however, too fatigued to remove. At daybreak I looked out of the cask, and beheld a large, sandy beach, covered, to a great extent, on each side of me, with the wreck ; but not a vestige of the ship, as long as the pump, or any thing moving, except the gulls. In fact I was assured, on first reaching the shore, that no mortal alone could make his way through such seas, in such a night, to the land. My own preservation I considered as falling but little short of a miracle. A shipwreck so sudden, an escape so singular, the uproar I had witnessed, and the sight now before me, my scattered senses could scarcely conceive real : I for

some time actually doubted myself awake, for it seemed like a horrible dream.

"I then again composed myself in the cask, and, owing to pain, the fumes of the wine, and great exertion, I remained during this day nearly insensible, and in a trance-like stupor." Towards sunset, I was fearful of being carried away by the return of the water, during the approaching night, with the pipe. In this dangerous situation I reluctantly crawled out of the cask, and holding up my useless leg, from trailing on the ground, and hitching myself backward, with my right hand, I gained in this manner the foot of a sand hill, further up the beach. I crawled up this as high as my strength would permit, to be free from the reach of the sea, and as night was now fast approaching, it was in vain to look farther for a shelter. Finding no refuge above the ground, I resolved to seek one below it, and dug a large hole in the sand, on the top of the hill, got into it, and, with my disabled leg undermost, pulling and raking the sand over me, lay down. The sand and a shirt were my only covering. The weather was extremely cold, the sand wet, and during the night it rained and blew tremendously; the wet sand, drifting around in smothering showers, covered every part of me, and repeatedly filling my hair, ears, nose, eyes, and mouth, kept me constantly spitting it out to prevent suffocation; while the weather compelled me to sit up and thrash myself, every ten minutes, to prevent freezing. Once I resolved to shift my position, to get under the lee, or into some hollow upon the sheltering side, and I accordingly crawled to some distance, I knew not in what direction, owing to extreme darkness, and made another hole, then thrashing my arms for some time, again lay down, covering myself, as before, with sand, to resist the cold. Such was my bed, and such the manner in which I passed this night, alone, on a desert beach, in a foreign land, while the wild beasts of the forest, with their consoling music, added an enchanting serenade!

"In the morning I looked around, and observed I had got to the other side of the sand hill, in sight of a low and marshy country, but saw no sign of habitation or cattle. I made shift to get out of the sand. I now took a survey of myself; I looked like nothing human, nothing in the like-

ness of any thing upon earth, or in the waters beneath; covered with sores, which were filled with sand, as were also my hair, eyebrows, beard, and whiskers; my leg swelled almost to the size of a wool-sack, my left wrist out of joint, and hand swelled and useless; my feet swelled and wrinkled like tripe, from remaining so long in the water, and both painful from numerous wounds; my body of all colors, as if a rainbow was wrapped around me; and withal nearly naked. I was indeed a figure too shocking to excite pity, too disabled to excite fear, and too monstrous for any sensation but astonishment. I descended the slope of the hill, and slowly moved along for some time among the bushes that grew around, till I espied, at some distance, a low place among the grass and shrubbery, which I thought might contain water. In half an hour, resting at intervals, I reached it, and found to my great joy I was not deceived. The water was clear and excellent. I at first tried several different plans to get my mouth to the brook; at last, lying at length on the ground, and rolling up to it, I succeeded. It was the most delicious draught I ever tasted. I drank an immoderate quantity, waited awhile, and drank again. Looking around, I saw nothing but what indicated a barren and inhospitable waste. I was therefore compelled to make my way over the sand hills, and regain the beach—a difficult task, which I, however, surmounted, and reached the beach about noon.

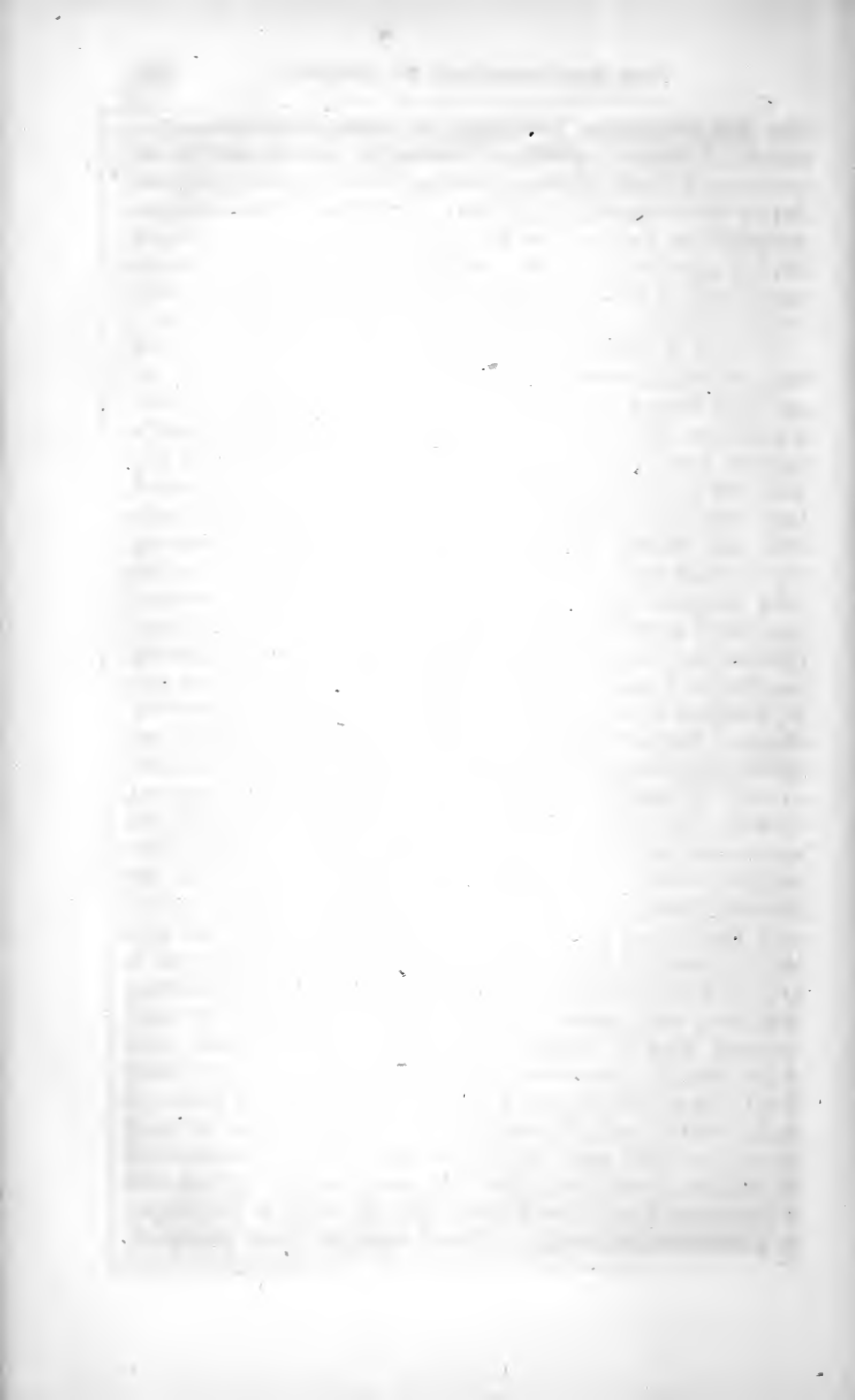
“The weather was still inauspicious and cloudy, the gale not much abated, and the sea continued to roar. When descending the slope, I had seen, among the great mass of articles on the beach, a large wine-cask, which lay at a short distance, with one head stove in by the sea, the other facing the wind and sea, and the mouth near the hill, which was a shelter in front. This was a fine house for me, and, fortunately, just what I wanted. I made towards it, entered it, and lay down, being very weak and fatigued; but I soon found the bare staves too hard for my bare bones and bruised carcass. I shortly after sallied out in search of a covering, and in hopes of finding some bed, mattress, or blanket, among the wreck. I took a survey of each side, and saw at a distance something that looked like a bed; but on coming up to it, I found only a sack of white cotton wool,

wet and heavy, which I could not remove. I then returned to the cask, rested awhile, and took another survey. I soon saw, at a great distance down the beach, towards the water, some rolls of cotton bagging, of which we had a great number on board; and again I started out in pursuit. I was a long while in getting to them, and then found them so buried in the sand, that I was an hour in digging and clearing away the sand from around them. They were two large rolls, like bed-tickings, standing upright, with about twenty yards of one rolled round the other. I unrolled one from the other, when I found the inside one still wet. I pushed it down, and rolled it along before me, hitching myself up to it, and then pushing it from me again. Thus I got it up to the cask, and across its mouth, getting into which, I unrolled eight or ten fathoms, laid down in the cask, and pushed and spread it as I could underneath me. I then unrolled as much more, and covered myself with it. Though this was still wet, and covered, as was every thing else, with sand, I now thought myself very well off, and my situation very comfortable, compared to that of the last thirty hours.

"Darkness soon came on, and during this night extreme and raging thirst kept me awake, and pain kept me constantly shifting positions. Daylight at last appeared; my powers were too feeble to undertake a journey over the hills to the watering-place, though I would have given my all, which was but a miserable remnant of life, for a draught of the life-giving element. I therefore resolved upon searching among the pipes of wine, to find one which had its bung inclining downward, that the wine might run out, if I could hammer out the bung. My hunger, however, almost equalled my thirst. While in my way to the wine, I espied, at a short distance out of my course, a small keg, which I thought might possibly contain salmon, of which we had several hundreds on board. I hitched towards it, but found it with one head out, and partly filled with sand. Nevertheless, I resolved to take it with me and fill it with wine. Coming to the casks, I found one that answered. I soon procured a billet of wood, struck out the bung, and applied my mouth to the hole, drinking a great quantity. I afterwards rinsed the keg, and nearly filling it with wine, returned with it slowly to the cask. I set it out-

Mr. Fracker's Habitation on the shores of the Rio de la Plata.—*Page 104.*







side, and crawled in, and began to ruminate upon my condition. I found it would be impossible, without succor, to move much longer about, and determined to remain at home during the remainder of the day; and if sufficient strength remained on the next, as my only chance of relief, to rig a kind of signal with a pole or small spar, of which there were many, and a piece of cotton stuff for a flag, that, if any vessel should approach near enough, she might observe it.

“My first thought, of endeavoring to get off the small boat, which I saw at a great distance, and to rig a kind of sail, and steer for Monte Video, I now abandoned. It was a mad idea, and would have been impracticable, as the boat’s bottom, I afterwards learnt, was stove in. I knew that the next day I should be unable to make a further search than I had done for provisions, as the method of getting along was slow and painful, being, as I before observed, by hitching myself backward with my right hand, and frequently stopping to thrash myself from the cold. And although nothing was more probable than that the first savage, who should discover me, would instantly murder me, as an impediment to plunder, I was prepared for his knife; and that my apprehensions were not groundless, the sequel too mournfully shows. But a certain presentiment of relief still upheld my spirits, which were never less depressed than upon this occasion. I remembered that the great Director still had not forsaken me, since ‘God is ever present, ever felt, in the wide waste, as in the city full.’ Every thing therefore considered, to wait with fortitude the will of Heaven, was my ultimate determination. I was now more comfortably situated than at any previous period, and I began to amuse myself by singing a few songs. I had a covering inside, and a keg of good wine outside. One song, if not with energy, was sung with great feeling: it was the well-known and classical song of ‘How blest a life a sailor leads,’ &c. After this, by repeated drinking, owing to my excessive thirst, I was thrown into a doze of about half an hour. I soon awoke, and, to beguile my feelings, began upon a psalm tune, and sung several, to quiet the emotions caused by hunger, thirst, and pain. It was now three days and nights since I had tasted food, and my taper of life began to glimmer in the socket. How I survived these scenes of

accumulated misery so long, when but barely alive on first gaining the shore, I scarcely can tell; the retrospect even now astonishes me. But frail mortality could resist no longer. My strength had utterly failed. I hailed the approaching night as the termination of my cares, considered the mean covering over me as my shroud, and the cask as my coffin, and waited with fortitude the hour of dissolution. But the next was the hour of deliverance!

"About four o'clock, on the afternoon of Saturday, the auspicious 20th of September, I was aroused from my reveries by the sound of a horse's feet. Uncertain and careless who appeared, whether a friend or an enemy, I waited his approach with calmness, being absolutely indifferent in my choice, 'to sleep or die.' At the next moment, a horse with a rider stopped before the cask. I hailed in Spanish faintly, '*Amigo*,' (friend.) He instantly alighted, and, struck at such a ghastly spectacle, as I then exhibited, he recoiled a few paces backward. Recovering soon from his dismay, by seeing my helpless condition, he advanced, and stooped to learn by what strange means I had outlived the general wreck. He was a young man, a Creole, or half Indian, of benevolent features, and dressed partly in the Indian method. I told my tale in a few words, concluding by asking him the distance of a habitation, and the possibility of my reaching it; if he could bring assistance that day, and promising that he should be rewarded for his kindness. 'In a few hours,' said he, 'I can return with assistance, as the next *rancho*, or hut, is but little more than a league.' He then expressed his surprise at my providential escape, made the sign of the cross on his breast, praised St. George as my special preserver, said I was fortunate in speaking the language so fluently, and that I was greatly so in being discovered by him, whose mother, he said, lived at the nearest cottage, whither I should be conveyed. He said if I had fallen into the hands of the savages, they would certainly have despatched me, for they were merciless and ferocious. 'But first,' added he, 'I'll bring you something to eat, for you look half starved.' In about an hour he reappeared, bringing a warm sausage and some mouldy bread, wrapped up in a towel. I greedily seized it, thinking I could devour it at once, but was disappointed to find I could not swallow a

mouthful, my throat being contracted, close, and sore. As he was planning the means of my removal, I left it wholly to his care, and only requested to be conveyed to a place of shelter and safety. He then made his *lasso*, a line of green hide, with which they catch wild horses, fast to the handle of the largest trunk, and drove off. Shortly after he had gone, a savage, or *Guacha*, of a fierce and murderous countenance, rode up, alighted from his horse, and roughly asked who I was. I replied, 'A shipwrecked seaman.' 'Are you the captain?' 'No,' I answered, 'I was the mate, and had previously been discovered by a person who had just left me to return with assistance.' He asked me the road he took. I told him, when he sprang upon his horse and galloped off in the direction the other had taken.

"He soon after reappeared at the cask, with some others, seemingly with a resolution of putting me to instant death: but, most happily, the reappearance of my deliverer, with his father and several slaves, compelled them to alter their design, and they went off to plunder, abandoning their horrid purpose. My friend advised me to permit him to dress me in some clothes from a passenger's trunk, which they then broke open, alleging that, in my present appearance, I should be taken for a common sailor, and that, clothed in a decent manner, I should gain among them more advantage, respect, and comfort. I accordingly suffered the painful operation of dressing, but my leg, being so greatly swelled, prevented my getting over it any thing but a pair of loose drawers. I also got on a surtout and waistcoat. I was then with difficulty lifted upon the back of a horse, and my discoverer got up before me. Holding on to him, I had strength sufficient to keep myself in an upright position. I had just been seated on the back of the animal when the general, (Ortigue,) who commanded the troops in that quarter, came up with a guard of soldiers and several others.

"We arrived, at last, near dusk, at a small cottage. A number of large dogs gave notice of our approach, but were soon silenced by my companions, who assisted me gently to dismount. I was welcomed, with many blessings, by the old woman, carried into the house, seated in a chair, and stripped of my wet clothes, and put into as good a bed as

the hut afforded. This *rancho* was a small place of only one apartment, built, like all others, of cane, fastened together with strips of green hide, plastered with mud, and a thatched roof. A fowl was killed by the old woman, and some good broth made and given me. After this, my leg was washed with hot vinegar, and my wounds dressed as well as circumstances would admit. I considered myself as peculiarly fortunate in falling into the hands, and being under the care of, one of those alleviators of calamity, those indispensable attendants of the bed of sickness, where is developed the most estimable and endearing traits of character, usefulness, patience, and compassion, — a hospitable old woman. During the night I drank a great quantity both of wine and water. The old woman had wrapped two junk bottles, filled with boiling water, and placed them against my feet, at the foot of the bed. My feet were much swollen and wrinkled, and almost without feeling. The sudden application of artificial heat to the blood, though well intended, had a most pernicious effect, stagnating, corrupting, and destroying its natural temperature, and causing great pain: its effects were felt for many months afterwards. This night I slept but little. The rays of the sun, breaking into the room, announced the morning of the Sabbath, and I could, in truth, hail it as a welcome and sweet day of rest.

“I now took a view of the apartment and furniture. The room was partly separated by a partition of cane-poles; inside of which slept the old woman and her two younger sons, upon the floor, as there was but one bedstead, upon which I lay. Her eldest son, my discoverer, lay near me, wrapped up in his *pauncho* or blanket. At the farther end of the hovel was kept constantly burning, upon a table, on each side of a crucifix, two candles, which is an invariable custom when any one lies dangerously sick. A separate hut for the kitchen was built outside. The furniture consisted of a few hide-bottomed chairs, some hide sacks and baskets, a hide sieve, and a few other articles, of which hide was the principal material.

“The next day the general again came, bringing with him several bottles of wine and cordial, taken from the beach. I desired him to inform me if it was possible to send a let-

ter to Monte Video. He replied that it was difficult, as there was but little intercourse, but that he knew of a patriot officer, who, having a passport, would, in a few days, go to the city. I therefore, next day, procured of the old woman materials for writing, and a chopping-block; this I placed between my legs on the bed, covering it with a piece of baize, and commenced writing. It was a tedious business, and I could sit up no longer than to write one line at a time. I, however, finished this necessary duty, and wrote two letters, one directed to W. P. White, Esq., who was the only person I was acquainted with in Monte Video, and another to the owners, in Buenos Ayres. These I gave to the general, who in two days forwarded them to the capital.

“My discoverer, Pedro, was employed this day, with two slaves, in recovering some articles and provisions from the beach, which, he said, was now covered with natives, breaking open trunks, chests, and bales of goods; staving in casks of wine, when any wanted to drink, and exhibiting a confused scene of plunder, fighting, and wanton waste.

“The Indians here are generally of great size, long black hair, hanging like snakes down their shoulders, long bushy beards and mustaches; a coarse blanket wrapped round the middle, and another, with a hole, through which they thrust their heads, hung down their backs; a turban, or handkerchief, on their heads, horse-skin boots, stripped from the animal's leg, and worn raw into the shape of the feet. These, with a sword nearly a fathom long, in an iron scabbard, gave them a most horrible appearance. They, indeed, looked like demons. All wore large knives, stuck in a sheath in their blanket behind, which they made use of for every purpose — to kill cattle, cut up beef, eat meat, and stab their fellow-creatures. The general came, in the evening, with several soldiers, and, at our earnest request, left a guard of three for our defence, who were well armed.

“I had, about this time, a great many visitors, who all considered me highly favored by my patron saint, to whom they attributed my ‘hair-breadth ‘scapes.’ Among them were many old women, who came upon horseback from different parts to barter their commodities. A consultation was held among them respecting my fever, leg, and bruises;

and they recommended a large leaf of an herb, which grows in those countries, which, dipped in hot oil and vinegar, had a wonderful and salutary effect. Although the application was acutely painful during several nights, the swelling greatly subsided, excepting about the knee. During this time, I could not shift positions without great pain; and I could instantly perceive a change of the wind upon the least motion, from electric pain. It was the work of half an hour to turn, sometimes, in bed. My appetite was raging, and though I could not get so much as I wanted, owing to the care of my attendants, I ate immense quantities, and drank all that came within my reach; always keeping bottles of liquor under my pillow, for my night's supply. I kept one small boy constantly bringing water, of which, during ten days, I believe I drank fifty gallons, besides half a dozen bottles of cordial, a dozen of wine, ten gallons of the same in a keg, and several bottles of other liquors, all of which Pedro had saved from the beach. I would frequently whistle and sing, to beguile the pain, and the old woman would ask the reason. I told her I sung to kill the pain; but I saw she often thought, from my strange behavior, that my fever and anguish had rendered me delirious. My apprehension, however, of the savages, in this weak state, and nervous debility of body and mind, gave me incessant anxiety; expecting every night that they would break in, and knowing their merciless ferocity. The constant barking of the watchful dogs, giving notice of their approach, sounded like a summons bell. One night, when all had retired to rest, and the guards lay snoring upon the floor, the dogs set up a roaring yell, and soon after we heard the approach of footsteps, and a violent thumping at the door. Pedro aroused the guards and opened it, and the guards and old woman prepared for defence. I saw by the moonshine five hideous-looking fellows, armed with swords and bayonets, standing before the door. A sharp parley ensued between them and the guard. They thought proper to make a speedy retreat, stealing, in their way, a horse from the field.

"On the eighth day, I was agreeably relieved by the arrival of two clerks, an Englishman and a Spaniard, from Monte Video, in consequence of receiving my letter, from the house of the consignees, in order to effect my removal to the city,

and endeavor to secure some part of the property. The latter they found totally impossible, nothing of value being found on the strand, every thing having been carried off up country by the natives. I was extremely rejoiced at their appearance, and we concerted plans for my departure. They slept one night at the hut, and next day, Sunday, departed; having seen sufficient of the character of the natives, and glad that they had escaped the knives of the *Guachas*, and vowing they would not venture their lives again, among such a murderous crew, for the value of a ship and cargo.

“The cannibals were daily and hourly growing more inexorable, and the danger every moment increased. I had every reason to believe that on this night they intended to make a desperate attack upon the cottage, and to have murdered all in their power, had not the fortunate arrival, at about sunset, of the long-wished-for cart, with a driver and guide, both armed, put them in fear. These were a valuable addition to our force, and this night, during which they slept in the hut, I felt less apprehensive of danger. To death, and to danger the most terrific, I had been exposed, and had faced them with manly fortitude. I had escaped from wild beasts, and met the fury of the elements without shrinking; but the horrid prospect of having my flesh gashed and lacerated, and my limbs cut asunder, by the knives of the savages, gave me infinite anguish; and boiling with rage and indignation, I could almost, at times, had it been in my power, have made indiscriminate destruction, and, like Samson of old, have sacrificed my life to relieve it from such a state of torturing suspense, and to take revenge upon the bloodthirsty ruffians.

“The tenth day came, and we were to depart. A great number of blankets and coverings were thrown over me after I was in the cart. I shook the hands of the kind old woman and my deliverer most heartily. A crowd of rising emotions almost stifled my expressions of gratitude, and started the tears of overpowered feelings. I left them with fervent benedictions, and we drove off slowly on our way, and arrived about two o'clock at the gates of Monte Video. The novelty of the sight drew many to the windows, as I lay upon my back in the cart, fairly exposed to their view

and wonder. We stopped at the house of an English merchant, the consignee, who immediately came out, and with many friendly congratulations, assisted his slaves in carrying me up stairs.

"Here I was confined for nearly twenty days, and my leg was now shrunk and withered to as great an extreme as it was swelled before. By unexampled kindness I daily improved, and in three weeks was able to leave the room, and sit outside the chamber upon the walk. One of the owners of the ship happening, at this time, to be in Monte Video, speedily came to visit me and hear the account of the loss of his ship. When I had finished, and when he had heard of the hospitality of the old woman at the cottage, he immediately proposed a subscription among the merchants for her recompense and relief, regardless of his own loss, though he was half owner of the ship, and that uninsured.

"While under this hospitable roof, all that could contribute to alleviate pain, every thing that could add to my convenience and comfort, kindness, which left not a wish ungratified, I enjoyed in its fullest extent. Though a distressed foreigner, I was treated as a brother; and though a stranger, ever welcome to their board. For three weeks, while on the bed of sickness, I was visited every morning by the worthy merchant, who with his own hands would dress my wounds, thus emulating the example of the good Samaritan.

"It would be well if here I could conclude, and if here the hapless tale was ended; but, as a faithful narrator, I am constrained to give its melancholy sequel. After I had been in Monte Video about six weeks, I received the shocking intelligence that, on the night of the same day on which I left the cottage, the barbarous and merciless savages attacked and entered the hut of the old woman, and finding no opposition, as the guards had gone to the encampment, plundered the hut of all she possessed, wounded the slaves who opposed them, and after repeatedly stabbing my worthy deliverer, finished with cutting his throat from ear to ear! How just are the words of the poet,—‘The ways of Heaven are dark and intricate. Man, puzzled in mazes and perplexed with errors, sees not with how much art the windings turn, nor where the regular confusion ends.’

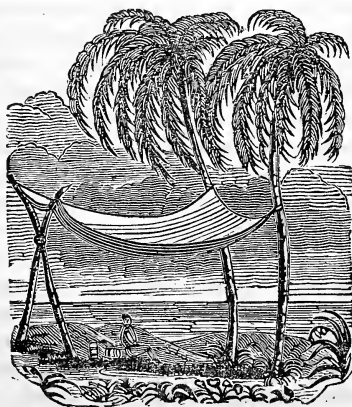


"I was now rapidly gaining strength; my leg I could bear my weight on, and after remaining here for two months, I was able to take passage for Buenos Ayres, distant about a hundred and ten miles farther up, and upon the opposite side of the river. I arrived there next day, and found a great number of acquaintance, who were very kind and friendly. A subscription was directly handed round among the English merchants, by the goodness of the owners, and about four hundred dollars were subscribed and collected for my benefit. Two hundred dollars were likewise collected for the relief of the old woman at the cottage, and about two hundred more previously in Monte Video, and sent down to her.

"I remained some months in Buenos Ayres, on account of lameness, and sailed from thence July 12th, 1818, and arrived at Baltimore on the twelfth of September.

"On Sunday morning, October 4th, I arrived at my native place, Boston, after an absence of over two years; when I fully experienced the truth of the observation, that the unavoidable evils and misfortunes of life afford, by their contrast, a tenfold relish to its comforts, which are many, but which before were unprized.

"The meeting of relatives must be conceived. I will only add, that, safe in the embrace of parents and friends, forgotten, like a dream, *were the perils of the ocean.*"

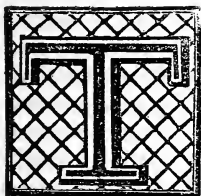


# THE REMARKABLE NARRATIVE

OF THE

## SHIP SEA FOX,

Which was capsized by a Squall in the Atlantic Ocean; with the Sufferings of Four of the Crew who were confined in the Forecastle three Days; and their Rescue from this Perilous Situation, by cutting through the Deck, October, 1821.



THE following remarkable narrative will be read with much interest. The ship Sea Fox sailed from New York, October 27, 1821, bound to Port-au-Prince, with twenty persons on board, of whom eleven were passengers. She passed the Narrows in safety, and having dismissed her pilot about noon, proceeded on her voyage, — the wind being south-west, and the sky overcast, during the day and night. As evening approached, her commander, Captain Wyer, took the usual precautions, by sending down the royal masts and royal rigging, and taking in topgallant-sails; he also remained himself on the watch till twelve at night, when he was succeeded by the mate, and retired to rest. The passengers were now in the cabin, and four of the seamen in the forecastle. All seemed secure, and the ship was moving prosperously towards her destined port, when she was suddenly struck, at twenty minutes past twelve o'clock, by a squall. The noise awakened the captain. He sprang upon deck, gave orders to let go the topsail-halliards and call up all hands; but in attempting to let go the spanker-sheet, he lost his hold, and was precipitated into the waves; and before either of his orders could be executed, the ship was struck down on her beam-ends.

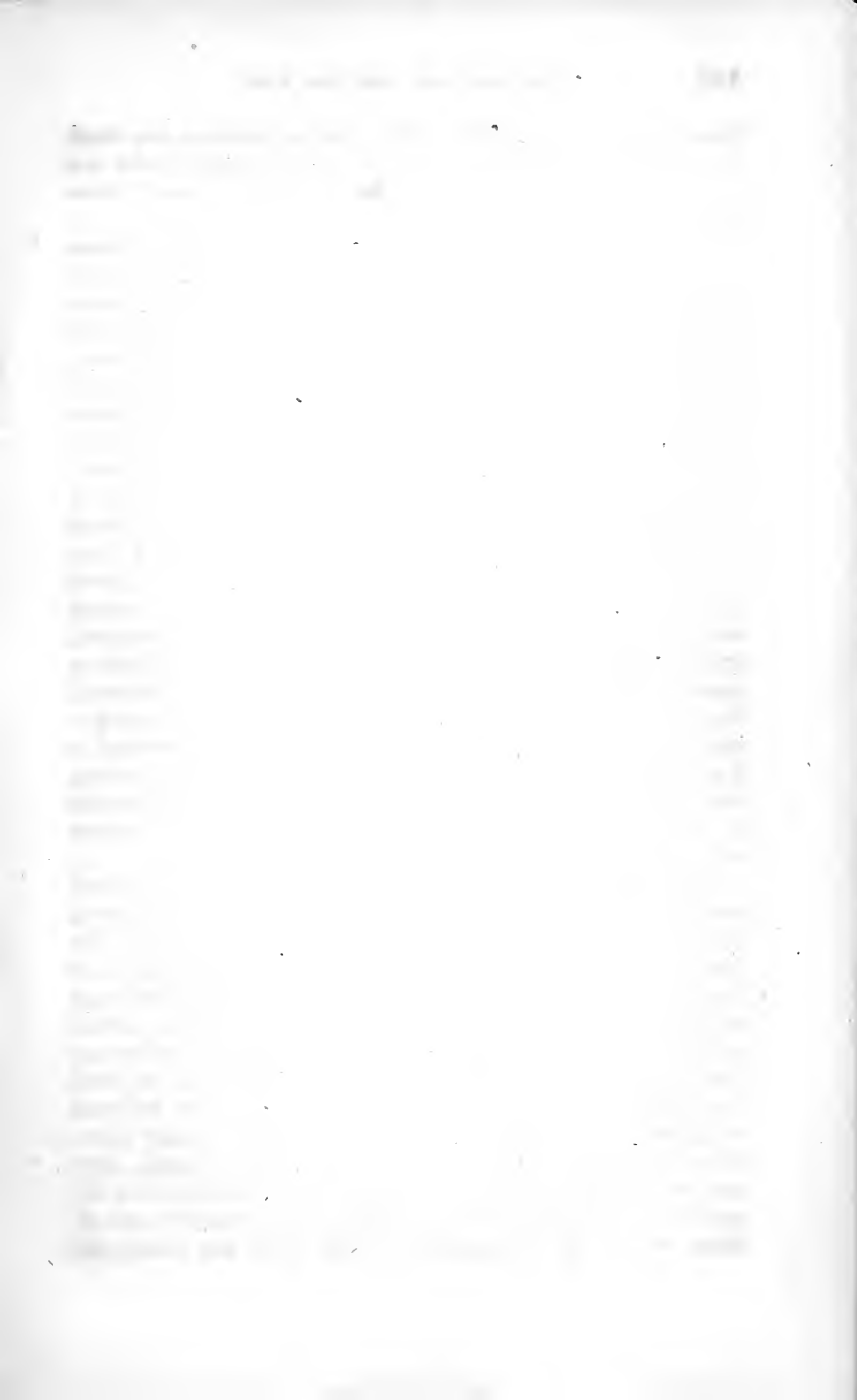
So unexpected and sudden was the catastrophe, that only three passengers had time to escape from the cabin, and not one of the seamen from the fore-castle. Captain Wyer succeeded in regaining the ship; but finding her upon her beam ends, and apparently full of water, he, with the remaining seamen and passengers, cleared the boat, in which they all embarked, and kept under the lee of the wreck until daylight. We shall not attempt to describe his emotions, and those of his companions, during those hours of painful reflection and of peril. It was no common disaster over which they were called to mourn, nor common hazard to which they were now exposed. As daylight, however, approached, they providentially discovered a ship to the southward, which proved to be the *Iris*, Captain Smith, of New York, by whom they were observed and taken up. Captain Smith turned his course towards the wreck, but perceiving, on coming near, that the sea made a complete breach over it, he concluded it would be fruitless to attempt saving any thing. Captain Wyer, with his companions, was soon put on board a schooner from Philadelphia, which landed them at Tarpaulin Cove the second day after their disaster. When she upset, her topsails, courses, spanker, and jib, were set. No axe was to be had to cut away the masts. The deck load consisted of two hundred barrels of provisions, and lumber. The dead lights not being in, the water rushed with great violence into the cabin. There were lost Mr. Easterbrook, wife, and two children, Miss Dawson, of New York, and servant, and two other passengers. The night was uncommonly dark, and the sea rough. Mr. Dawson, who escaped from the cabin, but attempted in vain to bring out his sister, got into the mizzen-chains, where he remained till the morning.

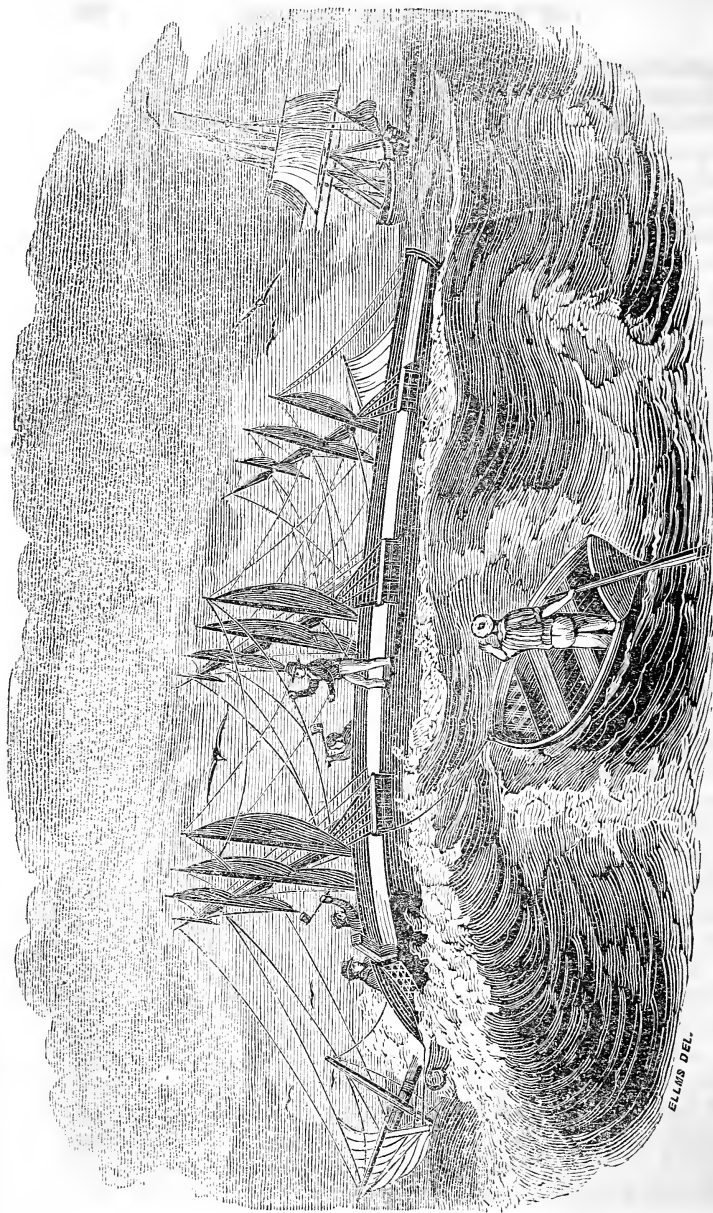
The account, which was immediately published, of the loss of the *Sea Fox*, excited in New York very uncommon interest, and not a little anxiety. It was suggested by some, that a part of the passengers in the ship might possibly be alive; and large sums were offered for the bodies of those on board, whether dead or alive. Two pilot boats were immediately despatched in search of the wreck; but they returned into port without having so much as discovered it; and all hopes were relinquished of again hearing

from those left on board. But there is nothing too hard for God to effect; and to his good providence must we ascribe it, that any were in the mean time saved from perishing.

It has been already noted, that there were four seamen in the forecastle of the Sea Fox when she capsized. They had been but a short time below when the disaster occurred. Aware of their situation, they flew to the scuttle, and made a desperate attempt to remove the booby hatch, but in vain; the sea was against it, and the water pouring in on every side: within a few minutes it became necessary to use the greatest exertion to keep from drowning. They were enveloped in perfect darkness, sometimes under water, with no space of air to breathe in, and nothing before them but the prospect of immediate death. After a few struggles, their minds were filled with indescribable horror. In this situation they all cried unto God for help. He heard their supplication, and directed them to the bulk-head of the forecastle, where they found two of the planks loose enough to be removed, and the cargo so much shifted to the leeward, as to leave a space sufficient for them to pass into the hold. After being here for some time, in total darkness, one of them having a knife, they cut a hole through the deck, which admitted a few rays of light, but not enough to discover any thing which they could obtain to eat. They then gave themselves to incessant and united prayer to God, until they became extremely weak through want of food and sleep.

Providentially, the hatch was about this time removed from the small hatchway, which enabled them to descry a barrel of flour and a keg of lard within their reach. To these they got access, and in some measure satisfied their hunger. They had now been struggling for two days and nights, without food or rest, in almost total darkness, and at no time with more than two feet of air above the water. They continued still to agonize in prayer, but on the third day nature seemed near being exhausted; it was believed impossible for them to remain there much longer alive. Before resigning themselves into the arms of death, they agreed to unite in one more prayer to Almighty God for some relief. They did so, and while thus engaged, one of them says to his companions, "The Lord has heard our





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Captain Knight rescues the Survivors of the Sea Fox, by cutting through the deck. — Page 121.

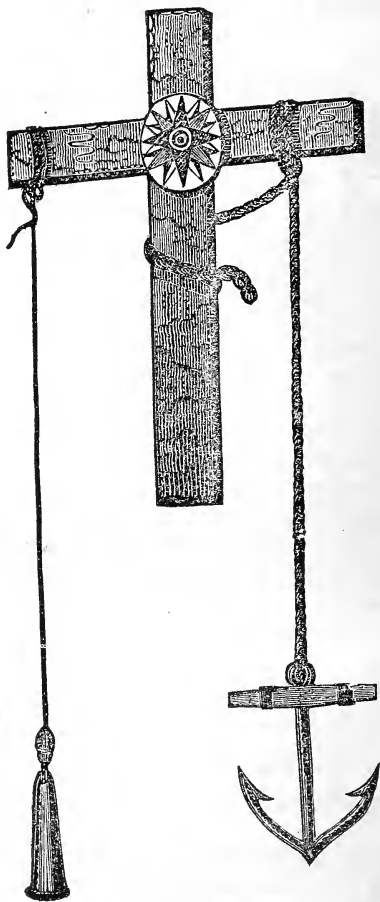
supplications, and will take us out of this place. *Continue in prayer.*"

While thus engaged, they actually heard the voices of persons on board ; upon this, they ran a stick through the hole which had been cut, and, exerting all their remaining strength to make a noise, succeeded in attracting the notice of those who had boarded the wreck. Axes were immediately brought, and by cutting a hole in the deck, these four men were rescued from death, after being confined in the most fearful situation, from about one o'clock on Saturday night, till five, P. M., of the following Tuesday.

The individuals, to whom they were immediately indebted for this deliverance, were a part of the crew of the ship John and Adam, Captain Knight, bound to Philadelphia. By Captain Knight, and afterwards by the citizens of Philadelphia, they were treated with much kindness and hospitality. The citizens of New York also made a valuable donation to Captain Knight and his crew, for the humanity which they exhibited. But the pious mind will perceive that a remarkable Providence directed the whole affair. Is it not very remarkable that the Sea Fox should have lain, for so long a time, on her beam ends without sinking ? Is it not equally so, that four seamen were allowed air sufficient to breathe in ? that they found their way into the hold and possessed themselves of necessary food ? and that the crew of the John and Adam came to their assistance at the most critical moment ?

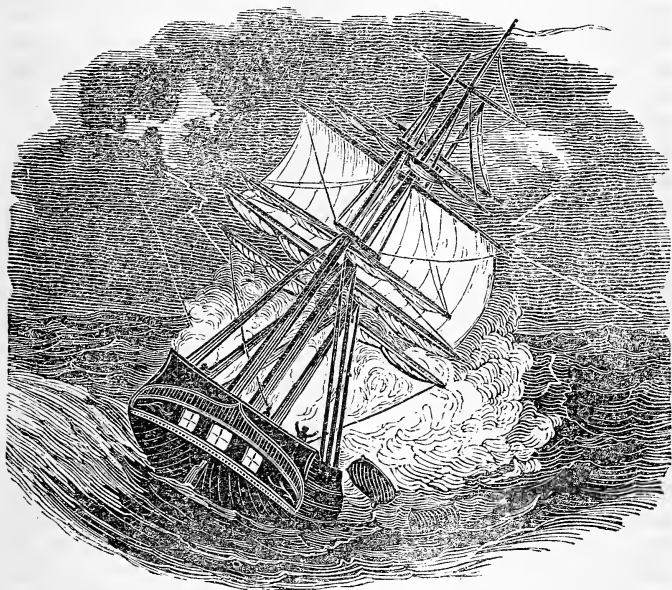
This narrative affords an example in favor of committing our interests to God in prayer. He observes the character and circumstances of all men, and he has pledged himself to hear their fervent and persevering supplications. He did hear the cry of the four seamen imprisoned in the hold of the Sea Fox ; and it is charitably hoped, that so great a deliverance will not fail to make a solemn and durable impression upon their minds. But who, that reads this account, will not acknowledge, and deeply feel, that it is the privilege of all men, and of himself in particular, to render unto God the homage which is his due ? It is God who can preserve us in safety amidst the dangers of the sea, and of the land. Let the mariner, who is exposed to a thousand accidents and to sudden death, think of this ; let him make the

God of the ocean his friend, and he will have no occasion to fear; let him secure to himself the anchor of the Christian's hope, and no tempest will ever prevent his reaching the destined port of everlasting bliss.





EXTRACT FROM THE LOG-BOOK  
OF THE  
SHIP OGLETHORPE,



Which was struck by Lightning, during a Voyage from Savannah to Liverpool; being an Account of the Proceedings on Board of that Vessel, when on Fire, December, 1818.



IN the preservation of the Oglethorpe, Captain Jayne, which was struck by lightning and set on fire, we may see, in the most striking manner, the wonders which may be effected, through God's blessing, by skill, and union, and resolute, persevering exertion. This ship must have

had an excellent commander, and a steady, orderly, obedient crew. From this instance seamen may learn *never to despair*.

This ship sailed from Savannah for Liverpool, December 16, 1818. The following is an extract from her log-book.

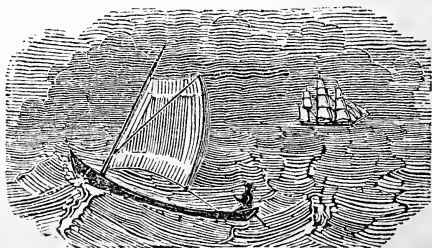
"Saturday, Dec. 27, 1818. These twenty-four hours commence with fresh breezes and squally; at two, P. M., our mainmast was struck with lightning; in about ten minutes, found the ship to be on fire; called all hands, took in all sail but the close-reefed maintopsail, and laid the ship to, with her head to the south; all hands now employed clearing out the steerage, if possible, to get at the fire; got up the small bower cable, and many other things, in order to break out cotton, which we found very difficult to do. At three o'clock, sent a man aloft to look out, who returned in a few minutes and saw nothing; we then commenced to hoist out cotton on deck. At half past three o'clock, was so stifled with smoke we were obliged to retreat from between decks,—at this time it appeared almost impossible to save the ship,—shut the cabin, gangway, and steerage hatch. All communication with the cabin was prevented by smoke. Called all hands aft, and told them they must be collected, and now prepare the boat to leave the ship. Sent a man aloft, who descried a sail apparently standing down for us; set our ensign, union down, at the main-topgallantmast-head, it blowing a gale, accompanied with heavy rain. At half past four, the boat was ready for hoisting out, with some provisions, compass, charts, quadrant, and many little things that would be useful. We now assembled together on the quarter-deck, as then it appeared, for the last time, to consult. The crew were very steady, and executed their orders promptly. The decks, in a line directly across the ship, now became so heated that the pitch began to ooze out from the seams of the decks. We supposed, from appearances, that the plank was nearly burnt through; suggested, at this time, the only and last resort, to cut holes through the deck and pour water down, in which we were fortunate enough to succeed. From side to side we found, from the upper to the lower deck, the ship entirely in flames; and it was with the greatest difficulty we could prevent it from communicating on deck through the holes. At five, we now perceived the fire

had abated in some measure. On the larboard side, it being to leeward, the water had run to more advantage.

“We then got the ship before the wind for a short time, and found that we had cut the holes from the side directly over the principal line of the fire; being guided by the dryness of the deck and pitch rising from the seams. At half past five, we opened the steerage hatch, and found in a short time the smoke much abated: we could not, however, as yet endure the smoke, so as to work at the cotton in the steerage: we kept applying water and cutting through the deck. At six, lay to again, with our head to the south. No man could now remain but a short time in the steerage; by perseverance, however, we came to the cotton that was entirely on fire, at half past six, and by breaking it down, the bagging being burnt off, the smoke arising almost suffocated us; being obliged to pass up in our arms the cotton on fire on deck; it blowing a gale at the time, it was with the greatest difficulty we could get the loose cotton overboard, the wind scattering it over the ship fore and aft, which was on fire; and a number of bales on fire around and near the ship;—indeed, she appeared to be enveloped in flames. We were now compelled to come from below, and heave over, as fast as possible, the cotton that was on fire on the decks; at the same time, kept the ship off nearly before the wind, to get clear of the cotton on fire and afloat around the ship, which was blowing in streaks in the air. At seven, hove to again, having got the decks clear and the ship free of the cotton on fire around her; commenced again between decks breaking cotton; the fire having gained much during our stay on deck, we could but a few minutes at a time remain near it, being almost strangled with smoke; one man and a boy gave up, who were completely exhausted; and all of us at times were obliged to quit for air. Our situation, at this time, was distressing indeed. At eight the smoke had much abated, but the cotton we broke out very much on fire. At nine we labored with great success, as the smoke lessened; and it was apparent that we had gotten at the worst of the fire. This gave new life to the crew, and they exerted themselves to much advantage. At half past nine it was pretty evident we had put the fire out, and had all the cotton between decks overboard. It blew at this time a severe gale; and,

the ship again being very much exposed from the cotton on fire, on deck and afloat, blowing all around her, kept her away for about half an hour, until we lost the cotton on fire. Took in the close-reefed main-topsail and lay to, under the mizzen-staysail, with our head to the south-south-west; tried the pumps, and found the ship had made no water. The fire being arrested, we now took half an hour to refresh ourselves, and return thanks to almighty Providence for our escape.

“At half past ten, we again commenced breaking out cotton, until we had a well-founded hope that the fire was entirely destroyed. We now commenced securing, with boards and canvass, the holes we had cut through the deck. At two, A. M., we had the decks as secure as we could make them. The crew being very much exhausted, and some of them almost blind, sent them below to rest; except one man. At eight, A. M., rather more moderate — called all hands and set the foresail; and kept her before the wind. On examining about the mainmast, we could not perceive that it was injured in the least, or trace any marks where the lightning entered below the deck, or any place where it left the ship. One of the stanchions, between decks, is burnt off; one ceiling, and about one fourth of a beam, directly across the ship. The lower deck, in one place, is burnt through within half an inch. Had the fire communicated to the lower hold, the ship would have been lost. So end these twenty-four hours. Employed all hands picking the loose cotton off the rigging, the blocks being choked with it fore and aft. Rainy, thick weather, wind west, with a heavy sea; no observation. Since clearing up the decks, we find we shall miss about forty bags of cotton.”



THE WRECK  
OF THE  
AMERICAN WHALE-SHIP MENTOR  
ON THE  
CORAL REEFS OF THE PELEW ISLANDS.

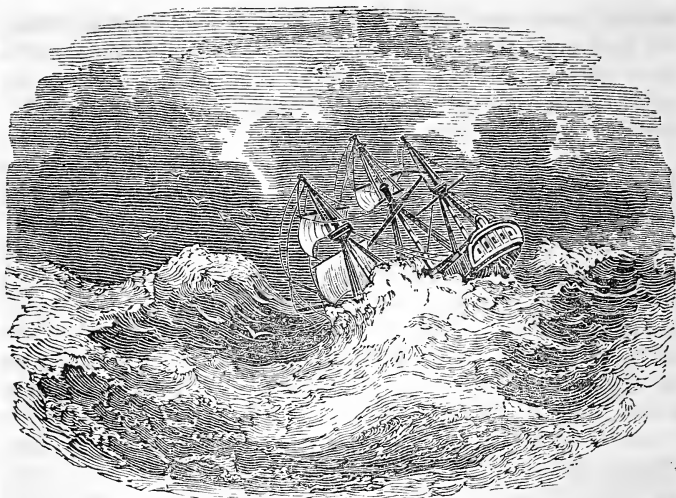
With the Captivity and Escape of Horace Holden and Benjamin H. Nute, who, for two Years, were Subjected to unheard of Sufferings, among the barbarous Inhabitants of Lord North's Island; May, 1832.



VERY peculiar interest attaches to this narrative, both as a case of extreme and otherwise extraordinary individual suffering, and as it introduces us to a condition of life, in some respects, without a parallel in the annals of nautical discovery.

In July, 1831, the ship *Mentor*, of New Bedford, Mass., Edward C. Barnard, master, sailed on a whaling voyage to the Indian Ocean. After touching at the Azores, she doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and passed through the Straits of Madagascar to the Indian Ocean. "After cruising among the islands, without success, we endeavored to pass through the Straits of Timor, in order to reach the Pacific Ocean, but were prevented by adverse winds and currents, and accordingly altered our course, intending to touch at Ternate, the principal of the Spice Islands; but we passed it, running down the Island of Mortay, to its furthest point, and altered the ship's course for the Ladrone Islands.

"I must here observe that, soon after leaving the Island of Mortay, there came on a violent storm, which lasted the whole of three days and nights. During all this time, we were unable to take an observation. This led to the melancholy disaster, which was the commencement of misfortunes and sufferings too great to be adequately conceived of by any but those who experienced them. The violence



The Ship Mentor overtaken by a Violent Storm.

of the storm compelled us to take in all the sails except the topsail, which was close-reefed, foresail, and fore-topmast-staysail.

“We were sailing in this manner, not apprehending danger, when, about eleven o’clock at night, on the 21st of May, 1832, just at the time of relieving the watch, the ship struck with great violence upon what we afterwards found to be the coral reef, extending to the northward and eastward of the Pelew Islands. The ship ran directly upon the rocks, and struck three times in quick succession, the waves dashing over and around us with tremendous violence.

“At this awful moment, I was in my berth, in the steerage. When the ship struck the third time, so great was the shock that I was thrown from my berth against the opposite side of the steerage; but, soon recovering myself, I rushed upon deck. There all was confusion, horror, and dismay. The ship, immediately after striking the third time, swung round, so as to bring her starboard side to the windward, and was in a moment thrown upon her beam ends. While in this awful condition, with the waves continually breaking over us, threatening to overwhelm us in a watery grave, or dash us in pieces against the rocks, the

captain came upon deck, and inquired of the second mate, 'Where are we?' The reply was, 'I don't know, but I think there is land to leeward.' There was no time for deliberation; it seemed that the immediate destruction of the ship was inevitable.

"In the midst of this confusion I heard the mate give orders for lowering the larboard quarter-boat. His directions were immediately complied with, and ten of the crew threw themselves into it, thinking it more safe thus to commit themselves to the mercy of the waves, than to remain on board with the prospect of a certain and speedy termination of their existence. But there are reasons which force upon the mind the painful conviction, that their departure from the ship, at that time, proved fatal to them all. As the oars were fastened to the sides of the boat, some one asked for a knife, or hatchet, with which to cut them loose. The request was complied with; and, quitting their hold upon the ship, they parted from us, and we never saw them more!

"As some doubts have existed in the minds of those interested in the fate of our shipmates, who took to the boat in the manner just described, it is deemed advisable here to state my reasons for entertaining the opinion above expressed. Far would it be from me to desire to extinguish any well-founded hopes of their having survived; but a knowledge of the following facts renders it too certain that they must all have perished, soon after their departure from the ship. The next morning the remains of a boat, in every respect similar to that in which they embarked, were distinctly seen on the rocks, at the distance of about fifty yards from the ship, bottom up, and with her sides stove in. The water being clear and shallow, we could see that she was held there by a harpoon and lance, which constituted a part of the fishing implements, or crafts, in the boat when she left. These were apparently stuck into the crevices of the coral rock, of which the whole reef is composed, either by accident or design; and the presumption is, that she became fast in that place, and that the waves swept that portion of our companions in suffering into a watery grave. But this, though a melancholy subject of reflection, is not without some circumstances of consolation; for, admitting that they

thus met their fate, they were saved from that extremity of suffering which some of the ship's crew were destined to experience. Were such a death, or the pains of captivity endured by my associates and myself, to be the only alternatives, I have doubted whether I should not prefer the former. To be far from kindred and friends, among a people but one grade above the most ferocious beasts, sick at heart, and deprived of necessary food, stripped of our clothing, and subjected to unheard-of severities, — to endure all this, was to purchase a continuance of life at a dear rate.

“Soon after the departure of the first boat, the captain, thinking it impossible for the ship to hold together till morning, ordered his own boat to be let down. This could be effected only by the united exertions of the whole of the remaining part of the crew. Some of the men, and myself among the rest, had resolved upon remaining on the ship to the last; and, considering it impossible for a boat to live, we earnestly expostulated with the captain, for the purpose of persuading him not to hazard the experiment. But he seemed to think it best to make it, and with great earnestness entreated the men to assist him in lowering his boat. As this was a time when but little attention could be paid to the distinctions usually kept up on board, I suggested that it might be well to cut away the masts, believing that this would relieve the ship, and cause her to lie easier upon the rock. This was the more necessary, on account of her position being such as to render it next to impossible to let down the boat. The proposal was acceded to; and, seizing an axe, I assisted in cutting away the masts and rigging. This, to some extent, had the desired effect; and we were enabled, at length, by great exertion, to lower the boat. The captain, Charles C. Bouket, William Sedon, and William Jones, immediately placed themselves in it, and commenced preparing to leave us. In compliance with his request, a rope was fastened round the waist of the captain, so that, should the boat be destroyed, as there was reason to apprehend she would be, there might be some chance of rescuing him from the waves. They were furnished with the necessary nautical instruments, log-book, a bag of clothing, a small quantity of bread in a tin tureen, and a keg of



water. The boat was at this time suspended by her falls, and, with a view of letting themselves down, the captain stood in the stern, and Bouket in the forward part of the boat, both having hold of the falls. Sedon still held on by the boat's lashing. Jones had nothing in his hands. At this conjuncture, a tremendous sea broke into the boat and dashed it in pieces; — so entire was the destruction, that not a fragment was afterwards seen. Jones was soon after seen floating in the water, apparently dead. Sedon, in consequence of having hold of the boat's fastenings, saved himself by climbing into the ship. Bouket, being an expert swimmer, on finding himself in the sea, swam round to the leeward side of the ship, caught hold of some part of the rigging, and thus escaped. The captain was drifted away to the distance of nearly one hundred and fifty yards. It was with the utmost difficulty that we retained our hold on the rope which had been fastened to him; but at length we succeeded in drawing him in. On hearing his cries for assistance, forgetting our own danger, we redoubled our exertions, and soon drew him on board. He was much exhausted, but, fortunately, had received no fatal injury.

“After the failure of this attempt, and having in so short a time lost one half our number, it was agreed upon, after due consultation, to remain upon the wreck till daylight should reveal to us more fully our situation. In this state of suspense and suffering, we clung to the rigging, and with much difficulty kept ourselves from being washed away. Our situation and prospects, during that awful night, were such, that no ray of hope was permitted to penetrate the dreary prospect around us: our thoughts and feelings, wrought up to the highest degree of excitement by the horrors of our situation, continually visited the homes we had quitted, — probably forever, — and offered up prayers for the dear friends we had left behind. Every succeeding wave that dashed over us threatened to sweep us into an untried eternity; and while we impatiently awaited approaching day, we committed our spirits to Him who alone could control the raging elements.”

At daybreak, land was seen at the distance of twenty or thirty miles; and this the eleven survivors, with a few arms and a small stock of provisions, in their only remaining

boat, decided to attempt to reach. They left the vessel, and, after rowing three miles, landed on a rock, presenting a surface of fifteen or sixteen rods in length. Here they remained over night.

"We succeeded in taking an eel, a few crabs, and a small quantity of snails. Having our fire-works with us, we collected a sufficient number of sticks, with a few pieces of drift-wood which had lodged upon the rock, to make a fire; with this we cooked our fish and snails; and, with a small allowance of bread, we made what we then thought a sumptuous repast! After we had finished our meal, we began to prepare for the night. We erected a tent with some of our clothes and pieces of canvass, at a little distance from the boat; and, when night came on, a part of our number kept watch, and the rest soon lost all consciousness of their misfortunes in sleep. About midnight those who had watched took their turn at resting; and in the morning we found ourselves considerably refreshed; though an increased activity of our minds served only to bring home a more vivid picture of the horrors of the previous night, and of our present condition."

At sunrise, the next morning, a canoe, containing twenty-two natives, came off to them from the next island, from which, it seems, they had been watched.

"Their appearance excited my astonishment, and I was filled with horror by the sight of beings apparently human, and yet almost destitute of the ordinary marks of humanity. They were entirely naked. Each one was armed with a spear and tomahawk; some had battle-axes. They were fantastically tattooed on different parts of their bodies. Their hair, naturally coarse and black, like that of the Indians of America, was very long, and hung loosely over their shoulders, giving them a singular and frightful appearance. Their teeth were entirely black; rendered so, as we afterwards found, by chewing what they call '*abooak*.'"

The seamen were fortunate enough to open a friendly communication with their visitors, who gave them cocoanuts, and bread made of that fruit, and boiled in a liquor extracted from the trunk of the tree. Their friendship, however, though, under the circumstances, much better

than their hostility, proved to be of a very qualified character. They took possession of all the small stock of rescued property which they could find, part having been secreted in a crevice of the rock, and then, returning to their boat, made signs to the party to follow to the wreck.

The latter had, however, by this time, determined to drop the acquaintance, if possible ; and, with this view, as soon as the savages were gone, took to their boats and steered for the open sea. They were interrupted in their purpose by the appearance of about thirty other canoes, filled with natives, from whom, however, they succeeded in extricating themselves, after a little skirmish with those in one canoe, the rest seeming to be more intent on an examination of the wreck. Rowing all that day and night, they reached another island on the following afternoon.

Here they were discovered and visited by two savages, from a neighboring point of land, whom, exhausted and dispirited, they consented to follow to a harbor within sight. Approaching this, they were met by a large number of canoes, and taken on shore in triumph, and not without some violence, of a kind and degree, however, which seemed not so much intended to injure, as to intimidate.

In the island in which they were now prisoners, one of the Pelew group, they were treated, on the whole, with no great severity. They were first conducted into the presence of the dignitaries of the island. These they found seated on a platform, on a rising ground, at a little distance from the harbor. This platform was twelve or fifteen feet square, and was situated between two long buildings, called *pyes*. "These, as we afterwards learned, were used by the chiefs as places of carousal, and as a sort of harem for their women. They were constructed in a rude manner, of bamboo sticks, and covered with leaves. They were sixty or seventy feet in length, and about twenty-four in width.

"That something like a correct conception of this scene may be formed by the reader, it may be well to give, in this place, a brief account of the appearance, manners, and customs, of the natives of this island. This was the island known to navigators as Baubelthouap, the largest of the group of the Pelew islands. It lies not far from the eighth

degree of north latitude, is about one hundred and twenty miles in length, and contains probably not far from two thousand inhabitants.

“The men were entirely naked. They always go armed, in the way before described, and carry with them a small basket, containing generally the whole amount of their movable property. The women wear no other clothing than a sort of apron, fastened to the waist by a curiously wrought girdle, extending nearly to the knees, and left open at the sides. The material of these garments — if such they can be called — is the bark of a tree, called by them ‘*karamal*.’ This tree grows from thirty to forty feet high, and is two or three feet in circumference. The hair of both males and females is worn long; it is coarse and stiff, and of a color resembling that of the natives of North America. They make free use of the oil extracted from the cocoanut; with this they anoint their bodies, considering it the extreme of gentility to have the skin entirely saturated with it. Their arms, and sometimes the lower parts of the body and legs, are ingeniously tattooed. Their complexion is a light copper. Their eyes have a very singular appearance, being of a reddish color. Their noses were somewhat flat, but not so flat as those of the Africans; nor are their lips so thick. They are excessively fond of trinkets. It would cause a fashionable lady of America to smile, to observe the pains taken by those simple daughters of nature to set off their persons. In their ears they wear a sort of ornament made of a peculiar kind of grass, which they work into a tassel; this is painted and richly perfumed. In their noses they wear a stem of the *kabooa* leaf, which answers the double purpose of an ornament and a smelling-bottle; and their arms, in addition to being tattooed in the manner above mentioned, are adorned with a profusion of shells. Our fair readers may judge how much we were amused, on finding that the copper-colored females of the island cut up our old shoes into substitutes for jewelry, and seemed highly delighted with wearing the shreds suspended from their ears.”

A block for beheading stood before the platform, and the question discussed seemed to be, whether it should do its office for the strangers. The wailing of the women, which

before long became obstreperous, was perhaps decisive of the issue. After an hour's suspense, a large bowl, richly ornamented with shells, was brought to them, out of which they drank sweetened water from a wrought cup of cocoa-nut shell. They were then conducted to another village, the residence of a prophetess, who, they afterwards learned, had interfered in their behalf, and from whose house, on arriving, they received a sufficiency of palatable food.



Ornamented Cup.

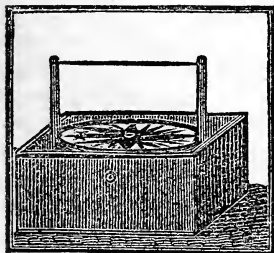
Here an interesting incident occurred. "Just at the time when the servant of the prophetess brought out the materials for our repast, we observed, at a little distance, a singular-looking being approaching us. His appearance was that of a man of sixty. His hair was long and gray, unlike that of the natives. His legs, arms, and breast, were tattooed. His step was quick and firm; his motions indicating that he felt himself a person of not a little importance. His teeth were entirely gone, and his mouth was black with the use of 'kabooa.' Judge of our emotions on hearing this strange being address us in broken English! His first exclamation was, 'My God, you are Englishmen!' He immediately said, 'You are safe now;' but he gave us to understand, that it was next to a miracle that we had escaped being killed on the water.

"This person was by birth an Englishman, and had been on the island about twenty-nine years. He told us that he had been a hatter by trade, and that his name was Charles Washington. He had been a private in the British naval service, on board the *Lion* man-of-war. Cruising in those seas, he had, while on duty, been guilty of some trifling offence; and, apprehending that he should be severely punished for it, had left the ship, and taken up his residence upon the island. He seemed to be contented with his situation, and had no desire to return to his native country. He had attained to great celebrity, and was the sixth chief among them. His authority seemed great, and he exercised it with exemplary discretion.

"Observing the provisions before us, he told us that they

were for our use, and desired us to partake of whatever we preferred. Seeing that we were likely to be somewhat annoyed by the crowd of young persons who had collected around us, he swung his battle-axe over their heads, and giving them to understand that we belonged to *him*, immediately caused them to disperse."

From this time, things went on by no means amiss. A "pye," with mats and other accommodations, was appropriated to the use of the party, and they were regularly supplied with plenty of provisions, such as hogs, goats, fish, yams, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, preserved almonds, and sweet potatoes. At length, having acquired some tolerable knowledge of the language, they naturally used it to open a treaty of emancipation, and, in the sequel, succeeded in persuading the natives that it would be for mutual advantage to release them, in consideration of a ransom which was promised. The stipulation was, that, should they reach their homes, they would send out two hundred muskets, ten casks of powder, a corresponding quantity of balls and flints, and an accompaniment of beads, belts, combs, and trinkets. These preliminaries arranged, no difficulty remained, except in making provisions for the voyage. The natives—having consulted their prophetess, implored the aid of their divinity, and held a solemn feast on the occasion—entered cordially into the plan; and with their help the ship's boat was repaired, and a large canoe hollowed out, which proved to be the better sailer. The men collected the timber, and wrought it with a few old inch chisels, having neither auger nor gimlet, while the women made mats for sails. Meanwhile a quantity of fish had been obtained for the voyage, and the women brought abundance of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and yams.



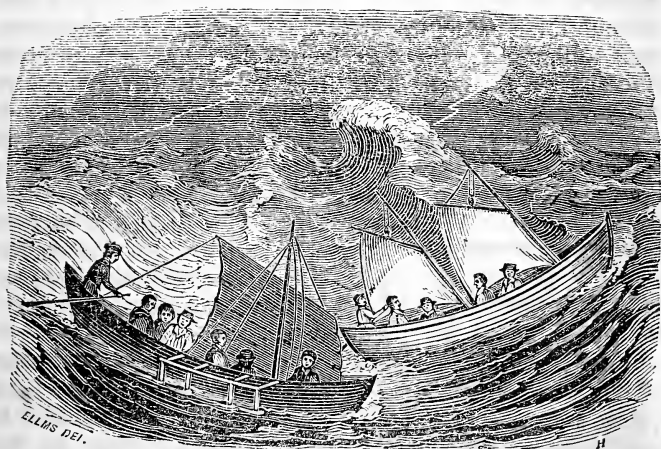
The Antelope's Compass.

On the island was an old compass, belonging to the *Antelope*, which was wrecked here in 1783, and given to one of the chiefs, by Captain Henry Wilson; he was finally induced to part with it. It had become much impaired by time and improper usage, but

served as a tolerable guide. So furnished, they put to sea on the 27th of October, 1832. The boats proved leaky, and they returned the same night. Another month having been employed in refitting, they tempted the treacherous deep once more. Taking with them three of the natives, two of them chiefs, who, in their confiding simplicity, were leaving their homes to go, they knew not whither, and bring back the stipulated reward. The remaining three of the crew staid behind on the island as hostages.

"Seven of our number now took the canoe, viz., Bouket, Sedon, Andrews, Hulet, and the three natives. Captain Barnard, Rollins, Nute, and myself, preferred the ship's boat. We were accompanied on our passage the first day by a large number of the natives. At night, as we had then succeeded in getting beyond the reef, they left us, and we continued our course.

"We had not proceeded far before we had reasons for regretting that we had entered upon the perilous undertaking of navigating the waters of that region in boats so poorly adapted to the purposes we had in view. There came on a violent storm of rain, the wind blowing hard,



The Boat and Canoe overtaken by a violent Storm.

and the waves threatening to swallow us, each moment of the night. To our dismay, the rudder of the canoe, owing

to the imperfect manner in which it had been constructed, was unshipped, and, for a time, the destruction of those on board seemed inevitable. Fortunately we continued to keep company. By great exertion we made out to replace the rudder in the morning, and then proceeded. In the course of the day, the rudder was again unshipped; but, with less difficulty than before, we succeeded in fastening it to its place with ropes, so that it answered tolerably well as a substitute for a better one. Happy would it have been for us, if this had been the worst of the disasters of our voyage. Our mast next went by the board; and during the whole of the next night, we lay drifting at the mercy of the winds and waves. In the mean time the canoe sprung a-leak, and we found it impossible to bail out the water as fast as it came in. In this extremity we lost no time in shifting all our lading into one end of the canoe; and by tearing up our old clothes, and stuffing them into the crack, we at length stopped the leak. In this sad plight we continued on, meeting with no very serious accident, till the fifth day from the time of leaving the island; when, just at the setting of the sun, owing to some mismanagement, a light puff of wind capsized the canoe! Fortunately no one was drowned. All but three swam to our boat; those who remained continued through the night to cling to the canoe. With great difficulty we kept our boat from being stove in pieces by coming in contact with the canoe. During all this time it rained very hard, and never had we experienced a more dismal night. In the morning we tried to get the canoe right side up; but finding that impossible, we concluded to abandon it entirely. We took from it a few cocoa-nuts, and, as our last resort, all took refuge in the boat. We saved the compass, and did not so much regret the loss of the canoe, as it had cost us already an incalculable amount of anxiety, toil, and suffering.

“But new difficulties now stared us in the face. Most of our provisions had been lost, by the upsetting of the canoe, and we had but a very small quantity of water. It was therefore deemed expedient to divide among us the means of subsistence remaining. We had four cocoa-nuts for each person, and a few pieces over, which were distributed equally. At this time no objects were seen, except a



few sea birds. We continued in this condition for nine days and nights, with actual starvation before us, as the most probable end of our anxieties and sufferings. We were about settling down into a state of confirmed despair, when, to our inexpressible joy, we discovered land, apparently about ten miles off. We exerted all our remaining strength to reach it. When within six miles, we saw, approaching us, a fleet of eighteen canoes, filled with the natives of the small island we were approaching.

“At first the small canoes came near us, for the purpose of ascertaining who and what we were. The appearance of these natives was such as to excite at once our astonishment and disgust. Like the inhabitants of the island we had left, they were entirely naked; and, as our subsequent experience proved, they were infinitely more barbarous and cruel. Very soon the large canoes came up, when the wretches commenced their outrages. They attacked us with brutal ferocity, knocking us overboard with their clubs, in the mean time making the most frightful grimaces, and yelling like so many incarnate devils. They fell upon our boat, and immediately destroyed it, breaking it into splinters, and taking the fragments into their canoes. While this was going on, we were swimming from one canoe to another, entreating them, by signs, to spare our lives and permit us to get into their canoes. This they for a long time refused, beating us most unmercifully, whenever we caught hold of any thing to save ourselves from sinking.

“After they had demolished our boat, and kept us in that condition for some time, they allowed us to get on board. They then compelled us to row towards the land. They stripped us of all our clothing immediately after we were taken in; and the reader may form some idea of our distress in this condition, under a burning sun, from the fact, that before night our shoulders were blistered, by being thus exposed to the heat.

“On approaching land we discovered no habitation; but after going round a point of the island, we saw, near the beach, a row of small and badly-constructed huts. We were compelled to jump from the canoes into the water and wade to the shore. By this time the beach was lined with women and children, who caused the air to resound with the

most horrid yells and screams. Their gestures and violent contortions of countenance resembled the frantic ravings of bedlamites.

“The reception we met with on land was no more agreeable than that upon the water. Judging from the treatment we had received from the females of the island which we had left, it was hoped that the gentler sex would extend to us some proof of their commiseration; but in this we were sadly disappointed. If possible, they were more cruel than their inhuman lords and masters. We were soon separated from each other, and dragged about from place to place; our brutal captors, in the mean time, contending with each other to see who should have us as his property. Frequent contests of this kind occurred; in one of which, during the first day, I was knocked down. The question of ownership was at length settled, and we were retained by those into whose hands we had at first fallen. Some of us were taken to their house of worship, called by them Verre-Yarris, literally, God’s house, where they went through with some of their religious ceremonies, and we received a few mouthfuls of food, which was the first we had tasted through the day.”

The small piece of land, on which they found themselves, is situated between the third and fourth degrees of north latitude, and in longitude one hundred and thirty-one degrees twenty minutes east. It is known to navigators by the name of Lord North’s Island: it has hitherto been considered uninhabited. This is not surprising; as the natives said that no white man had ever visited the place; though it seemed, from the pieces of iron in their possession, and from other circumstances, that they had had some communication with the Spaniards and Portuguese in that quarter of the world. Like many other islands in those seas, this is surrounded by a coral reef, which is from an eighth to one half of a mile wide; but outside of the reef the water is apparently fathomless, the water being as blue as it is in the middle of the ocean; and the largest vessels may approach, in many places, within a quarter of a mile of the beach. The whole island rises so little above the level of the sea, that the swell often rolls up to a considerable distance inland. It is about three quarters of a mile in length, and not far

from half a mile in width. This island, unlike the Pelews, is one of the most horrible and wretched on the face of the globe. The only product of its soil, worth mentioning, is the cocoa tree ; and those are of so dwarfish and miserable a growth, as to bear but few nuts. These few, however, constitute the food of the inhabitants, with the exception of a species of fish caught occasionally near the shore.

"The complexion of these islanders is a light copper color ; much lighter than the Malays, or the Pelew Islanders ; which last, however, they resemble in the breadth of their faces, high cheek bones, and broad, flattened noses. They do not color their teeth, by chewing any thing, as many of those islanders do ; but their teeth are so strong that they can husk a cocoa-nut with them instantly.

"The character of the inhabitants much resembles that of the island itself. Cowardly and servile, yet most barbarous and cruel, they combine, in their habits, tempers, and dispositions, the most disgusting and loathsome features that disgrace humanity. And, what may be regarded as remarkable, the female portion of the inhabitants outstrip the men in cruelty and savage depravity ; so much so, that we were frequently indebted to the tender mercies of the men for escapes from death at the hands of the women. The indolence of the natives, which not even the fear of starvation itself can rouse to exertion, prevents their undertaking the least toil, although a little labor, well applied, might be made to render them infinitely more comfortable."

"We were captured and taken to the island, December 6, 1832 ; and on the third day of February, 1833, two months, wanting three days, Captain Barnard and Bartlet Rollins effected their escape. Compared with the remainder of our captivity, our privations and sufferings, up to that time, were less severe. But at no time did we have sufficient food to satisfy the cravings of hunger. The very crumbs that fall from an ordinary table would have been to us a luxury ; the swine of America are better fed than we were, on the most fortunate day of our residence upon that island.

"It was on the day above mentioned that a ship was discovered a short distance from the island, and the natives immediately collected, and prepared to go to it, in order to

obtain iron, or some other articles of value. Hope once more visited us. To escape was, of course, our strong desire and intention. Accordingly, when the canoes put off, we attempted to go. Our savage masters interposed their authority, and by menaces and blows prevented us. Many of us were severely beaten, and all but two were detained by the brutal force of the savages. At length Captain Barnard and Rollins, after being severely beaten, were allowed to accompany the natives to the ship, and succeeded in effecting their escape. Trusting to the humanity of the captain and crew, we, for some time, confidently expected that they would contrive some way of enabling us to join them. They were in sight about three hours; at one time they were so near that we could distinctly see the hands on board; but judge of our feelings when we saw the vessel pursuing her course! Our expectations were all blasted in a moment, and our minds, which had been gladdened by the hope of once more enjoying the society of civilized beings, of once more reaching the shores of our beloved country, sunk back into a state of despair: we wept like children."

"After the departure of the captain and Rollins, we were treated with much greater severity than we had been before. Generally we were aroused from our broken slumbers about sunrise, and compelled to go to work: we were usually employed in cultivating a species of vegetable, somewhat resembling the yam, and called by them '*korei*.' This root is raised in beds of mud, which are prepared by digging out the sand, and filling the place with mould. The whole of this labor was performed with the hands. We were compelled, day after day, to stand in the mud from morning till night, and to turn up the mud with our hands. Frequently we were required to do this without receiving a morsel of food till about noon, and sometimes we were left without any thing to eat till night. At best, we could get no more than a small piece of cocoa-nut, hardly a common-sized mouthful, at a time, and if, either from exhaustion or any other cause, we neglected to perform the required amount of labor, our pittance of food was withheld altogether.

"From this plain and unexaggerated account, it will be seen that our condition, at best, was bad enough; but a mis-

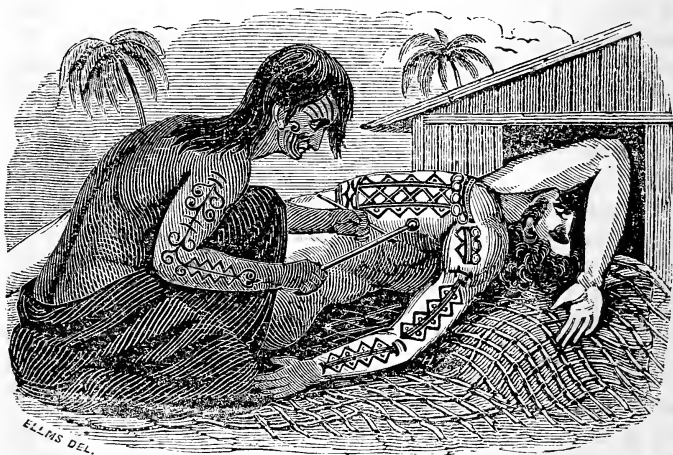
fortune befell us which rendered it still worse. About four months from the time of our landing on that dreary spot, there was a violent storm, which came very near sweeping away the whole of the means of support which remained for the miserable inhabitants. The wind blew down many of the best cocoa trees, and materially injured the fruit on such as were left standing. Besides this, the low places in which they raised the root, by them called '*koreï*,' were mostly filled with sand, and famine stared us all in the face.

"They attributed this misfortune to the anger of their god, and did not fail to use such means as they thought best calculated to appease him; and the calamity greatly added to our sufferings. Besides subjecting us to still more severe deprivations, we were compelled — though hardly able to drag our limbs from place to place — to labor in repairing the damage done by the storm. We were employed for months in carrying in our arms and on our shoulders pieces of the coral rock, in order to form a sort of sea-wall to prevent the waves from washing away the trees; and this drudgery, considering that we were naked, under a burning sun, and reduced to nothing but skin and bones, was too severe to admit of any thing like an adequate description. Our flesh, or, to speak more properly, our skin, — for flesh we had none, — was frequently so torn by the sharp corners of the rock, and scorched by the sun, as to resemble more that of the rhinoceros than of human beings.

"A new trial now awaited us. The barbarous beings, among whom our lot had been cast, deemed it important that we should be *tattooed*, and we were compelled to submit to the distressing operation. We expostulated against it — we entreated — we begged to be spared this additional affliction; but our entreaties were of no use. Those savages were not to be moved, and we were compelled to submit; and that the reader may form some idea of the painful process, I will here give a brief account of it.

"We were, in the first place, securely bound down to the ground, and there held fast by our tormentors. They then proceeded to draw, with a sharp stick, the figures designed to be imprinted on the skin. This done, the skin was thickly punctured with a little instrument made of sharpened fish

bones, and somewhat resembling a carpenter's adz, in miniature, but having teeth, instead of a smooth, sharp edge. This instrument was held within an inch or two of the flesh, and struck into it rapidly with a piece of wood, applied to it in such a manner as to cause it to rebound at every stroke. In this way our breasts and arms were prepared; and subsequently the ink, which was made of a vegetable, found on the island, and called by them the '*savvan*,' was applied. The operation caused such an inflammation of our bodies, that only a portion could be done at one time; and as soon as the inflammation abated, another portion was done, as fast



Mr. Holden undergoing the Process of Tattooing.

as we could bear it, till our bodies were covered. It was effectually done; for to this day the figures remain as distinct as they were when first imprinted, and the marks will be carried by us to the grave. They were exceedingly anxious to perform the operation upon our faces; but this we would not submit to, telling them that sooner than have it done we would die in resisting them. Among themselves, the oldest people had the greatest quantity of tattooing, and the younger class less.

"Besides the operation of *tattooing*, they compelled us to pluck the hair from different parts of the body, and to pluck

our beards about every ten days, which was extremely painful; and at every successive operation the beard grew out harder and stiffer."

"About a year after we first arrived at the island, William Sedon became so reduced as to deprive us of all hopes of his recovery. He looked like a skeleton; and, at last, was so entirely exhausted by hunger, as to be unable to walk, or even to rise from the ground. He continued, however, to crawl from place to place, until all his remaining strength was nearly gone, when the inhuman monsters placed him in an old canoe, and sent him adrift on the ocean! Gladly would his unhappy shipmates have extended to him the last sad offices of friendship; that poor consolation was denied both him and us! My heart bleeds at the recollection of our separation and his melancholy fate — when we saw him anxiously turn his languid eyes towards those who were doomed still to linger on the borders of the grave! Our sighs were breathed almost in silence, and our tears were shed in vain!

"It may be observed here, that it is not their custom to deposit the bodies of any of their dead in the earth, except very young children. The bodies of grown people, after death, are laid in a canoe and committed to the ocean.

"It was soon our lot to part with another of our companions, Peter Andrews. He was accused by the natives of some trifling offence, and put to death. The savages knocked him down with their clubs, and then despatched him in the most cruel and most shocking manner. I was at this time at a distance from the place where he was killed. My master was absent; and upon my hearing a noise, in the direction of the place where the foul business was transacted, and suspecting that all was not right, I started to see what was going on. I was near the beach when I saw a number of the savages coming towards the spot where I stood, dragging along the lifeless and mangled body of our comrade! One of them approached me behind, and knocked me down with his club. The body of Andrews was thrown into the sea, and it seemed to be their determination to destroy the whole of us. I warded off the blows, aimed at me, as well as I could, and, recovering myself, ran towards the hut of my master. He had not yet returned; but, fortu-

nately, an old man, who had previously shown some regard for me, and who was the particular friend of my master, happened, at that moment, to be passing; and seizing the man who had pursued me, held him fast. I escaped and ran into the hut, and crawled up through an aperture in the floor into the chamber under the roof. I seized an old box, and covered up the hole through which I had ascended; but this was not sufficient to detain, for any great length of time, the wretches who were thirsting for my blood. They soon succeeded in displacing the box, and one of them seized me; but just as he was pulling me from my place of refuge, my master returned, with several of his friends, and rescued me from the clutches of my enemies.

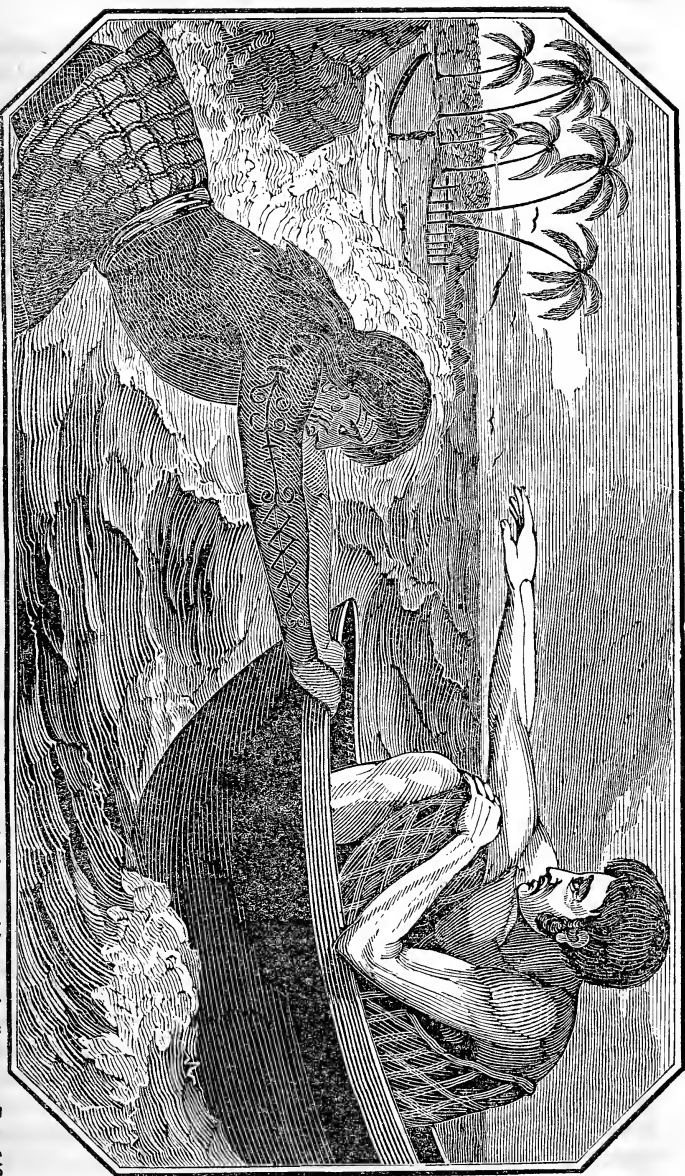
"In the mean time Nute and the rest of our companions were at the '*Tahboo*,' a place of public resort, where, for the only time, the females rendered our people any assistance. They concealed the men under some mats, and kept them there till the fury of the natives had, in a measure, subsided.

"We were next called upon to part with one of the Pelew *chiefs*, who had come with us. He died of absolute starvation, and, according to custom, was committed to the waves in an old canoe. In a short time after this, the Pelew private — who had also come with us — was detected in the crime of taking a few cocoa-nuts without leave; for which offence he had his hands tied behind him, and was put into a canoe and sent adrift; which was their usual method of punishment for offences of different kinds.

"About a year and seven months from the commencement of our captivity, Milton Hewlet died, and, like the others, was, according to the custom of the natives, committed to the ocean. A short time afterwards, Charles C. Bouket, having become so reduced, by his sufferings, as to be unable to help himself, was (horrible to relate!) placed in a canoe, while still alive, and committed to the mercy of the ocean. Thus did one after another of our companions sink under the weight of their sufferings, and perish without any alleviation of their wretchedness. Nute and myself, with our friend *Kobac*, the other Pelew chief, were all that remained; and we were constantly expecting that the next hour would end our existence."



Mr. Bouket, whilst living, is put into an old Canoe by the barbarous Natives, and shoved off from the Island, to perish upon the Ocean. — *Page 146.*





"I have already said, that only two of the crew of the Mentor, namely, Nute and myself, remained alive, with the exception of Captain Barnard and Rollins, who had fortunately escaped. The Pelew chief had become strongly attached to us, and we take pleasure in stating the fact, that his faithfulness and affection had greatly endeared him to us. He seemed more like a brother than a barbarian; and most gladly would we have saved him from those sufferings which, no doubt, before this time, have terminated his life. Alas! it was not in our power to administer to his relief; and when we last saw him he was but just alive.

"Having thus briefly related the story of our captivity and sufferings, it only remains to give an account of our escape from this barbarous people. We continued to survive the horrible sufferings to which we were constantly subjected, and to serve our tyrannical masters, in despite of our agonies of body and mind, till the beginning of the autumn of 1834; at which time we had become so emaciated, feeble, and sickly, that we found it impossible any longer even to attempt to labor.

"With much difficulty we at length persuaded our masters to allow us to quit labor, and obtained from them a promise to be put on board the first vessel that should come to the island. But, at the same time, they informed us, that if we ceased to work, they should cease to furnish the miserable allowance of cocoa-nut on which we had before subsisted, and that we must either labor or starve. We deemed death as welcome in one shape as in another, and relinquished our labors and our pittance of food together.

"We were thus literally turned out to die! We crawled from place to place, subsisting upon leaves, and now and then begging of the natives a morsel of cocoa-nut. In this way we contrived to live for about two months, when the joyful intelligence was brought to us that a vessel was in sight, and was coming near the island! Hope once more revisited our despairing hearts, and seemed to inspire us with renewed strength and animation.

"After taxing our exhausted powers to the utmost, we persuaded the natives to prepare for visiting the vessel; and throwing our emaciated bodies into their canoes, we made for the ship with all possible despatch. The vessel proved

to be the British barque *Britannia*, Captain Short, bound to Canton. Our reception on board is faithfully described in the following certificate given by Captain Short, the original of which is still in my possession.

“ *Lintin, 29th December, 1834.*

“ This is to certify, that on the 27th day of November, 1834, off the small island, commonly called Lord North's, by the English, situated in latitude three degrees three minutes north, and longitude one hundred and thirty-one degrees twenty minutes east, on board the British barque *Britannia*, bound to Canton river, we observed about ten or eleven canoes, containing upwards of one hundred men, approaching the vessel, in a calm, or nearly so, with the intention of coming alongside. But, having the small compliment of thirteen men, it was considered most prudent to keep them off, which was effected by firing a few six-pound shots in a contrary direction from the boats, some of which were then within pistol shot. At the same time, hearing cries in our own language, begging to be taken on board, the boat was despatched away to know the cause. The boat returned to the ship, and reported an American on board one of them. She was then sent back, having strict orders to act with caution, and the man got from the canoe into the sea, and was taken up by the ship's boat, and brought on board. He then stated in what manner he came there, and said he had another of his countrymen in another canoe. I said, if we could get some of the boats dispersed, that every assistance should be rendered for the liberty of the other man. Accordingly they did so, all but three. The ship's boat was then despatched in search, and soon found the other man. He was brought on board, but in a most deplorable condition, with fever, from the effects of a miserable subsistence. These two poor fellows were quite naked, under a burning sun. They appeared to bear all the marks of their long servitude, and I should suppose two or three days would have been the end of the last man taken on board, but from this act of Providence. It appears that these men were wrecked in the ship *Mentor*, on the Pelew Islands, and were proceeding with their commander to some Dutch settlement, in one of the Pelew Island canoes, when they got to the

afore-mentioned island, and were detained by the natives; and that Captain Edward C. Barnard had got on board some ship, and reached Canton river shortly after their detention at the island; which has been confirmed by the different masters now at the port of Lintin.

‘HENRY SHORT, *Barque Britannia*.’

“Never shall we find words to express our joy at once more finding ourselves in the company of civilized men! Nor can we be too grateful to Captain Short, and his officers and crew, for their kind attentions during our passage to Lintin. Every thing in their power was done to restore our health and strength, and to render us comfortable. On arriving at Lintin we found ourselves sufficiently recovered to be able to pass up the river to Canton. We remained there, at the factories, under medical treatment, until the ship Morrison, of New York, was ready to sail; when we took passage in her for our native country, and arrived in New York on the 5th day of May, 1835.”

“The whole ship’s company of the *Mentor* consisted of twenty-two; viz., Edward C. Barnard, captain; Thomas M. Colesworthy, first mate; Peter O’Connor, second mate; Benjamin F. Haskell, David Jenkins, and Jacob Fisher, boat-steerers; Peter Andrews, steward; John Mayo, cook; and Horatio Davis, Bartlet Rollins, William Jones, Thomas Taylor, Lewis Bergoin, Charles C. Bouket, Calvin Alden, Milton Hulet, William Sedon, James Meder, James Blackmore, John Baily, Benjamin H. Nute, and Horace Holden, seamen.”

The community of men, if they are to be called so, on Lord North’s Island, into which the unfortunate mariners were thrown, was insulated from the world, on a spot, as was mentioned above, three quarters of a mile long, and about half a mile wide. The number of inhabitants, distributed into three small villages, Holden thinks, might amount to between three and four hundred. Here, apart from the rest of the race, they had lived, generation after generation, — no man may guess how long. They had no traditions touching the first settling of their island. For aught they had heard, their ancestors may have occupied the spot for thousands of years; the increase of population

being kept down by the recurrence, at intervals, of a like pressure of famine to that which reduced it, not much less than a quarter, as was thought, during the time our seamen were there. As far as could be learned, they knew nothing of any other human beings, except from some rare communications with European ships under sail; in bartering cocoa-nuts for iron; and from three visits of strangers; the memory of which was preserved by tradition, as having taken place at distant times. One of these was of a man copper-colored like themselves, and named by them Peeter Kart, who, they declared, came anciently to their island from Ternate, as he said; taught them their religion and arts, and closed his life among them. Another of these stories related to an individual who, they reported, arrived alone from a different island at the north-west, bringing a basket of the tarrow root, which he taught them to cultivate. He, too, finished his days on the island. The third tradition commemorated three men and three women, who came in a canoe, from yet another direction, and after a time departed, taking three of the islanders in their company.

The island is a coral rock, with only a sprinkling of sandy soil; in this grow some trees of the bread-fruit and cocoa-nut. The only thing cultivated was what the natives called *correi*, an inferior species of the tarrow root, which makes so common a food in the whole region of Polynesia. It was cooked in a smothered fire, made in a kind of oven, in a shallow cavity, scooped out for the purpose. Fuel was laid at the bottom and kindled; and upon this was spread a layer of stones. When these had been heated, and fell upon the embers, the pieces of root were placed upon them, with a little water in cocoa-nut shells; over these were spread mats of the leaves of the same tree, and over all a layer of sand. Fish was simply broiled on the hot stones, and turtle was cooked in both ways. There were no animals on the island, except rats and lizards, neither of which were eaten in any extremity. There was abundance of mosquitoes, flies, and more odious vermin, the last of which made a favorite article of food. Sea birds were sometimes seen, but nothing winged, larger than a fly, was known to breed on the island. The chief drink was the milk of the cocoa-nut. Some brackish springs percolated the rock. Rain water they took no care to save.

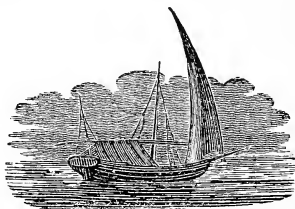
Huts are constructed in two ways. The better sort are built on a frame, begun by two pieces of timber, each consisting of a stock and two branches, somewhat in the form of a Y. These are placed upright in the ground, opposite to each other. Then from the arms of one to the corresponding arms of the other, timbers are extended, fastened at both ends by cords, twisted from the cocoa-nut husk. From these horizontal timbers descend others to the ground to make the side. From the same, on the other hand, ascend timbers, meeting in an angle at the top for the roof, which roof is generally continued at the same angle, so as to reach within two or three feet of the ground, admitting the free passage of the air beneath it. It is covered with a rude thatching of leaves. The smaller huts are constructed of two rows of stakes, driven slanting towards each other, in the ground, and secured at the top to a ridge-pole. The ends are closed in the same manner, an opening being left at one, sufficiently large to creep in and out. These dwellings are thatched in the same manner as the better sort.

Canoes are hollowed from the bread-fruit tree, and another tree, resembling it in appearance, which is not a native of the island, but often drifts on shore. Sails, of a triangular shape, are made of mats of the leaf of a tree called the *sook*. The mast is secured by cordage, twisted from fibres of the cocoa-nut husk, one rope extending from the mast-head to the stern, another to the bow, a third to one side. The halliards of the sail are of the same material. No weapons are in use, except clubs, in a state of nature, without finish or ornament, and spears with points rudely set with shark's teeth. The dress of the men is merely a kind of sash, about a fathom long, which they call *vetivet*, fastened round the loins. It is made of the fibres of the bark of a tree called *curramung*. The women wear an apron of platted leaves. Neither sex wears any thing on the head. Holden, with a sailor's versatile invention, made himself some hats with the long palm-like leaves of the *sook* tree, sewed together with threads of the *curramung*, by means of a needle of fish bone; but, as often as he finished them, the natives would take them away and tear them to pieces, as soon as the novelty was over.

There was little like division of labor, though persons remarked for particular skill in some handicraft, as the building of canoes, would sometimes get the name of *sennup*, or master-workman. When a hut was to be built, the meeting of neighbors, to join their forces in putting together the frame, under his direction, was not unlike an old-fashioned New England raising; and their civility was acknowledged in like manner, by the provision of a repast of cocoa-nuts.

In such a place, time has not very many uses. Eating, sleeping, fishing, lounging, and a mutual examination of the head, for the most part, make up the variety on Lord North's Island.

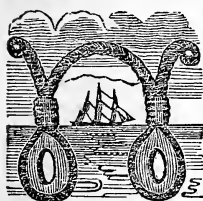
We now conclude, by stating that the United States' sloop-of-war Vincennes subsequently visited the Pelew Islands, and took on board the seamen, who were left as hostages. The Vincennes also found the Pelew chief, Kobac, alive on Lord North's Island, and conveyed him to his home.





DR. MADDEN'S NARRATIVE  
OF THE  
NOBLE CONDUCT OF CAPTAIN COLLINS,  
OF THE  
PACKET SHIP ROSCIUS, OF NEW YORK,

In rescuing the Officers and Crew of the English Ship Scotia; which was water-logged in the Atlantic Ocean, December, 1839.



E insert a narrative like the following with the greatest pleasure: such an act is alike honorable to Captain Collins and to his country. The circumstances of this case presented very great difficulties, and furnished what some men might have deemed very plausible excuses for giving over the attempt to rescue the persons on board the Scotia; but, we trust in heaven, they did not produce a moment's hesitation in the mind of Captain Collins. Well and nobly did the gallant sailor do his duty, and so will he always. It is not in his character to do otherwise. May he never need such succor; but if it should be his lot, may he find as glorious a fellow as himself to render it! We could not wish him a better.

“Fifth of December, P. M. Fell in with the wreck of the Scotia, bound from Quebec to Glasgow, burthen six hundred tons, loaded with timber, water-logged, in latitude  $46^{\circ}$ , longitude  $32^{\circ} 30'$ . On seeing signals of distress flying, we altered our course, and bore down on her; and on the Roscius approaching her, Captain Collins hailed her: the answer was, ‘We are water-logged — seventeen feet water

in her hold !' The prompt reply of Captain Collins was, 'If you want to come on board, put out your boats.' A cheer from the people of the sinking vessel followed ; such a cry as men in desperate circumstances alone could utter ; and that thrilling cry went up as the simultaneous shout of men in the extremest peril suddenly restored to life and hope ; and instantly every hat and cap was seen waving on the crowded poop.

"An effort was now made to approach us, but the water-logged vessel was utterly unmanageable ; she pitched heavily, as if she would have gone down headlong ; the seas swept over her, and, as she rose, broke through her broken ports. Her mizzen-topmast, and fore and main-topgallantmasts had been cut away to ease her, and the poop-deck, where the crew were congregated, seemed the only place of safety left them.

"In attempting to near us, she came staggering down on us, and we were compelled to make sail to get out of her way. The sea was very heavy — we again lay to, and were then about a mile from the Scotia. Night came on, and no boats were seen — the unfortunate Scotia was then lost sight of altogether. About six o'clock, Captain Collins hoisted a lantern, and the light was immediately answered by the Scotia. It was the opinion of Captain Collins that one of their boats had put off, and had been swamped in attempting to reach us, and that the survivors had determined to wait till morning before another attempt was made. It seemed, indeed, doubtful, in the extreme, if any small boat could live in such a sea. It is impossible sufficiently to commend the conduct of Captain Collins ; — his anxiety to reach Liverpool before the steamer, which was to have sailed six days after us, made every moment of importance. We had, moreover, seventy steerage passengers, and twenty-one in the cabin ; and to forego taking advantage of a fair wind, and to lay to for a night in a heavy sea, with every appearance of an approaching gale, was a determination which, I greatly fear, many a master of a ship would have found great difficulty in coming to. Captain Collins, however, made this resolution promptly, and without any expression of impatience at the detention it occasioned. His only observation was, 'We must stay by the poor devils, at

all events, till morning—we can't leave them to perish there, d—n it.' May we not hope, when 'the accusing spirit flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, and blushed as he gave it in, the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever'?

"At seven, P. M., cheering was heard in the direction of the Scotia: the people, we supposed, had taken the boats, and had then left the sinking vessel. In the course of an hour, or rather less, the long-boat of the Scotia, filled with men, was on her lee quarter. By the admirable arrangements, which were then made by Captain Collins for rescuing them, the men were taken on board without the least accident. This boat brought eighteen: the captain and five men had still remained on board, and were preparing to put off in the jolly-boat. No little anxiety was felt for the safety of this little boat; in the course of half an hour, however, she was seen, and with two oars only she gained the Roscius; and the captain and his five men were soon taken on board. To the credit of the poor master of the Scotia, be it observed, that he, Captain Jeans, was the last man to leave the sinking ship. The anxiety expressed by the men, who came in the first boat, for the safety of their captain, and, indeed, the terms in which the whole of his people, then and subsequently, spoke of Captain Jeans, showed how highly he was respected and esteemed by his crew; and if he had not been so, he would probably not have kept his ship afloat as long as he had done. Nor was the anxiety of Captain Jeans, for the safety of his crew, less manifest. The first question he asked, on coming on board the Roscius, was, 'Are all my people safe?' The captain and crew were all Scotch, and their conduct throughout reflected no discredit on their country.

"When they came on board, they were worn out with continual exertion. The men had been night and day at the pumps, since the previous Tuesday; but, exhausted as they were, they immediately turned to, and with one accord went on deck and did duty with our crew; and no sooner were the boats cast adrift, than there was ample occasion for their services. A violent gale from the north-east set in, which must have rendered it utterly impossible for the people to

have taken to their boats, and the violence of which, on the following day, must have been inevitably fatal, for it would have been impossible to have kept the pump going; and the sea already, even before the gale from the north-east set in, was making a clear breach over her, and threatening to carry away her poop-cabin, the last place of refuge left the poor people of the Scotia, except the top, where they had already stowed water and provisions, in the momentary expectation of being compelled to abandon the deck; and thus, providentially, were twenty-four human beings preserved from a watery grave."

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*Letter from the Master.*

"LIVERPOOL, December, 1839.

"SIR: — On behalf of myself and crew, I beg leave to express to you the heart-felt gratitude we feel for the assistance you rendered to us when, on the 5th inst., the vessel I commanded, the Scotia, bound from Quebec to Greenock, being water-logged, and myself and my people worn out with continual exertion, — and still, unfortunately, unable to keep her free, — you promptly consented to take us on, and thereby rescued us from certain death. For all the kindness and generous treatment we have subsequently received from you, we thank you from our hearts, and in the prayers of ourselves and families you never can be forgotten.

"I am, sir, most gratefully yours,

"JOHN JEANS.

"To Captain JOHN COLLINS, *Packet Ship Roscius, N. Y.*"

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*From the Passengers of the Roscius to Captain Collins.*

"On Board of the Ship Roscius, }  
off Liverpool, December, 1839. }

"DEAR SIR: — We, the undersigned, passengers of the ship Roscius, on the voyage from New York to Liverpool, deeply impressed with the admirable conduct you displayed on the recent occasion of your falling in with the wreck of

the British ship *Scotia*, on the afternoon of the 5th December, and taking off the master and twenty-four men, found on that unfortunate vessel, cannot part with you without expressing to you our high sense of that energy of character and active benevolence, which actuated your character on that occasion, and happily made you, under God, the instrument of saving these poor men from the jaws of death. We feel that there were circumstances to be taken into consideration, connected with that event, which gave additional merit to the transaction — circumstances which required a great sacrifice of time and of interest, imposing a heavy expense on yourself, and were not unattended with risk to your vessel, perhaps the finest that ever sailed from New York, before the resolution of staying by the sinking ship, till such time as it was practicable to take off the people, cannot be fully appreciated, or sufficiently commended.”

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### TO CAPTAIN COLLINS, OF THE “ROSCIUS,”

*On the Occasion of his falling in with the Wreck of the British Ship “Scotia,” on the Evening of the 5th of December, and taking off the Twenty-four Men found on Board of that sinking Vessel.*

HEROES can boast “their thousands, and their tens  
 Of thousands,” slaughtered on the field of strife —  
 And this was glory! O, what countless pens  
 And tongues extol the waste of human life! —  
 This mighty carnage is a theme that’s rife  
 With praise and plaudits, and the chief, whose sword  
 Does bolder mischief than the dastard’s knife,  
 And deals out wider carnage, is adored  
 And aggrandized, while minor cut-throats are abhorred.

Is there for bloodless exploits no renown?  
 Is there no tongue for living acts of love?  
 No pens for themes of mercy freely shown  
 By man himself to man? no power to move  
 The heart by deeds which angels might approve?  
 Is there no fame for him whose soul is bent  
 On high achievements, prompted from above?  
 No breath of honor, with the goodness blent,  
 That stirs to save when life itself is almost spent?

If guilt there’s none like his whose hand, accursed,  
 Hath shed man’s blood, can goodness then compare  
 With that thrice-blessed influence, whose first  
 And chiefest wish and effort is to spare? —

To snatch one's fellow-creatures from despair,  
On danger's brink, and on the verge of death? —  
To come with help and succor to them there;  
And when their souls are sick, to breathe the breath  
Of hope, and fan the sinking flame of life beneath?

Fame! let thy trumpet sound the warrior's praise!  
Glory be his who courts the world's applause!  
Honor for him who seeks the public gaze,  
And acts for it till some new claim withdraws  
Its future smiles. Thou, in a bolder cause,  
And for a better meed than human fame,  
Didst rescue numbers from the very jaws  
Of death itself, nor cared from whence they came.  
To save and succor all, was thy sole end and aim.

O, when thou hast to meet thy God on high,  
On record, then, that thrilling cry of theirs,  
Which rent the air, on hearing thy reply,  
And made the wreck resound with thankful prayers, —  
May this deed prove the death of all thy fears,  
The life of all thy hopes! O, may it plead  
In thy behalf with Him, who ever hears  
The poor man's prayer; and find thou hast, indeed,  
To his poor suffering members been a friend in need.

R. R. MADDEN.

*Ship Roscius, December 8, 1839.*



THE MELANCHOLY ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
LOSS OF THE STEAM-PACKET PULASKI,  
OFF CAPE LOOKOUT,  
ON THE COAST OF NORTH CAROLINA,  
OCCASIONED BY THE  
EXPLOSION OF THE STEAM BOILER;

With the Narratives of the Sufferings and Affecting Scenes which those passed through, who survived the Catastrophe, whilst floating on Fragments of the Wreck, and in reaching the Shore in the Boats, June, 1838.



IN the melancholy catalogue of misfortunes on the ocean, few cases have produced scenes so heart-rending and painfully-affecting, as were brought about by the explosion on board of the *Pulaski*. By this fatal accident perished the young, fair, and beautiful, the learned and the ignorant, the high and the low, — all sunk together. “No tomb shall plead to their remembrance. No human power could redeem their forms. The white foam of the waves was their winding-sheet. The winds of the ocean will be their eternal dirge.”

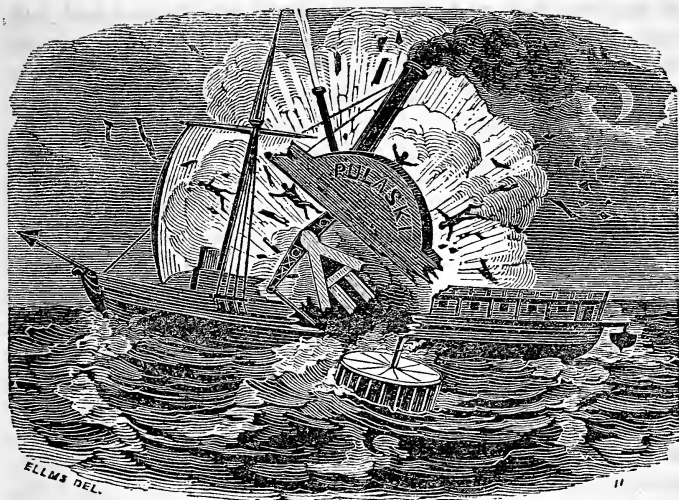
“The death angel flapped his broad wing o’er the wave.”

One loud report awakened the affrighted company, and upon hurrying up from their cabins, they found, in the place

of the firm deck and whitened planks, which they had last trod, before retiring to their slumbers, a dark and frightful abyss, resembling a black and mighty caldron, in the bottom of which rested the ponderous and broken steam engine. But through the cracked sides and broken rim the surrounding ocean was fast gushing, and which, in a few moments, would fill and descend like lead into its depths — hurrying, in its downward course, all within the reach of its engulfing waters. Imagination can hardly paint a scene, in its immediate aspect, or its ultimate and swiftly-approaching issues, more full of horrors, to distract the calmest mind, to unnerve the stoutest heart — horrors which must have appeared to start up from the wild caverns of the deep itself.

The steam-packet Pulaski, Captain Dubois, sailed from Savannah on Wednesday, the 13th of June, 1838, having on board about ninety passengers. She arrived at Charleston the same afternoon, and sailed the next morning with sixty-five additional passengers. In the afternoon, the wind freshened from the eastward, and produced a heavy sea, which retarded her progress, and required a full pressure of steam. At half past ten, the wind continued fresh, with a clear star-light, and there was every promise of a fine night. At eleven o'clock, P. M., the starboard boiler exploded with tremendous violence, blowing off the promenade deck above, and shattering the starboard side about midships; at the same time the bulk-head, between the boilers and forward cabin, was stove in, the stairway to it blocked up, and the bar-room swept away. The head of the boiler was blown out, and the top rent fore and aft. In consequence of the larboard boiler and works being comparatively uninjured, the boat heeled to that side, and the starboard side was kept out of the water, except when she rolled, when the sea rushed in at the breach. The boat continued to settle rapidly, and in about forty minutes the water had reached the promenade deck, above the ladies' cabin. Previously to this period, the ladies, children, and the gentlemen, who were in the after part of the boat, were placed on the promenade deck. About the time the water reached that point, the boat parted in two, with a tremendous crash, and the bow and the stern rose somewhat out of the water; but the latter





Explosion of the Steam Boiler on Board of the Pulaski.

again continued to sink, until the water reached the promenade deck, when it separated in three parts, upset, and precipitated all on it into the water. Many then regained the detached portions. The gentlemen, who occupied the forward cabin, took refuge on the extreme point of the bow, when the boat broke in two, and clung to it and the foremast; others had placed themselves on settees, and the fragments of the wreck.

There were four boats belonging to the steamer; two being slung to the sides, and two placed on top of the promenade deck. The side boats were both lowered down, within five minutes of the explosion. In that on the starboard side, the first mate, Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Swift, and one other person, had placed themselves. In that on the larboard side, were Mr. J. H. Cooper, with Mrs. Nightingale and child, and Mrs. Fraser and her son, who were under his charge, Captain R. W. Pooler and son, and Mr. William Robertson, all of Georgia, Barney and Soloman, of the crew, and two colored women. By direction of the mate, two of the crew launched one of the deck boats and got into her; but as, from her long exposure to the sun, her seams were all open, she

instantly filled, and Mr. Hibbert removed the men to his boat. The boats met, when those in the second proposed to Mr. Hibbert to strike out for the land, as it had on board as many as it could with any safety carry. This he declined to do, as he said he was determined to stay by the wreck till daylight, and had yet room for four persons. Both boats then continued to row around the wreck until the mate's boat had picked up as many as she could carry, when Mr. Hibbert yielded to the propriety of consulting the safety of those in the boats, by going to the land, as their further stay would endanger them, without affording any aid to their suffering friends; and they left the wreck at three o'clock, A. M. The boats took a north-west course, being favored by a heavy sea and strong breeze from the south-east.

At twelve o'clock they made the land, and at three, P. M., were near the beach. Mr. Hibbert then waited until the second boat got up, and informed them that those in the boat refused to row any further, and insisted on landing. Mr. Cooper united with him in protesting against the measure, as, from the heavy breakers which were dashing on the beach, as far as the eye could reach, it was obviously one of great peril. Being overruled, they submitted to make the attempt. The mate, who had previously taken the two colored women from the second boat, then proposed to lead the way, and requested Mr. Cooper to lie off, until he had effected a landing, and was prepared to aid the ladies and children. The first boat then entered the surf, and disappeared, for several minutes, from those in the other boat, having been instantly filled with water. Six of the persons in her, viz., Mr. Hibbert, Mr. Swift, Mr. Tappan, Mr. Leuchtenberg, and West and Brown, of the crew, landed in safety. An old gentleman, supposed to be Judge Rochester, formerly of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Bird, of Georgia, the two colored women, and a boat hand, were drowned. The other boat continued to keep off until about sunset, when, finding the night approaching, and there being no appearance of aid, or change in the wind, which was blowing freshly in to the land, and the persons in the boat having previously refused to attempt to row any farther, Mr. Cooper reluctantly consented to attempt the landing.

Before the attempt, it was thought necessary, to prevent the infant of Mrs. Nightingale, which was only seven months old, from being lost, to lash it to her person, which was done. Just as the sun was setting, the bow of the boat was turned to the shore ; and, Mr. Cooper sculling, and the two men at the oars, she was pulled into the breakers. She rose without difficulty upon the first breaker, but the second, coming out with great violence, struck the oar from the hand of one of the rowers. The boat was thus thrown into the trough of the sea, and the succeeding breaker struck her broadside, and turned her bottom upwards. Upon regaining the surf, Mr. Cooper laid hold of the boat, and soon discovered that the rest of the party, with the exception of Mrs. Nightingale, were making for the shore : of her, for a few moments, he saw nothing, but presently feeling something like the dress of a female touching his foot, he again dived down, and was fortunate enough to grasp her by the hair. The surf continued to break over them with great violence ; but after a struggle, in which their strength spent its last efforts, they reached the shore, utterly worn out with fatigue, hunger, thirst, and the most intense overwhelming excitement. Besides this, the ladies and children were suffering from the cold. The party proceeded a short distance from the shore, where the ladies lay down on the side of a sand hill, and their protectors covered them and their children with sand, to prevent them from perishing. Meantime, some of the party went in quest of aid, and about ten o'clock at night the whole party found a kind and hospitable reception, shelter, food, and clothing, under the roof of Mr. Siglee Redd, of Onslow county.

Mrs. Nightingale is the daughter of John A. King, Esq., of New York, and a granddaughter of the late distinguished Rufus King. During the whole of the perils through which they passed, she and Mrs. Fraser displayed the highest qualities of fortitude and heroism. They owe the preservation of their own and their children's lives, under Providence, to the coolness, intrepidity, and firmness, of Mr. Cooper and his assistants, and to the steadiness with which they seconded the wise and humane efforts of that gentleman, in their behalf.

On Monday they reached Wilmington, where they found

a deep sympathy for their misfortune pervading the whole city, and generous emulation among its inhabitants to render them every possible assistance.

The forward part of the boat, after the separation, continued to float. On it were Major Heath and twenty-one others. It is impossible to convey, in words, any thing more than a faint idea of the suffering they underwent, or of the many harrowing and distressing circumstances which occurred during the four days they were on the wreck.

But a short time before the explosion, it was remarked, by one of the passengers, to Major Heath, that the gauge showed thirty inches of steam. On the attention of the engineer being called to this fact, he replied that it would bear, with safety, forty inches. Major Heath had just retired to the after cabin. A number of passengers were lying on the settees, and when the boiler burst, the steam rushed into the cabin, and, it is thought, instantly killed them, as they turned over, fell on the floor, and never were seen by the major to move afterwards. He had, on hearing the noise of the explosion, got out of his berth, and ran to the steps, the steam meeting him in the cabin. He got under the steps, as did Mr. Lovejoy, of Georgia, and they were thus shielded from its effects.

In a few moments he went on deck, and found all dark. He called for the captain, and receiving no answer, made for the mast, as he felt that the boat was sinking. Before he could secure himself, the sea burst over him and carried him away. Fortunately, however, a rope had caught round his leg, and with this he pulled himself back. The mast, as soon as he had been washed from it, fell, and crushed one of the passengers, Mr. Auze, a French gentleman of Augusta. The boat now broke in two, and the deck, forward of the mast, was carried away from the rest of the vessel, seemingly very swiftly. Nothing more was seen after this, by Major Heath, of the yawl or the after part of the boat; but, in about half an hour, he heard a wild scream and then all was quiet! This must have been when the promenade deck turned over, with at least *a hundred human beings upon it!*

When daylight broke, he found that there were *twenty-two* on the wreck with him; among them Captain Pearson,

who had been blown out into the sea, but who had caught a plank, and succeeded in reaching them during the night.

The danger of their situation was at once fully realized. The heavy mast lay across the deck, on which they rested, and kept it about twelve inches under water, and the planks were evidently fast parting! Captain Pearson, with the rest, set himself to work to lash the wreck together by the aid of a few ropes on the mast, — letting the ropes sink on one side of the raft, which, passing under, came up on the other side; and by repeating this operation they formed a kind of net-work over it. They also succeeded in lashing two large boxes to their raft, which formed seats.

Friday passed without any vessel coming in sight. Their thirst now became intense. The heat of the sun was very oppressive; its rays pouring down on their bare heads, and blistering their faces and backs; some not having even a shirt on, and none more than shirt and pantaloons.

The sufferings of the younger portion of their company, at this time, became very great. Major Twiggs, of the United States' army, had saved his child, a boy about twelve years of age. He kept him in his arms nearly all the time; and when he would call on his mother, who was safe at home, and beg for water, his father would seek, in vain, to comfort him by words of kindness, and clasping him closer to his heart.

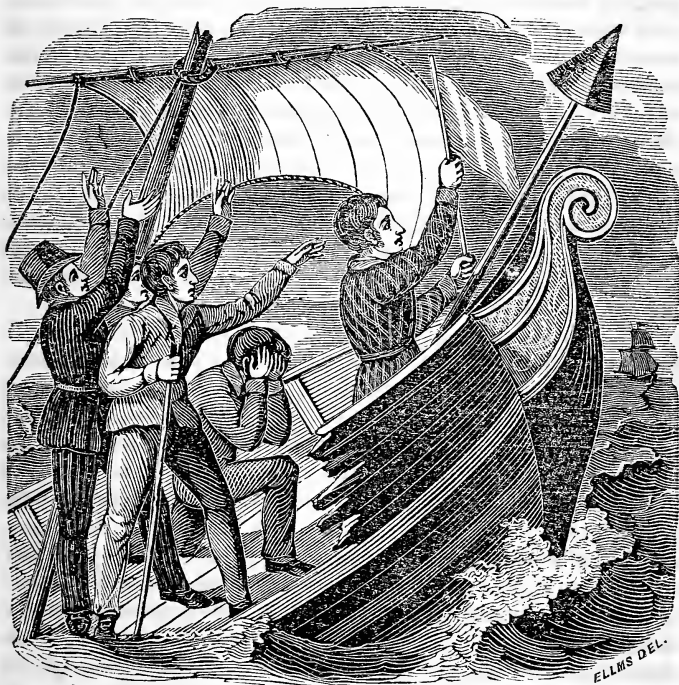
On Saturday they fell in with another portion of the wreck, on which were Chicken and three others, whom they took on their raft. Towards the close of the evening they had approached within half a mile of the shore, as they thought, and many were very anxious to make an effort to land. This was objected to by Major Heath, as the breakers ran very high, and would have dashed the raft to pieces on the shore. Mr. Greenwood, of Georgia, told the major that he was one of the best swimmers in the country, and that he would tie a rope around him and swim ashore. "No, no," replied the major, "you shall not risk your life for me, under these circumstances; and in such an attempt you would lose your life. No, I am the old man in danger, and will not increase the risk of others." All hope of landing, then, was shortly afterwards given up, as a slight breeze

from the shore was now carrying them out to sea. Despair now seemed to seize on some of them; and one suggested that, if relief did not soon reach them, it would be necessary to cast lots! The firmness and resolution of Major Heath soon put this horrid idea to flight. "We are Christians," he told them, "and we cannot innocently imbrue our hand in the blood of a fellow-creature. A horrible catastrophe has deprived hundreds of their lives, brought sorrow to many a hearth, and thrown us upon the mercy of the winds and waves. We have still life left; let us not give up all manliness, and sink to the brute. We have all our thoughts about us, and should face death, which must sooner or later overtake us, with the spirit that becomes us as Christians. When that hour arrives, I will lay down my life without a murmur; and I will risk it now for the safety of any one of you; but I will never stand by and see another sacrificed, that we may drink his blood and eat his flesh!" With such words as these did he quiet them, and reconcile them to await the issue. The day wore away again, without the sight of a vessel to cheer their drooping spirits.

On Sunday morning it commenced raining, with a stiff breeze from the north-east, which soon increased to a severe gale. Every effort was made to catch some of the falling rain, in the piece of canvass which they had taken from the mast; but the sea ran so high that the little they did catch was nearly as salt as the ocean. Still, the rain cooled them, and, in their situation, was refreshing and grateful.

On Monday morning they saw four vessels. They raised on a pole a piece of the flag, that was attached to the mast, and waved it, but in vain. The vessels were too far off, and hope was nearly gone, as they watched them pass from their sight. They had now been without food or water for four days and nights; their tongues were dry in their mouths; their flesh burnt and blistered by the sun, and their brains fevered, and many of them began to exhibit the peculiar madness attendant on starvation. They could not sleep either, as the raft was almost always under water, and it required continual watchfulness to keep themselves from being washed over by the sea. Major Heath never, for a moment, lost his consciousness.

On Tuesday morning, a vessel hove in sight; and her track seemed to be much nearer them than those they had seen the day before. They again waved their flag and raised their feeble voices. Still the vessel kept on her track, which appeared to carry her away from them. "She is gone," said one of the crew, a poor fellow who had been dreadfully scalded; and he laid himself down on one of the boxes, as he said, "to die." Captain Pearson, who had



The Survivors on the Fore-castle discovered by the Schooner.

been closely watching the vessel, cried out, "She sees us! she is coming toward us!" And so it was. All sails set, and full before the wind, the vessel made for them. The schooner proved to be the *Henry Camerdon*, bound from Philadelphia to Wilmington, N. C. As soon as the captain came within speaking distance, he took his trumpet and

cried out, "Be of good cheer ; I will save you." It was the first strange voice that had reached their ears for five days, which were to them as an age.

When the schooner came alongside, they all rushed frantically on deck, and it was with some difficulty the captain could keep them from the water-casks. He immediately gave each of them a half pint of water, sweetened with molasses, and repeated it at short intervals. His prudence, doubtless, preserved their lives.

During the morning, Major Heath and his company had seen another portion of the wreck, with several persons on it ; and as soon as the captain of the Henry Camerdon was told of it, he sailed in the direction it had been seen, and shortly after came in sight. On this wreck, which was a part of the promenade deck, were Miss Rebecca Lamar, Mrs. Noah Smith, of Augusta, Master Charles Lamar, of Savannah, and Mr. Robert Hutchinson, also of Savannah. The two ladies were much exhausted, and Master Lamar was almost dead. Every comfort that the schooner was possessed of was freely bestowed by the captain.

One of the survivors on this wreck, Captain Hubbard, was asleep at the time of the explosion. He immediately jumped from his berth, and, though nearly suffocated by the steam, made his way to the ladies' cabin, in search of his wife. Telling her to dress, and to remain quiet till his return, he repaired to the cabin, where he dressed himself, and again returned to his wife. At this time he found that the hold was filling with water, and he immediately commenced the formation of rafts from settees, tables, and other movables, on which many of the passengers launched into the ocean. Captain Hubbard and his wife remained on the main deck till the water was nearly three feet deep, when they climbed to the promenade deck, where there were some fifty persons collected, chiefly females. The feeling that prevailed seemed to be that of resigned determination. There were sobbing and weeping, but no turbulent expression of fear or despair. A quiet preparation for an awful catastrophe appeared to be universal. There were among them husbands and wives, who embraced each other with calm affection, and whose only expression was, that "they would die in each other's arms." When the deck began to roll



over, Captain Hubbard directed his wife to keep by him, as he followed the roll of the boat, with the intention of reaching the side. In this way they had nearly effected their escape. Captain Hubbard had succeeded in grasping the keel, when he dropped his hold, to extend a hand to his wife. She reached him, and was clinging to his neck; while two other females, who had followed close in their track, were also hanging on him. At this moment a sea swept over them, which washed away all who had been upon the deck. Captain Hubbard perceived that, in this situation, both himself and wife would inevitably perish. They were both sinking, when, from exhaustion, or in a movement to change her hold, she relaxed her grasp, and they both sank together. From this moment he never saw her more. On rising, he encountered a box, which had floated from the wreck, on which he remained half an hour, in a state of almost utter unconsciousness, when he was taken from the promenade deck, to which a number of other passengers had floated on fragments of the wreck. Of all who were on that part of the boat, when it capsized, he thinks not a soul survives but himself!

Captain Hubbard is of opinion, with most of those who remained upon the wreck, that the boat in which the mate, Hibbert, escaped, might have been so employed as to have saved the lives of nearly all on board.

One incident is mentioned, in this connection, which is, beyond any thing else in this melancholy disaster, painfully affecting. While the boat was lying off, one of the passengers, frantic with alarm, and without knowing what he was about, jumped towards her, but fell far short. He turned at once, sensible of his situation, and probably remembering whom he had left behind, with the view of regaining the wreck. His wife screamed to him by name, "Where are you? where are you?" He replied, from the waves, "I'm here, my dear; I'm here." "I'm coming, my husband," she rejoined, and, leaping on the railing of the deck, plunged headlong into the sea.

At daylight, on the morning after the disaster, it was ascertained that there were fourteen individuals, Captain Hubbard inclusive, on the promenade deck. In the course of that day, eleven others were picked up, three from a boat,

and eight from fragments of the wreck. With such aid as could be rendered, Captain Hubbard proceeded to repair and calk the boat. They remained all on the raft till about nine o'clock on Saturday morning. At this time, with the consent and approbation of their fellow-sufferers, Captain Hubbard and five others put off in the boat, in the hopes of gaining the shore. The separation doubled the chances of escape of the whole party, as, if the boat failed to procure assistance from the shore, it might fall in with some vessel that would be able to render the necessary assistance. They rigged a mast and sail from a split plank and table-cloth, and, with a piece of board for a rudder, were launched from the wreck, taking an affecting leave of those they left behind, and receiving the benediction of the clergyman, Dr. Woat, who afterwards perished from fatigue and exhaustion. After the lapse of five hours, having run down the coast with the view of selecting the least exposed situation, Captain Hubbard turned the head of the boat for the breakers, telling his companions that the most perilous moment had arrived, and that each must encounter it for himself. They had brought with them, from the wreck, as many planks as could be taken, without encumbering the boat; and to these they trusted to effect their escape through the surf. The first breaker the "boat rode like a duck," and was carried by it some two hundred yards. The second was surmounted with equal success. At the approach of the third, Captain Hubbard perceived that the boat was wavering; she turned her side to it, and in a moment was capsized. Captain Hubbard had seized a plank, which he threw to one of his companions, and trusted to his own strength for his safety. Four more breakers threw Captain Hubbard, and three others, on the beach; when, by the means of the boards and their own personal assistance, they succeeded in drawing their remaining companions, who were still struggling with the waters, to the shore. The point where they effected their landing, was in Onslow Bay, a mile and a half south and west of the entrance to New River. At this bay they found a schooner; but such was the state of the weather, that it was impossible to get to sea in her, in the hope of rendering any assistance to those who were left on the wreck.

Captain Hubbard speaks in the warmest admiration of the conduct of Miss Rebecca Lamar, and of her singular firmness and self-possession, with her never-failing effort to cheer and encourage them, and rally their sinking and despairing spirits. To use his own language, "*She was our preserving angel.*" The other ladies on the wreck behaved with remarkable fortitude.

From Captain Pearson, the chief mate, who was on the part of the wreck with Major Twiggs, we have the following particulars: "June 13th, at half past five, P. M., I sounded on the Frying Pan Shoals, in five fathoms of water, and shaped the course of the boat for Cape Lookout Shoal. I was in conversation with some of the passengers on the promenade deck, where I remained until ten o'clock, P. M., after which all retired below. At ten o'clock I went to the engine-room and examined the steam gauge, which I found indicated twenty-six inches. This I thought was doing very well, as the speed of the boat increased as she grew lighter, and of course worked off the steam sooner.

"Finding all things as they should be, I called Mr. Hibbert on deck, and gave him charge of the boat, observing to him that he must keep a good lookout, and call me at twelve o'clock, as I thought we should reach Cape Lookout about half past one, or at least I should then take the soundings. I also told him that Captain Dubois was lying in the steering-house, where he would find him. When the explosion took place, which I should judge to be about eleven o'clock, P. M., I experienced rather a pleasant sensation, as though I were dreaming that I was flying in the air. I was awakened by falling on my back in the water, surrounded by the fragments of my room. Immediately conscious of my situation, I got on a small board and swam for the boat, which appeared to be thirty or forty yards distant, and still going rapidly. I saw the heads of seven persons near me, but could not tell whether they were white persons or not. I continued to swim for the boat, and finding my clothes an impediment, I soon divested myself of them. My watch-guard became entangled around my wrist, which I was compelled to break and let go. As near as I could judge, I must have been swimming three quarters of an hour.

When I had approached within one hundred yards of the boat, I saw her lights begin gradually to disappear. I stopped and exclaimed, 'My God, is the Pulaski sinking?' I renewed my efforts to reach her, and soon found my worst fears realized, as her bow sunk deep beneath the surface. I then swam towards the stern, and when within ten or fifteen feet, I saw the heads of people. I called for a boat as loud as I was able for some time, but received no answer. I then swam towards the head of the steamboat, and saw the forward part of her main bottom keel up, and near it the forward part of the main deck. I approached, and saw men standing there. I called to a gentleman near the side, and told him my name, which he immediately made known to the others, and threw me a rope. His name is Mr. Gregory, of Georgia, and I shall ever remember him with gratitude. When I got on to the wreck, my first object was to procure the boats, hoping to assist some of the unfortunate ladies, for whose safety I would willingly have risked my life, and so expressed myself in the presence of Mr. Gregory and others.

"Finding that we should have to lighten our wreck, I informed the gentlemen present that my left arm was badly scalded, and useless to me, but that I would direct them in their exertions for our safety. A quantity of iron, and the best bower anchor, were thrown over. The chain being fastened, I soon found that we were at anchor, and to remain so long would founder our wreck. With great difficulty we filed a pin loose, which we backed out, and then let the chain and small bower go. Having erected a shed on deck, and rigged a jury-mast, we set sail, with a small color flying as a signal of distress, to any vessel that might see us. On the 15th we saw the stern of the steamboat about north-north-east, as near as I could judge, but could discern no one on it. On Saturday, I found our wreck was fast beating to pieces, and that it was necessary to bind it together, which we did with a cable. We also found it necessary to cut away the mast, as it pried up the deck. To do this was a Herculean labor; the only instrument we had was an oyster-knife, which we sharpened like a chisel, with a file. This was the work of a whole day."

Mr. Meritt, of Mobile, embarked on board of the Pulaski

with his wife and child; they were both lost. When the explosion took place, he indulged the hope that the boat would continue to float, and after hastening to his wife and child, in the ladies' cabin, returned towards the middle of the boat, to ascertain more distinctly the extent of the damage, and take such measures as might be in the power of the crew and passengers, in order to prevent the water from coming in on the side where the boiler had exploded. A few moments, however, served to convince him that the boat must sink. He found the water entering on both sides, and also apparently through the bottom, and all hope of checking its ingress abandoned. He then hastened back to the ladies' cabin, and on requesting them to dress themselves, and be in readiness to meet the impending peril, a scene of terror and anguish ensued, which was well calculated to melt the stoutest heart. Women clung round him with entreaties that he would save them, while mothers as importunately begged, not for themselves, but for the preservation of their children. In a short time, the inmates of the ladies' cabin, together with a number of gentlemen, were assembled on the promenade deck, whither they had taken refuge, in consequence of the continued settling of the hull in the water. The further sinking of the hull, and the parting of the promenade deck, as have been heretofore related, threw those who were on it into the sea, and among them Mr. Meritt, his wife and child. Being an excellent swimmer, he was enabled to sustain both, although the difficulty of so doing was greatly increased, by the close cling of the child to the mother.

While thus engaged, a boy, of twelve or fourteen years, caught hold of him for help, and he, too, was sustained, until Mr. Meritt proposed to him to mount a fragment of the wreck, floating near. The boy accordingly mounted on it, and seemed to be so well able to support himself, that Mr. Meritt asked him to take his child on the fragment, which the lad readily acceded to. Mr. Meritt was now able to bestow his whole strength in sustaining his wife; when, to his horror, he felt himself clasped from behind, around the lower part of his body, by the iron grasp of a stout, athletic man, evidently struggling for his life. An instant was sufficient to satisfy Mr. Meritt that the grasp of the man

would drown them all; and telling his wife that this would be the case, without he could extricate himself, he asked her to rally her strength for an effort to reach a piece of the wreck, close by, to which she consented: giving her a push towards it, with as much power as his peculiar situation would admit, he saw her gain it. In the mean time, his own case called for immediate relief; but he found himself, on making the effort, utterly unable to gain a release from the powerful hold, which was fastened round his body with an iron firmness. There was but one hope left, and there was not one moment allowed him to deliberate on it. Mr. Meritt had been an expert swimmer and diver when a boy, and to sink under the waves, with the man clinging to him, was the last, the only resort remaining. They went down together, and the man relaxed his hold, before Mr. Meritt's breath became exhausted. On rising again towards the surface, he struck against pieces of the wreck, which were now floating over him, and after some difficulty cleared them so as to breathe again; but on looking around he could neither discover his wife, child, or the boy. What had occurred during the brief space that he was beneath the waves, he knew not; but he neither heard nor saw them any more.

Soon after, he reached what he supposed was a hatchway, and this sustained him pretty well. While thus floating, he discovered, near him, a man on a smaller fragment, evidently much exhausted. He called to him to come to the hatch, as a place of greater safety; and, after no little effort, his fellow-sufferer was placed upon it. The weight of the two, however, was found to be rather too much for the hatch to sustain; and subsequently falling in with a larger fragment, they were enabled to float without being immersed. On this the two remained from Friday night until Sunday, having on Saturday experienced a severe gale, which, for hours, threatened to destroy their frail float, and engulf them in the ocean. On Sunday they neared the land, and were cast ashore on the coast of North Carolina.

Mr. Stewart, the companion of Mr. Meritt, says, "After the explosion, the boat still moved on, from the previous force given her. I saw a small boat, with some persons in it, lying somewhat astern of us; this, I suppose, was one of the boats that got ashore. The steam-packet was fast sink

ing, the water pouring over the guards. About this time, I assisted some lady—God knows who—to get on the upper deck, who begged me to get her husband up, and said he was an old, gray-headed man. I did not see him. I also heard a lady crying in a loud voice for her husband, pronouncing his name repeatedly—‘Mr. Ball.’ A gentleman, that I supposed was Mr. Ball, sprang from the fore part of the boat into the water, and made for his wife; but must have sunk before he reached the after part. Several persons wildly jumped overboard, and tried to reach settees, &c., and, sinking, called for something to be thrown them. The weight of the machinery, I suppose, caused the boat to sink faster in the centre, which threw up the stern. She then parted. The stern part of the boat, upon which I was, turned a complete somerset; and when it was about perpendicular, I let go of the davit ropes, to which I was clinging. Many others were thrown off at the same time. I was sunk in the water for some time, and was grasped by persons I supposed to be ladies, from their clothes, and was kept down probably twenty feet: after they let go, I came up, amidst a crowd of persons. I thought if I remained here I should inevitably be borne down; I therefore swam off as well as I could. It was light enough for me to see persons. I saw the larger parts of the wreck, which seemed to be distant about one hundred yards. There were vast quantities of fragments floating around me; and, fortunately, I got upon a piece,—a hatch,—and picking up a small plank, I paddled off from the body of the wreck, thinking the heavy swell would dash me to pieces, if I came in contact with it. In about an hour I saw a person upon a fragment. It was Mr. Meritt, of Mobile, he informed me. We concluded to get our pieces together: meeting with a larger and a longer fragment just ahead, we reached it, and got our pieces on it. Mr. Meritt had been on a hatch. A rope happened to be fastened to one of the rings; he cut the rope with his knife; we unrove it, and fastened our pieces pretty firmly on it. We also found an oar, which was afterwards of essential service to us. About three o’clock there was a severe squall, which lasted but a few minutes. At daylight we saw some fourteen or fifteen rafts, pretty much in a line, some before, others behind, and some three miles distant.

The wind was about east, and setting us, I thought, in for the land. Some of the rafts I saw had persons on board. I recollect there was a raft passed near me, which seemed to be made up of lumber, plank, and a vast quantity of wood, with a solitary being upon it—a negro man, who had got up a small sail. We picked up a stool, which floated near, upon which Mr. Meritt and myself alternately took our turns at steering. We had taken off the hatches, and got up a sort of mast. From the canvass we made a sail; and our object was to keep our craft before the wind, to prevent her turning over. She went before the wind very well. We were frequently immersed in the water, and kept constantly wet, without food or fresh drink.

“I had no stockings or hat on, and suffered immensely from the rays of a scorching sun, during the day, and at night I was chilled almost to death. Mr. Meritt happened to be better clad. He had on his pantaloons, and saved his watch. On Friday evening, we thought we saw a lighthouse, but it proved to be a vessel. The sharks threatened to devour us, as they were all around us on Friday and Saturday, and would greedily seize on chips or rubbish, that fell from the raft. I was fearful they would break our oar, when we should have got in the trough of the sea, and buried over. On Saturday evening, I thought I saw land. Mr. Meritt thought I was mistaken, as in the evening there was a fog that might be mistaken for the shore. Shortly after, we were both convinced we saw land, distant about ten miles. This was a joyful sight. Mr. Meritt sprang up, crying, ‘Thank God, it is land,’ and said to me, he had one hundred dollars with him, which he had fortunately put in his pocket the day before the disaster had occurred. This he kindly said he would divide with us, should we ever reach the shore. At daylight, Sunday morning, we were quite near the land, not going directly for it, but running along shore, and gradually approximating it; about ten o’clock, we were thrown into the breakers. Mr. Meritt was first thrown off, and after a while reached the shore before I did. About the third breaker, my frail bark was precipitated over my head, and it was fortunate it did not strike me; it kept somewhat ahead of me. After a short time, I touched bottom in about three feet of water, and rapidly made for the beach, which I



Messrs. Stewart and Moritt on their Raft, at sunrise, on the morning after the Explosion. — *Page 178.*





reached. I was so completely exhausted, I could scarcely crawl up the beach, upon which I lay, in a state of insensibility, until about eleven o'clock next day, when a benevolent man, Mr. Spicer, who resides near New River Inlet, came across me. He inquired if I had companions. I told him Mr. Meritt.

"After putting a plank to keep the sun from my face, he went to look for Mr. Meritt, and came back and told me he could not find him. Mr. Meritt, I learned afterwards, got to a hut, where he fell, in an exhausted state, finding it was deserted: some fishermen found him there, and roused him up. He directed them to look for me, which they did; but, it being late in the evening, they did not find me. The shore, where we landed, was a low beach, with some scrub pines upon it, and there was a sound between that and the main land.

"Mr. Spicer, for whom I shall always feel under ten thousand obligations, took me across the sound to his own house, where I remained, with every attention paid me by Mr. Spicer and family, until Thursday. The sun and salt water had completely *skinned* me, and cream was applied. On Thursday I reached Wilmington, where W. N. Peder, Esq., kindly took me to his own house, and rendered every assistance. M. T. Goldsborough volunteered a loan to me, for which I am under great obligations to him. The citizens of Wilmington, and all along as I came, were, however, so kind, that I had but little occasion for money. Dr. Stewart's servant girl came with me. After the wreck, she states she was with six others on a raft. Dr. Stewart, she says, was with her on the wreck until Monday, when he died from exhaustion. His servant kept his head above the water for two days, after the doctor was too enfeebled to hold on. He told the servant that he saw his wife go down, after the terrible disaster, several times, and could be of no service to her. The next day, Friday, the doctor and his servant saw many dead bodies floating near, and among the rest, his little child, two years old. What a dreadful spectacle! The doctor, before his death, became delirious: when he expired, his lifeless body was silently swept into the sea. Several persons, the girl states, in fits of delirium, jumped off the raft.

“The exposure that I had to encounter, together with the horror of soul at the terrific scene I passed through, (which now I can scarcely realize, as it seems like an awful dream,) occasioned me infinite suffering ; but, in my illness, I was, by the hand of an all-wise Providence, thrown amongst the kindest people I ever saw. I shall recollect them as long as pulsation vibrates through my heart.”

From Mr. B. W. Fosdick, of Boston, who was on another of the small rafts, we have the following additional particulars : —

“The weather was pleasant all of the day which preceded the night of the terrible disaster. There was a fresh breeze and some sea ; and, as is usual on the first day out, the greater part of the passengers were a little sea-sick, and some retired to their berths, or lay listlessly about on the settees upon deck ; and when evening came, most of them had retired. I was one of the number that did not feel *exactly well*, and went to bed, in the after cabin, about eight o'clock ; and had slept for some hours, when I was awaked, about eleven o'clock, by a loud report, followed by a tremendous *crash*. My first impression was, that we had gone ashore, or had run into some vessel. It did not occur to me that the boiler had burst ; and finding myself uninjured, I dressed myself entirely, putting my watch in my pocket, and taking my hat, and from the pocket of my cloak a light cap, which I put into my hat, thinking it would be of use, in case I could not keep my hat upon my head. Before I had finished dressing, a person ran down into the cabin, exclaiming, ‘The boat is on fire — come up and bring buckets to extinguish it.’ This person, I believe, was Mr. Sherman Miller. I never saw him afterwards. I immediately started for the deck, and as I approached the cabin stairs, found that a number of the planks of the cabin floor had been torn up ; and as it was quite dark in the cabin, there being but one or two candles burning, I came near falling through into the-hold. When I reached the deck, I found that the boiler had burst. The confusion was very great : men and women were running from one part to the other ; some calling for their wives, others for their husbands. On going forward, I found I could get no farther than the shaft. Beyond that, as far as the wheel-house, all appeared to be in

ruins and in darkness; and at every roll of the boat the water would rush in. There was one solitary lantern near me, and this I lashed to the ceiling. In doing so, I saw a person among the ruins of the engine, trying to get out, and moaning and crying aloud, 'Gone—gone—gone—firemen, help me—firemen, help me.' In a few minutes some one came to his assistance, and extricated him. This person, I afterwards learned, was one of the firemen. I then went aft again, and with some others assisted in removing some of the rubbish in the gangway, for, at this time, I think no one supposed the boat would sink, and we thought it best to have as clear a place as possible on deck. But we soon found this of no avail, for the water was rushing in rapidly, and every one began to turn his attention to preparing something to support himself upon the water; such as lashing settees together, and tables, &c. A negro was discovered preparing something of this kind, and on being asked what he was going to do, said, '*I am going to try to save my master;*' appearing perfectly regardless of himself. The two quarter-boats were lowered into the water; but when, I do not recollect, though I have an indistinct remembrance of seeing one of them lowered by two or three persons. The boat now appeared to be sinking pretty fast, and I climbed to the promenade deck, (the only way to get there, for the stairs were at the forward part of the boat,) and there I found some forty or fifty persons, many of whom were ladies. There was also a yawl-boat, which was filled with women and children; and among them the family of G. B. Lamar, of Savannah. Himself and two or three other gentlemen were standing near the boat, to keep it in an upright position, when the promenade deck of the steamboat should sink, which, as the boat had broken in two in the middle, it had begun to do; and one end was already immersed in the water. For the purpose of assisting in keeping the boat upright, I took hold of the bows. The water was now rushing on deck rapidly, and the forward part of the promenade deck sank so fast, that the bows of the yawl-boat filled with water, and a wave washed me from my hold, and I sank. When I rose, I found myself near a piece of plank, to which I clung; but this not being large enough to support me, I left it; and after getting from one fragment of the wreck to

another, (and the water all around me was filled with fragments,) I succeeded in finding a piece large enough to support me sitting, and upon this I remained some ten minutes, and took off my boots and loosened my dress, for my clothes were so full of water that I could scarcely move. While upon this piece, I saw, near me, Mr. George Huntington, of Savannah. Here I will mention what was told me by a person, (Mr. Eldridge, of Syracuse, N. Y.,) who was upon the promenade deck after I was washed from it. He says that nearly all the females in the yawl-boat were drowned at the time it filled. After removing my boots, I remained quiet some ten or fifteen minutes, when I heard some persons calling out not far from me, and concluded they were in one of the boats; but, upon inquiring, found it was a part of the ladies' cabin, (the side,) and that there were two persons upon it, (Andrew Stewart and Owen Gallagher, deck hands,) and that there was room enough for another, and that they would take one upon it, if I could get up to it—but that they had no means of coming to me. I knew the only chance of safety was to reach it—and I made a desperate effort, and succeeded, by swimming, and by getting from plank to plank, which were scattered all around me, in reaching it, and was pulled upon it almost exhausted. This piece of the ladies' cabin was then about ten feet wide, by forty-five feet long; but in the course of the night we lost ten or fifteen feet of it—leaving us a piece of thirty feet in length. Upon this we sat all night, with the water about a foot deep. The wind was blowing quite fresh, in a direction toward the land, and our raft, being long and narrow, made very good progress; and in the course of two hours after the bursting of the boiler, we were out of sight of the wreck. About this time we discovered, approaching near us, a portion of the deck of the steamboat, with an upright post near the centre of it—and upon it were Mr. George Huntington and two other persons. They said they were all from Savannah. We lashed the two rafts together with a rope, which they threw us—but, finding that the sea dashed our rafts together with considerable violence, we concluded it would be better to separate again—and we did so. Mr. Huntington wished me to take a passage with them, but I concluded to remain where I was. I saw them no more.

"Friday morning came, and discovered to us our situation. We were out of sight of land. Three rafts we saw at a distance. They were too far off for us to discern the persons upon them, but they all had signals flying. Upon our little raft we found a small chest, belonging to one of the firemen, and which afterwards served us as a seat; two mattresses, a sheet, a blanket, and some female wearing apparel. The mattresses we emptied of their contents, and with the covering of one of them we made a sail, which, with a good deal of difficulty, we succeeded in putting up, but which did us much service, for by noon we had almost entirely lost sight of the other rafts; and in the afternoon nothing was seen, as far as the eye could reach, but sky and water.

"But our spirits did not flag, for we thought that by the morning we must certainly fall in with some fishing boats. We had also found on the raft a tin box, the cover gone, containing some cake, wrapped up in a cloth. This was completely saturated with salt water, but we took a mouthful of it in the course of the day, and found it pretty good. There was also a keg, which floated on to the raft, containing a little gin; but this was of little service, for, by some means or other, it was mixed with salt water. The night came; the wind and sea increased, and we were obliged to take down our little sail. During the night the waves were constantly washing over our raft, and the water, at all times, stood a foot deep upon it. We sat close together upon the chest, which we lashed as well as we could to the raft, and wrapped ourselves up in the wet blanket and clothes, for the night air felt very cold, after having been exposed, as we were, all day, to the broiling sun. We were much fatigued, and once, during the night, we fell asleep, and were awakened by the upsetting of our seat, which nearly threw us overboard. Anxiously we watched the rising of the moon, which rose some hours after midnight; and still more, the rising of the sun, which we hoped would disclose to our weary eyes the sight of some distant sail. The sun at last *did* rise, but *there was nothing in sight*. For the first time we began to feel a little discouraged; still the hope that we should soon see land impressed itself upon us, and eagerly we cast our eyes *landward*, every now and then, as the sun

continued to rise. And, joyful sight ! about six o'clock we *thought* we did see land, and in another half hour were *sure* of it. Now we redoubled our exertions ; we paddled ; we held up in our hands pieces of cloth — we did every thing to propel our little craft, for we feared the wind might change, and blow off shore, and then all hope would be lost ; for our raft, we felt sure, could not hold together another day. As we neared the land, we found the surf was running pretty high, but there was a sandy shore, and we felt no fear of this, for we *saw the land*, and we knew that soon our suspense would be at an end.

“ About four o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, we reached the breakers. The first breaker came over us with great violence, and so did the second ; the third broke the raft in pieces, but we clung to the fragments, and soon found we could touch the bottom with our feet ; and in a few minutes we were safe upon *terra firma*, considerably bruised and sun-burnt, but with our lives. And grateful did we feel to that Almighty Arm, which, in the hour of danger, was stretched over us to save and protect. And it was only by the mercy of a Divine Providence that we were thus saved from a watery grave. I forgot to mention that, on Saturday, a *shark* was following us nearly all the morning, but we frightened it away. Near the shore, which was at New River Inlet, N. C., we found the house of Mr. Henderson, who received us in the kindest manner, and did all in his power for us. And from every one we met, we have received the utmost hospitality, especially from some gentlemen of Newbern, who furnished us with money to pay our way home. But we found that it was not much needed, for neither the conductors of the railroad cars, nor the captains of the steamboats, would receive any thing for our passage. I have thus made a statement of a part of what I saw on the dreadful night when the Pulaski was destroyed. *All* that I saw and heard, neither language can paint, nor tongue utter. The thought of it makes me shudder.”

Among the affecting incidents, connected with this fatal shipwreck, was the case of Captain Brooks, of the schooner Ploughboy, of Boston, who having been driven to the south during a gale, on the 26th of June, he fell in with the wreck, and saw a lady floating, in the storm, but was unable



to save her, owing to the violence of the wind, and the roughness of the sea! What must have been the feelings of every humane heart, thus to behold a helpless female tossed on the billows of the deep, and hurried to certain death, without the possibility of affording aid?

When the news of the destruction of the *Pulaski* reached New York, and it was believed all on board had perished, the father of one of the ladies, who, it was known, had taken passage on board that boat, proceeded immediately to Baltimore, where he arrived without hearing further from the wreck. On entering the public house, he inquired of the landlord whether he had received any further intelligence from the *Pulaski*. "None," was the answer. "Were none saved?" "None, it is believed, but the sixteen first mentioned." "Do you know their names?" "I do not remember them all, but the first was Mrs. ———. She and the others are safe and well." The inquirer fainted—it was his daughter.

It is mentioned that the Rev. Dr. Woart and wife, after a most fervent prayer, clasped their child in a mutual embrace, and in a few minutes the three sank together resignedly into the waves.

The unfortunate boy, C. Lamar, went mad from anxiety and suffering.

The cause of the disaster was obviously the neglect of the second engineer, in permitting the water to boil off, or to blow off, in the starboard boiler, and then letting in a full supply of water on the heated copper. One of the hands saved, had, a few moments before the explosion, examined the steam gauge, and found it fluctuating rapidly, from *twenty-six to twenty-nine inches*. Another had just left the engine-room, when he heard the shrill whistling sound of high pressure steam, as the engineer tried the water cock; in a few seconds the explosion took place. Captain Dubois was seen asleep in the wheel-house, ten minutes before the explosion.

The number of passengers on board was about one hundred and fifty; and the officers and crew numbered thirty-three. The whole number saved were *fifty-nine*, viz., on the two large portions of the wreck, *thirty*; in the two boats, commanded by the mate, Mr. Hibberd, and Mr.

Cooper, *sixteen*; in the boat of Captain Hubbard and Mr G. B. Lamar, *five*; on other small rafts, *eight*.

*The following is a list of the passengers, as far as their names could be ascertained:—*

Mrs. Nightingale, child, and servant; Mrs. Fraser and child; Mrs. Wilkins and child; Mrs. Mackey, child, and servant; Mrs. Wagner, child, and servant; Miss A. Parkman; Miss C. Parkman; Miss T. Parkman; Mrs. Hutchinson, two children, and servant; Mrs. Lamar; Miss R. Lamar; Miss M. Lamar; Miss R. J. Lamar; Miss E. Lamar; Miss C. Lamar; Mrs. Dunham; Mrs. Cumming and servant; Mrs. Stewart and servant; Mrs. Ward; Mrs. Taylor; Miss Drayton; Mrs. Pringle and child; Miss Pringle and nurse; Mrs. Murray; Miss Murray; Mrs. Britt; Miss Heald; Mrs. Rutledge; Miss Rutledge; Mrs. H. S. Ball, nurse, child, and servant; Mrs. Trappier; Mrs. Longworth; Mrs. Edgings and child; Miss Mikeli; Mrs. Ray and child; Miss Clarke; Mrs. B. F. Smith; Mrs. N. Smith; Mrs. Gregory; Mrs. Davis; Mrs. Hubbard; Mrs. Meritt and child; Miss Greenwood; Mrs. Phillips; Mrs. Oriolle; Mrs. Williamson; Major Heath; Major Twiggs and child; Colonel Hudson; Colonel Dunham; Lieutenant Mansfield, United States' army; Rev. E. Crofts; Dr. Cumming; Dr. Ash; Dr. Stewart; Dr. Wilkins; Rev. Mr. Murray; Rev. Mr. Woart, lady, and child; Judge Rochester; Judge Cameron; Messrs. J. Goddard, J. Nathans, J. H. Elliot, T. A. Clark, J. Asken, M'Allister, S. B. Parkman, G. B. Lamar, C. Lamar, W. Lamar, T. Lamar, R. Hutchinson, R. Brower, S. Livermore, B. W. Fosdick, H. Eldridge, C. Ward, G. Huntington, J. H. Cooper, H. B. Nichols, jun., L. Bird, A. Lovejoy, W. W. Foster, W. A. Stewart, A. Hamilton, S. Miller, W. C. N. Swift, R. W. Pooler, R. W. Pooler, jun., A. Burns, H. N. Carter, King, Travers, E. P. Pringle, Rutledge, H. S. Ball, Longworth, F. M'Crea, T. C. Rowand, W. Edgings, R. Seabrook, J. Seabrook, S. Keith, G. W. Coy, O. Gregory, N. Smith, B. F. Smith, Davis, R. D. Walker, E. W. Innis, J. Auzee, Bennett, Clifton, Meritt, R. L. Greenwood, Evans, Freeman, T. Whalley, W. Whalley; Captain Hubbard; Master Murray, and Master Parkman.

*The following persons were saved from the forecattle*

*and promenade deck*:—A. Lovejoy; Major Heath; Major Twiggs and son; Mr. Greenwood; Mr. O. Gregory; Mrs. N. Smith; Miss Rebecca Lamar; Charles Lamar; Robert Seabrook; Masters T. and W. Whalley; Mr. R. Hutchinson; Mr. A. Hamilton; Captain Pearson; Mr. Edgings; Mr. C. Ward; Mr. Chicken, chief engineer; E. Joseph; C. W. Clifton; D. Walker and nephew; Thomas Downing; Warren Freeman; Mr. Burns; two firemen; two deck hands; and two negro women.

*In the two yawls*:—Mrs. Nightingale, servant, and child; Mrs. Fraser and child; J. H. Cooper; R. W. Pooler and R. W. Pooler, jun.; W. M. Robertson; E. L. Barney; Mr. Hibberd, the mate; W. C. N. Swift; Mr. Zeuchtenberg; C. B. Tappan; G. West; B. Brown.

*In the other boat*:—G. B. Lamar; Captain Hubbard; Mr. Eldridge, and three others.

The following grateful acknowledgment, for the great kindness and affectionate conduct of the people, in the vicinity of the disaster, was responded to by every survivor of the ill-fated Pulaski:—

*“To Captain Davis, of the Schooner ‘Henry Camerdon,’ of Philadelphia,—to the Citizens, Physicians, and Authorities, of Wilmington,—to the Presidents and Directors of the Raleigh and Wilmington Railroad Company,—to the Hotel-keepers there, and on the route to Portsmouth, Va., and Stage-owners, on the same route,—also, to Captain Sutton, of the Steamboat ‘Alabama.’*

“The undersigned, in behalf of himself and other passengers of the ill-fated ‘Pulaski,’ fortunately rescued from a watery grave, take the *earliest* occasion, after returning home, and recovering from the effects of their suffering and exposure, to present their most grateful thanks, and shall ever regard them as friends of humanity, whose kindness and sympathy assuaged and relieved the undersigned, after the perils and horrors of a dreadful shipwreck, and who provided for them all the comforts which charity and affection could dictate.

“Some of the sufferers, cast houseless on the inhospitable shore, without food or water, and almost without raiment, to cover their sun-burnt and lacerated forms, *soon* found these kind friends, among strangers, ministering to their wants with untiring benevolence. And if, in this world, the *reward* of good deeds is sometimes postponed, most surely will it crown the future destiny of those *true* Christians, who *literally* clothed the naked, fed the hungry, and bound up the wounds of the afflicted. And to this *highest* of all rewards the undersigned leave their benefactors, with the utterance of the warmest thanks which *gratitude* can utter, or benevolence receive.

“To Captain Henry Davis, however, of the schooner ‘Henry Camerton,’ they feel constrained to acknowledge a high and imperishable debt of gratitude. His arm, under Heaven, saved them,—after a prolonged and unutterably terrible scene of suffering,—at a moment when *despair* was fastening upon every heart; and physical strength was sinking under the cravings of hunger and thirst. The stormy ocean, upon which they had floated for nearly five days and nights, in momentary fear of death, still rolling around and over them in its fury,—and followed by the insatiate monsters of the deep, ready to devour them,—at this *awful* hour, did this humane man come to their rescue, at considerable risk to his crew and vessel. To him, then, we offer our deepest and warmest gratitude and praise, and feel assured that his own approving conscience, and a more approving God, will here and hereafter reward him for his noble deed, the simple record of which will ever speak his high and deserved eulogium.

“To all, finally, who aided and befriended the undersigned, in the extremity of their misfortunes, they offer the feelings of hearts, which the tongue cannot express, and, without stopping particularly to name each benefactor, beg that one and all will receive this as the sincere return of thanks from rescued, and now grateful, fellow-beings.

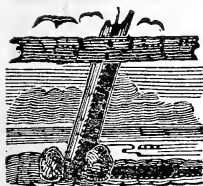
“JAMES P. HEATH,

“*For himself and others.*”

THE BURNING  
OF THE  
SHIP SIR WALTER SCOTT,

Which was struck by Lightning,

MAY, 1835.



HE ship Sir Walter Scott, Captain Clarke, sailed from New Orleans, for Liverpool, on the 21st of May, 1835, with a cargo of 1794 bales of cotton, eighteen seamen, and three passengers; one of them a lady, Mrs. Hamilton. On the morning of the 21st of June, about eight o'clock, in lat.  $31^{\circ} 24'$ , long.  $75^{\circ} 43'$ , when under double-reefed topsails, and bearing upon the wind, opposite, or nearly so, to Charleston, S. C., a heavy peal of thunder broke over the ship. The captain and his three passengers were in their cabins. The lady started up in fright, and the captain jumped on deck in so much haste as to be without his shoes. The electric fluid struck the foremast, entered the forecabin, where the seamen were at breakfast, dashed every thing in pieces, sent the men sprawling in every direction, and completely raked the vessel fore and aft, and between decks, and in the hold. In a few minutes the cry of "Fire!" was raised, and aroused the seamen, who were almost struck senseless by the electric shock, to a new sense of danger. The passengers almost lost their senses, and Mrs. Hamilton was the only one whose courage rose to meet the danger with promptitude and energy. "The long-boat! the long-boat!" was shouted. It was now six or eight minutes since the lightning had struck the ship, and every part of the cargo, fore and aft, was already on fire. The long-boat was full of various articles, and could not be got out at the moment.

The captain seized a cutlass and a pistol. "Men," said he, "you never yet deserted me in danger; rouse your-

selves now ; I'll shoot the first man that does not at once do his duty. Clear out the long-boat ; down with the gig ; stir, stir, stir, or in ten minutes we shall see eternity." The men, headed by the mate, cleared out the long-boat, launched the gig, and then swung down the boat into the boiling ocean below. "Put the lady in the long-boat," shouted the captain. The ship was at this moment rolling tremendously, the flames bursting forth in all directions, her masts tottering to the gale. The lady reached the boat in safety. The disabled seamen were placed near her ; six others put in the gig. The captain and his mate were the last to leave the deck of the burning ship. All were now in the boats. "Cut adrift ! cast off !" shouted the captain. They cut adrift from the burning ship, and pushed out of her wake. "All is lost," said the captain ; "but our lives are yet left us : we have another chance to live out the gale." The moment the long-boat and the gig left the burning vessel, her masts fell by the board, the flames burst forth in greater magnificence than ever, the thunder rolled, the lightning still flashed, the sea was roaring around, and the two small boats floated over the billows before the wind, and entirely at its mercy.

At last, in about fifty minutes from the first stroke, one long sheet of flame covered the wreck, and the Sir Walter Scott sank.

The captain, crew, and passengers, now sailed for the coast. They had few provisions, and their prospect was gloomy enough. The two boats kept each other's company all that day and the succeeding night. It was still blowing hard. At the peep of dawn, next day, the captain espied a sail to the leeward. It was immediately determined to send the gig to the vessel in sight, and endeavor to get aboard, if possible. Accordingly, a sail was rigged out of an old sack, a mast was raised, and this sail was spread before the wind. "Mate," said the captain, "you must go alone to that vessel, and get on board the best way you can." "Ay, ay, sir," said the mate. In a short time the gig reached her destination. The vessel proved to be the *Saladin*. She backed her yards. In another brief space the long-boat neared her, and all were taken on board in safety.

# THE FAMINE

## ON BOARD OF THE

### SHIP FRANCES MARY,

Which foundered in the Atlantic Ocean,

FEBRUARY, 1826.



IN the nautical language of the unfortunate survivors, we give the account of the sufferings and horrid proceedings which took place on board of the ship *Frances Mary*, Captain Kendal, bound from New Brunswick to Liverpool, laden with timber.

“Sailed from St. Johns, Jan. 18.— Feb. 1, strong gales from the W. N. W. carried away the maintopmast and mizzenmast-head; hove too; got boat's sails in the main rigging, to keep the ship to the wind. At 11, P. M., shipped a heavy sea, which washed away the caboose and jolly-boat, and disabled five men. Feb. 2, cleared away the wreck, and made sail before the wind; strong breezes. Feb. 5, 11, A M., strong gales, with a heavy sea; clewed the sails up and hove too, head to the southward; shipped a sea, which carried away the long-boat, companion, tiller, unshipped the rudder, the best bower chain cable, and washed a man overboard, who was afterwards saved. Soon after, another sea struck us, which stove our stern in. Cut away our foremast, and both bower anchors, to keep the ship to the wind; employed in getting what provisions we could; by knocking the bow-port out, saved fifty pounds of bread, and five pounds of cheese, which we stowed in the main-top; got the captain's wife and female passenger up. Whilst we were clearing away below, lightening the ship, most of the people slept in the top. At daylight, found Patrick Cooney hanging by his

legs to the cat-harpings, dead from fatigue ; committed his body to the deep. Feb. 6, at 8, A. M., saw a strange sail standing towards us ; made a signal of distress ; stranger spoke us, and remained in company twenty-four hours, but received no assistance, the American making an excuse that the sea was running too high ; made a tent of spare canvass on the forecastle, put the people on a short allowance of a quarter of a biscuit a day. Feb. 8, saw a brig to leeward ; strong gales. Feb. 9, at 10, A. M., observed the same vessel to windward ; made the signal of distress ; stranger bore up and showed American colors. Feb. 10, he spoke to us, asking how long we had been in that situation, and what we intended to do ; if we intended leaving the ship ; answered, ' Yes ; ' he then asked if we had any rigging ; answered, ' Yes.' Night coming on, and blowing hard, saw no more of the stranger.

"Suffered much from hunger and thirst. On Feb. 11, saw a large ship to the northward ; did not speak her ; wore head to the northward. At this time all our provisions were out ; suffered much from hunger, having received no nourishment for nine days ! Feb. 21, departed this life James Clark, seaman ; read prayers, and committed his body to the deep. We were at this time on half a gill of water a day, and suffering terribly from hunger ; during the whole period we were on the wreck, we were wet from top to toe. Feb. 22, John Wilson, seaman, died at 10, A. M. ; preserved the body of the deceased, cut him up in quarters, washed them overboard, and hung them up on pins. Feb. 23, J. Moore died, and was thrown overboard, having eaten part of him, such as the liver and heart. From this date to Saturday the 5th of March, the following persons perished from hunger — Henry Davis, a Welsh boy ; Alexander Kelly, seaman ; John Jones, apprentice boy, nephew of the owner ; James Frier, cook ; Daniel Jones, seaman ; John Hutchinson, seaman, and John Jones, a boy ; threw the last named overboard, his blood being bitter ; also, James Frier, who was working his passage home, under a promise of marriage to Ann Saunders, the female passenger, who attended on the captain's wife, and who, when she heard of Frier's death, shrieked a loud yell, then snatching a cup from Clark, the mate, cut her late intended husband's throat, and drank his



blood, insisting that she had the greatest right to it; a scuffle ensued, and the heroine got the better of her adversary, and then allowed him to drink one cup to her two.

"On Feb. 26, an English brig hove in sight; hoisted the ensign downward; stranger hauled his wind toward us, and hauled his foresail up; when abreast of us, kept his course about one mile distant, and set his foresail; we soon lost sight of him; fresh breeze, with a little rain, the sea quite smooth; but he went off, having shown English colors; had he, at this time, taken us off the wreck, much of the subsequent dreadful suffering would have been spared us.

"On March 7, his majesty's ship *Blonde* came in sight, and to our relief, in lat.  $44^{\circ} 43' N.$ , long.  $21^{\circ} 57' W.$ —Words are quite inadequate to express our feelings, as well as those which Lord Byron, her commander, and our deliverer, most evidently possessed, when he found he had come to rescue six of their fellow-creatures, two of them females, from a most awful and lingering death. It came on to blow, during the night, a fresh gale, which would, no doubt, have swept us all overboard. Lieutenant Gambier came in the ship's cutter to bring us from the wreck. He observed to us, 'You have yet, I perceive, fresh meat;' to which we were compelled to reply, 'No, sir; it is part of a man, one of our unfortunate crew; it was our intention to put ourselves on an allowance, even of this food, this evening, had not you come to our relief.' The master's wife, who underwent all the most horrid sufferings which can be imagined, bore them much better than could have been possibly expected. She is, though greatly emaciated, a respectable, good-looking woman, about twenty-five years of age, and the mother of a boy seven years of age.

"What must have been the extremity of want to which she was driven, when she ate the brains of one of the apprentices, saying it was the most delicious thing she ever tasted! It is melancholy to add, that the person, whose brains she thus was forced by hunger to eat, had been three times wrecked before; and, in one instance, he was providentially picked up by a vessel, after being two-and-twenty days on the wreck, water-logged. In the present instance he perished, having survived similar sufferings for a space of

twenty-nine days, and then became food for his remaining shipmates! Miss Ann Saunders, the other female, had more strength and fortitude, in her calamity, than most of the men. She performed the duty of cutting up and cleaning the dead bodies, keeping two knives in her monkey-jacket. When the death of any of the company was announced, she would sharpen her knives, bleed the deceased in the neck, drink his blood, and cut him up. From want of water, those who perished drank their own urine and salt water; they became foolish, crawling upon their hands round the deck, and died, generally, raving mad."



THE HEROISM  
OF  
A STEAMBOAT ENGINEER,  
DURING A GALE ON LAKE ERIE,  
NOVEMBER, 1838.

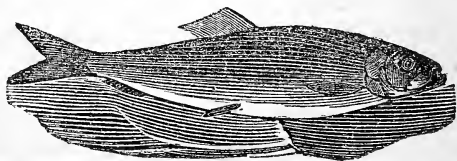
AMONG the perilous scenes of the heavy gale on Lake Erie, in November, 1838, which caused such wide-spread disaster to the lake shipping, one has come to our knowledge, equalling, in interest, the most highly-wrought tale of fiction. In that fearful night, the steamboat Constitution, of Buffalo, Captain Appleby, was out amidst the terrors of the gale. By the glimpses caught at intervals, when the fitful storm for a moment broke away, the anxious and watchful commander was made aware of the critical situation of his boat, which was rapidly drifting in—under the hurricane power of the gale, which blew almost directly across the lake—toward a dangerous reef, from which escape would have been impossible. He went directly to the engineer, and ordered on “more steam.” The reply of the engineer was, that there was already as much on as the boilers would safely bear.

Again did the captain seek the deck, to see if his laboring boat was making headway, and again returned to the engine-room. He explained to the engineer their hazardous situation, and told him that all hope was lost if no more headway could be gained, but left the engineer to act his discretion in the crisis. A moment of reflection, and his decision was made. Life or death hung on the issue. Certain destruction awaited the boat and her devoted crew, in a few brief minutes, if she did not gain upon the storm. This might be averted if the boilers—already crowded to a fearful pressure—could yet bear a heavier strain; and that he determined to *try*. True, the awful horrors of an

*explosion* were vividly before his eyes; the mangled limbs, the scorched and lifeless bodies, the death shrieks, and the groans of the hapless victims, were before him and in his ear: the alternative was a fearful one, yet it must be resorted to.

He coolly directed the heads of two barrels of oil to be broken in, and the furnaces were rapidly fed with wood dipped in the highly-inflammable liquid, while two men, with ladles, dashed the oil into the flames. The intense heat, which these combustibles created, generated steam with the rapidity of lightning, and soon the resistless vapor forced up the safety-valve, and issued forth with tremendous violence; its sharp hiss was heard above the wild uproar of the waters and the storm. With a desperate and determined courage, which equalled the most daring heroism that the page of history has ever recorded, the engineer *sat down upon the lever of the safety-valve*, to confine and raise the steam to the necessary power required to propel the boat against the drifting waves! In this awful situation, he calmly remained until the prodigious efforts of the engine had forced the *Constitution* sufficiently off shore to be beyond the threatened danger.

This intrepid act was not a rash and vainglorious attempt to gain the applause of a multitude by a foolhardy exposure of life in some racing excursion; it was not the deed of a drunken and reckless man, wickedly heedless of the safety of those whose lives were perilled; but it was the self-possessed and determined courage of one whose firmness is worthy of all admiration.



THE  
HISTORY OF BAMBOROUGH CASTLE,  
ON THE  
NORTH-EASTERN COAST OF ENGLAND;  
WITH THE  
HEROISM OF GRACE DARLING,  
OF THE  
LONGSTONE LIGHTHOUSE,  
IN  
Rescuing the Shipwrecked Company of the Forfar-  
shire Steam-Packet, September, 1838.



IN an eminence on the sea-coast, about four miles from Belford, in Northumberland, is the very ancient castle of Bamborough, founded by Ida, first king of the Northumbrians, A. D. 548.—Penda, the Mercian, attempted to burn it, in 672, by setting fire to piles of wood laid against its walls; but the wind blowing contrary, the flames caught his own camp, and he was obliged to raise the siege. It was destroyed by the Danes in 993; but about the time of the conquest it was again in good repair. Some time afterwards the castle lost the greatest part of its beauty during a siege.

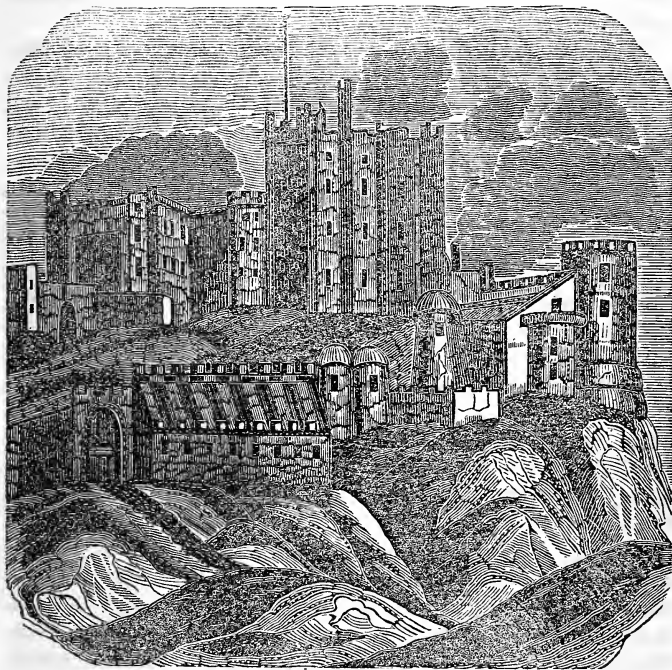
In the reign of Elizabeth it was held by Sir John Forster, as governor; and his grandson obtained a grant of it, and the manor, from James the First. His descendant forfeited it in 1715; but this person's maternal uncle, Lord Crew, bishop of Durham, purchased the estate; and in 1720 be-

queathed the castle and adjoining manor for charitable purposes. Under his will, it is in the hands of five clergymen, as trustees, who reside here in turn at their own expense. Archdeacon Sharpe, about the year 1757, began the repairs of the castle, on which he expended large sums out of his own purse. Since his time much more has been done, and various parts of this venerable fortress reclaimed from ruin.

Bamborough Castle is a most imposing and magnificent-looking pile. It stands upon a basalt rock, of triangular shape, high, rugged, and abrupt, on the land side; flanked by the sea, and strong natural ramparts of sand, matted together with sea-rushes, on the east; and accessible to an enemy only on the south-east, which is guarded by a deep, dry ditch, and a series of towers, in the wall, on each side of the gateway. As this rock is the only one on this part of the coast, the site of the fortress is still more conspicuous. It rises about one hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, and rests upon a stratum of mouldering stone, apparently scorched with violent heat, and having beneath it a close, flinty sandstone. The surface of the rock is beautifully besprinkled with lichens of various rich tints. The walls and towers, by which it is crowned, have been repaired on the land side; but those on the sea side are still ruinous. The outer gateway stands between two fine old towers, with time-worn heads. The inner gateway, twelve paces from the outer, has a portcullis: within this, to the left, on a lofty point of rock, there is a very ancient round tower, of great strength, commanding a pass, subject to every kind of annoyance to the besieged. The keep stands upon the area of the rock, having an open space around. It had no chimney, but the fires were made in the middle of a large room, the floor of which was of stone, supported by arches; and the light was admitted by a window near its top, three feet square. All the other rooms were lighted by loop-holes. Within the keep is a draw well of good water, one hundred and forty-five feet deep, cut through the solid rock. This well was discovered in 1770, when the cellar was cleared of sand and rubbish. The remains of the chapel were also found. The chancel is separated from the nave; and, after the Saxon manner,

semicircular at the east end. The ancient font was also found.

The venerable pile is devoted to purposes of the most extensive and practical benevolence. A large school-room is fitted up for educating the boys of the neighborhood, free of expense; and another for the girls. In this school Grace



A View of Bamborough Castle.\*

Darling received her education; and the scenes which occasionally took place at the castle, during storms, were well calculated to arouse the mind of a child — the signal guns of distress, which, on those occasions, thundered from the lofty battlements, and shook the massive walls of the school-room; the rapid arrival of the neighboring inhab-

\* This is a correct view of the Castle, drawn from nature, by that celebrated artist, the late William Daniel, Esq., R. A.

itants for the life-boat and apparatus for communicating with wrecked vessels; their departure for the place of distress, and return with the shivering and half-naked survivor, or the lifeless form of the drowned mariner. Amid these scenes the youthful mind of Grace imbibed those compassionate and heroic feelings, which afterwards prompted her to peril her own life in rescuing those of the unfortunate survivors of the Forfarshire.

Her predilection for learning was truly exemplary; and — as the Ferne Islands are situated but a short distance seaward from the castle — from the age of about twelve years, it was her usual practice to go to school alone, from the Longstone lighthouse; and she thus acquired great skill in the management of a boat.

But to return to the charities of the castle. A suite of rooms are allotted to two mistresses and twenty poor girls; who, from their ninth year, are lodged, clothed, and educated, until they are fit to go to service. Here, too, is a granary of corn and meal; also, a market for provisions and groceries, which are sold to the poor, at prime cost, on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Other apartments are fitted up for the reception of shipwrecked sailors; and bedding is provided for thirty, should such a number happen to be cast on shore at the same time. The castle serves, also, as a signal-house, to warn vessels, in hazy and stormy weather, from the rocks of the Ferne Islands, situated off the base of the cliff. A life-boat and implements of all kinds, for succoring vessels in distress, are kept here; and means are employed for preventing wrecks from being plundered, and for restoring them to their owners. A constant patrol is kept, every stormy night, along this tempestuous coast for above eight miles, — the length of the manor, — by which means a number of lives have been preserved. Many poor wretches are often found on the shore in a state of insensibility; but by timely relief their lives are preserved.

That all seamen may be informed of the circumstances of this charity, a printed account is published, under direction of the Trinity-house, in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, containing ample directions for signals, both on shore and at sea; a statement of the assistance, stores, and provisions, pre-



pared for shipwrecked mariners; and rewards specified for those most active in giving notice of vessels in distress, or assisting their crews.

### *The Loss of the Forfarshire.*

The Forfarshire was a beautiful steam-packet, nearly new, and had on board a valuable cargo, and upwards of forty passengers; and a crew of twenty-one persons. She sailed between Dundee and Hull, which latter place she left on the evening of Wednesday, September 5th, 1838, and had proceeded as far as Bamborough, when a leak was discovered in the boiler, and it was reported that the pumps were no longer able to supply the boiler with water. On Thursday morning both deck-pumps were employed without effect; and two of the furnaces were extinguished, for fear of injuring the boiler. The boiler was partially repaired, when the furnaces were rekindled; the vessel being still under way, and having both deck and engine-pumps at work. At eight o'clock, the wind began to blow strong from the north-north-east, and the leak in the boiler had increased to such a degree that the deck-pumps were unable to keep the vessel clear of the boiling water, which leaked from the boiler as fast as it could be pumped in, and the firemen could not keep the fire burning.

About one o'clock, A. M., on Friday, the engineer reported that the engine would not work. The sails were then set, fore and aft, with a view to keep her off the land. The rain was falling heavily at the time, and the gale continuing with great violence. Captain Humble was unremitting in his endeavors to preserve the vessel and the lives of the passengers; unfortunately, the fog was so dense at the time, that they were unable to perceive the lights until they were very near them.

Meanwhile, the vessel was drifting to leeward, and an attempt was made to push her between the Ferne Islands, but she refused to answer her helm; and at three o'clock, A. M., she struck upon what is called the "Longstone, or Outer Ferne Island," and little chance of escape was left for the unfortunate individuals — forty in number — who were on board. The second sea that struck the vessel, after she

went on the rock, swept all away abaft the foremast, — hurrying into another world the captain, and nearly all of his ill-fated companions. The captain and his wife perished in each other's arms.

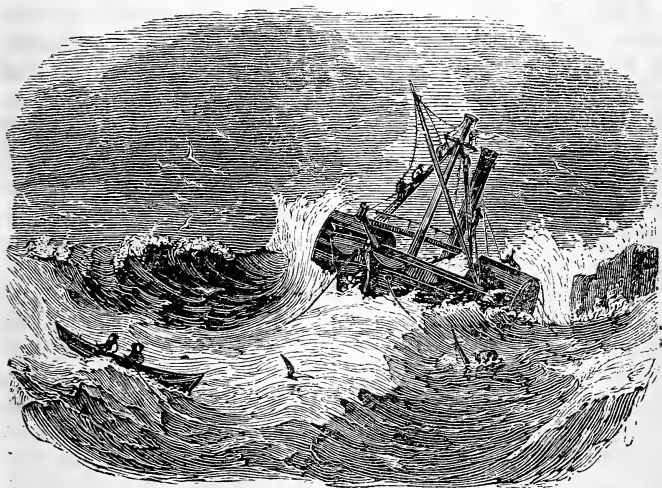
In the mean time, the flag at Bamborough Castle was hoisted half mast, as a signal of distress; and alarm guns fired along the coast to arouse the fishermen, in order to man the life-boat. But the life-boat could not possibly get near the rocks to render any effective assistance to the sufferers; but every thing was done that human ingenuity or enterprise could suggest. One of the survivors, Mr. Donovan, had his leg greatly maimed; and he lay for three hours holding by a spike nail. The vessel was a total wreck in less than a quarter of an hour after she struck. Several others suffered severely from the cold and heavy seas, having all their clothes torn in pieces. They were despairing of deliverance, and were looking about to provide for their security during the following night. But the most agonizing spectacle was that of Mrs. Dawson and her two children, a boy and a girl, five and seven years of age, firmly grasped in each hand; there she held them, in the agonies of despair, long after the buffetings of the waves, which drove them to and fro, had deprived them of existence.

Mr. Ritchie, one of the cabin passengers, retired to his berth. About three o'clock, on Friday morning, he felt the vessel strike; he leaped from his bed, rushed on deck, but, ere he had accomplished so much, she struck the second time, and almost immediately went in two pieces. On reaching the deck, he perceived that part of the crew — eight in number — had taken to the boat; and as they had not left the side of the vessel, he was fortunate in lowering himself into it. The agitation of the sea immediately separated the boat from the vessel; and he had the agony of beholding his uncle and aunt reach the deck; and, on recognizing him in the boat, they attempted to leap into it, but failed, and perished before his eyes. The boat being entirely at the mercy of the sea, it was carried rapidly beyond the wreck; but before the crew lost sight of the wreck, they saw the other boat of the vessel swamp. "The boat itself escaped by something little short of a miracle. There was but one outlet by which it could avoid being dashed in

pieces on the breakers by which it was surrounded. This outlet it fortunately took without its crew being aware of it; and after being exposed to the storm all night, it was picked up by a sloop and carried into Shields.

“In less than five minutes after the vessel struck, a second shock separated her into two parts; the stern, quarter-deck, and cabin, being instantly borne away, — through a passage called the Piper Gut, — by a tremendous current, which runs with considerable violence even in temperate weather, with a rapidity of about six miles an hour, but which, when the weather is tempestuous, flows with a force truly terrific.

“The fore-part of the vessel, in the mean time, remained



Grace Darling and her Father proceeding to the Forfarshire.

fast on the rock, and to it still clung the few passengers who remained, every instant expecting to share the fate of their unfortunate companions, whom they had seen swept away by the raging element. In this dreadful situation, their cries attracted the notice of Grace Darling, the daughter of the keeper of the Outer Ferne lighthouse. With a noble heroism, she immediately determined to attempt their rescue, in

spite of the raging of the storm, and the all but certain destruction which threatened to attend it.

“Having hastily awakened her father, he launched his boat at daybreak, and with a generous sympathy, worthy of the father of Grace Darling, prepared to proceed to their rescue. The gale, in the mean time, continued unabated, and the boiling of the waves threatened a speedy destruction to their frail boat. It was, therefore, with a heart full of the most fearful forebodings, that he undertook the perilous enterprise. After watching the wreck for some time, they discovered that living beings were still clinging to it; and the gallant young woman, with matchless intrepidity, seized an oar and entered the boat.”

Those unacquainted with the tempestuous state of the Ferne Islands, during a storm, will be unable to appreciate the praiseworthy deed of daring performed by Mr. Darling and his daughter, Miss Grace Horsely Darling. By a dangerous and desperate effort, her father was landed on the rock in the frail coble. To preserve it from being dashed in pieces, it was rapidly rowed back among the awful abyss of waters, and kept afloat by the skilfulness and dexterity of this noble-minded young woman. They succeeded in saving the lives of the nine persons; and, by the assistance of some of the crew, they were enabled to bring the coble and its burden to the Longstone lighthouse; otherwise return and aid would have been impracticable, from the state of the current. This perilous achievement stands unexampled in the feats of female fortitude. From her isolated abode, where there was no solicitation or prospect of reward to stimulate, impelled alone by the pure promptings of humanity, she made her way through desolation, and impending destruction, appalling to the stoutest hearts, to save the lives of her fellow-beings. One of the old seamen was moved to tears, when he saw a young female, of slender appearance, perilling her life for their preservation. Mr. Darling has lived long upon the island. By his watchfulness and care, he has, in numberless instances, prevented the destruction of life and property, and has himself saved many lives, when precautionary measures were no longer available. Of all the vessel's company, only eighteen sur-

vived; nine were saved in the boat, and nine rescued by Grace Darling and her father.

The fame of Grace Darling soon extended to the surrounding country; and, in a few days after the catastrophe, an intelligent gentleman of Berwick visited the locality of the wreck, from whom we have the following particulars:—

“We have this week paid a visit to the wreck, which is lying in much the same state that it was, only somewhat more gutted by the occasional dashing of the billows amongst its timber and planks. Upon this occasion, owing to the low tide, the extent of the rock was much more conspicuous than before. The starboard side of the ill-fated vessel lies chock up against a sort of shelf of the rock, the deck slightly inclining. When she went in two here, the sea, of course, instantly rushed into her engine-room, which was then exposed, at the end where the breach had taken place, to all the fury of the raging billows. The fore-cabin, situated beyond the engine-room, was soon laid open, also, and gutted of all its furniture and fittings. Here it was that the poor woman, Mrs. Dawson, and her two children, were surrounded by the merciless element. They were lying on the floor, it is believed, the anxious mother clasping a child in each arm, when the billows broke through the frail partition that now alone sheltered them from their fury; fiercely struck them ever and anon with its briny surge, and at length destroyed first one and then the other of the children in the arms of their agonized parent, whom it had nearly consigned to a similar fate. One of the bodies of the children, it will be remembered, was washed out of its mother’s arms, and found among the floating wreck; the other she still retained in her grasp until taken up to a place of comparative safety upon a rock.

“The most striking object in the wreck is the mass of machinery. Cylinders, pistons, tubes, pumps,—the whole engine, in short, ‘with all appliances and means to boot,’—there lies,

‘One glorious chaos and wild heap.’

“The machinery bears every mark of having been of first-rate manufacture, and the fallen pillars and arches seem to

remind one of the prostrate ruins of some Grecian temple. Another object of attraction was the figure-head, — a full length, sylph-like female figure, gilded, — which, with waving hand and a smiling mien, yet stood gayly erect amid the scene of ruin and desolation. It was twilight when we took a last look of the airy and shining form, perched aloft, waving her outstretched hand over the wreck below, and the effect was extremely imposing.”

*Visit to the Longstone Lighthouse.*

“It was a beautiful sunset when we were at the wreck. The last gleams of golden tint had faded away, and night was gradually closing in upon us, when we quitted the rock. We could not find in our hearts to quit the spot, late though it was, without visiting, were it only for a few minutes, the Longstone lighthouse, to pay our respects to the Darlings, whose humane and gallant conduct in putting off to the rescue of the survivors on the wreck, at the imminent peril of their lives, has already been described. Old Darling was waiting off in his boat, to take the carpenter to his island. We all went together, and as we approached the lighthouse, the heroine, Grace Darling herself, was descried high aloft, lighting the lamps, whose revolving illumination has warned so many an anxious mariner of the rocks and shoals around. At the side where we alighted, a bold cliff is to be ascended ere you reach the lighthouse. Having gained its summit, we were soon at the door of the hospitable tower, and received a hearty welcome from old Mrs. Darling and her dauntless daughter. But Grace is nothing masculine in her appearance, although she has so stout a heart. In person she is about the middle size, of a comely countenance, rather fair for an islander, and with an expression of benevolence and softness most truly feminine, in every point of view. When we spoke of her noble and heroic conduct, she slightly blushed, and appeared anxious to avoid the notice to which it exposed her: she smiled at our praise, but said nothing in reply, though her look, the while, indicated forcibly that the consciousness of having done so good and generous an action, had not failed to excite a thrill of pleasure in her bosom, which was itself no mean reward.

‘Her conscious heart of charity was warm.’

“When the nine wretched survivors were taken off the wreck by old Darling and his heroic daughter, they were conveyed at once to the lighthouse, which was, in fact, their only refuge at this time; and, owing to the violent seas that continued to prevail among the islands, they were obliged to remain there from Friday morning till Sunday. The boat’s crew that came off to their assistance, from North Sunderland, were also obliged to remain. This made a party of nearly twenty persons, at the lighthouse, in addition to its usual inmates; and such an unprepared-for accession could not fail to occasion considerable inconvenience. But the Darlings have too much of the milk of human kindness about them to be easily put out of their way under any such circumstances. Grace, characteristically enough, gave up her bed to poor Mrs. Dawson, whose sufferings at this time, both mental and bodily, were intense, and contented herself with lying down on a table.”

### GRACE DARLING.

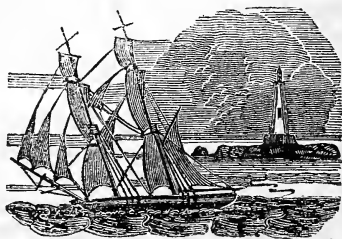
The only impulse which could have actuated Grace Darling to the heroic conduct she displayed, was that feeling of pity, which is natural to a mind whose generosity and philanthropy are universal in their application to suffering, in whomsoever felt, or in whatever shape it presented itself. Neither can it be said that her conduct was instigated by selfish ambition, or the thirst of applause; for on that lonely island no eye beheld the deed save that of Him who sees amidst the darkness of the tempest as amidst the light of the noon-day sun. Her only incitement could have been those feelings which the poet describes as universally characteristic of her sex:—

“Hers is warm pity’s sacred glow;  
From all her stores she bears a part,  
And bids the stream of hope reflow,  
That languished in the fainting heart.”

The situation of Grace Darling is a peculiar one for a young female; and one which we suspect very few of her

sex would envy. Living on a lonely spot in the middle of the ocean, amidst the wildest war of the elements, with the horrors of the tempest familiarized to her mind, and her constant lullaby the sound of the everlasting deep, and the shriek of the wild sea-gull; her only prospect that of the wide-spreading ocean, with the distant sail on the horizon,—she is thus removed far from the active scenes of life, and debarred, save at distant intervals, from any communication with her own sex, and from all those innocent enjoyments of society and companionship which, as a female, must be so dear to her. And these are circumstances which go a long way to enhance the admiration due to her generosity and heroism; for it is well known that the natural effect of solitude and seclusion is, to deaden all the kindlier feelings of human nature; and of solitude amongst the most awful scenes of tempest and gloom, to imbue the breast with a portion of their own savage character. And yet, amidst all these adverse circumstances, do we find her evincing a depth of feeling, and a nobleness of soul, which we might look for in vain amongst many of those of either sex who are pampered in the lap of luxury, and surrounded with every blessing which wealth, ease, and unrestrained freedom, can bestow.

To conclude, the fame of this heroic achievement has spread far and wide; and presents of great value have been showered upon her. Eminent poets, dramatists, and painters, have vied with each other in extending her renown. And the name of Grace Darling is destined to live in story, long after the ponderous blocks of granite, which compose the Longstone lighthouse, have crumbled from their foundation, and been ground into sand by the attrition of the surrounding ocean.





A DIARY  
OF THE  
WRECK OF H. B. M. SHIP CHALLENGER,  
ON THE  
WESTERN COAST OF SOUTH AMERICA:

With an Account of the Encampment of the Officers and Crew, during a Period of two Months, on the South Coast of Chili; and their subsequent Adventures on the Plains of Molguilla; May, 1835.



It will be in the recollection of our naval readers, and, perhaps, not devoid of interest to others, to state that the Challenger sailed from Portsmouth, England, on the 20th of October, 1833, with the consul-general of Chili, and the consul of Coquimbo, as passengers; and after touching at Madeira, Rio de Janeiro, and East Falkland, arrived at Valparaiso on the 16th of February, 1834.

Having visited the intermediate ports of Chili, Bolivia, and Peru, she sailed from Punah for the Sandwich and Society Islands; and after remaining seventeen days at Oahu, one of the former, and eighteen days at O'Tahiti, of the latter group, she returned to Valparaiso on the 25th of October; having, in twelve months, traversed a distance of 44,240 nautical miles.

After again proceeding to the intermediate ports, she sailed from Coquimbo on the 5th of February, 1835, with a freight of money; with which she arrived at Rio de Janeiro, in thirty-three days.

On the 1st of April she again sailed from Rio de Janeiro to resume her station on the west coast of South America ; but from whence she was not destined to return. "After baffling and contrary winds, we were off Cape Horn on the 29th, in lat.  $58^{\circ} 47'$  S., when — blowing heavily, and a sea having done some damage abaft — she was hove to for some hours under snug sail. With little intermission, it continued to blow a gale till the 9th of May, and the necessity of carrying sail, during the period, proved, to the admiration of all on board, the properties of the Challenger in bad weather.

"On the 17th, the weather becoming fine, we got up the top-gallantmasts, crossed top-gallant-yards, and made sail; course N.  $39^{\circ}$  E., lat. obs.  $41^{\circ} 41'$  S., long., by chronometer,  $80^{\circ} 43' 30''$  W.

"On the 18th the course was N.  $51^{\circ}$  E., with fresh breezes; at times squally and hazy; no observation. The following day, the 19th, no observation; but good sights were had for the chronometers, which tended to confirm the ship's position on the charts; distant from Talcahuana, the port we were bound to, about fifty leagues; course steered, N.  $39^{\circ}$  E. At 4 h. 50 m., P. M., up courses and hove to; bent cables, and tried soundings in 200 fathoms; no bottom. At 5 h. 20 m. filled and set courses. At 8 h. 10 m. fresh breezes and hazy, but stars at times visible; braced sharp up; the ship's head N.  $\frac{1}{2}$  E.; 8 h. 30 m. set jib; 9 h. 45 m. observed breakers on the lee bow. The helm was instantly put down. The captain flew upon deck, calling, 'All hands, about ship!' in his way, in time to order the after-yards to be hauled; but before the head-yards were trimmed, a surf struck the ship's larboard bow; she lifted to the heavy swell, got stern-way, and in four or five seconds struck with a dreadful crash; her keel taking the rocks just before the mizzenmast. A second shock immediately followed, which threw her on her starboard beam ends; the surf, at the same time, making complete breaches over her, in a body sufficient to wash the men overboard; and it appears next to miraculous, that, with the difficulty of now holding on, and one watch only just out of their hammocks, no lives were lost, or greater injuries sustained, than the severe bruises received by two men, who were thrown

over the wheel. She was now rocking and rolling on both beam ends, and the lifts being gone, the main-yard was swinging alternately on each side, and hanging parallel with the shrouds; the mainmast, at the same time, when upright, repeatedly lifting a considerable height, and settling down again. A few short minutes had produced this awful change, and the critical moment at once required firmness, reflection, and fortitude. The silent, insidious rollers, in the still fog, gave no warning; and the first that was discovered launched us into the breakers, which were only now first seen. In a few seconds they were roaring around us, and the angry surf, hissing past the ship's sides, by its vivid coruscations, illumined the gloom, and made more visible our frightful situation.

“By the cool and judicious decision of cutting away the mizzen, and keeping the anchors fast, the ship rolled over the rocks, and righted in the sand; whereas, had she been checked by an anchor, all must have perished near the spot where she struck.

“The water now appearing dark within the breakers, another danger, in wave-like succession, seemed to follow; rendering it indispensable to let go the anchors, to save the ship from foundering in deep water. These fears were by degrees quieted, by watching the hand leads; and finding the ship more and more imbedded in the sand, though quick and shifting, and the anchors were still kept fast; the prudence and good fortune of which step daylight fully proved. The steady conduct of the crew, in this extremity of danger, merits the greatest praise; although every heart must have quailed, there was no confusion, nor the least excess committed. If, on the contrary, under the influence of fright, any rash attempts had been made to quit the ship, many lives would have been sacrificed, since none could see or tell the fate of those who went before; and such attempts must have proved fatal.

“Shortly after striking, the rudder was carried away, the gun-room beams and cabin-deck forced up, and the water, coming in astern, flooded the gun-room and officers' cabins; and the ship appeared to be evidently bilged, the timbers on the starboard side being heard to break with a fearful crash.

"The main deck ports had been calked in for the voyage; and, fortunately, remained so. The main and lower deck hatchways were battened down; still it was necessary to scuttle the lower deck, from the quantity of water taken in over all. Owing to her drawing through the sand, the hand-pumps, by constantly going, kept her sufficiently free to admit of a considerable quantity of dry bread being got up and put into water casks. Yet, at this time, so slender was the hope of saving scarcely any thing, or even our lives, that the ship's accounts, and a private packet or two, were put in a light cask, to be thrown overboard, on the chance of its reaching the shore.

"Towards midnight some officers and men thought they perceived land; and many eagerly crowded the poop to catch a gleam of their deliverance. Blue lights were now burnt, and several rockets thrown in the direction, to assist in discerning it; but no certainty was arrived at till after the moon had risen, when, at about 2 h. 30 m., A. M., the sure sight of land produced emotions which only they who felt can tell. It was a moment to teach an impressive lesson to the thoughtless, the gay, and the presumptuous. The horrors of the preceding four hours had been surcharged with the torturing apprehension of lingering death; and dark and desponding must be that mind which, at such a crisis, could not derive some solace in the hope of succor from Him who governs the storm, and alone has the power to save.

"At daybreak the shore presented a long, flat, sandy beach, with a tremendous surf, extending to the south, a distance interminable to the eye, and in the W. N. W. bounded by a head-land and projection of rocks, between two and three miles distant.

"To land the crew was the first object; and measures were taken accordingly. The night had been partly occupied in preparing the jolly-boat and gigs as life-boats. The first of these, with a mate and brave picked crew, succeeded in landing through the dangerous surf, taking with them the end of the deep sea lead-line; but in attempting to haul on shore a hawser attached to it, their strength was found unequal to counteract the surf; a current sweeping along shore from three to four knots an hour. The first gig was there-

fore launched over the stern, to afford assistance ; but the heart-rending sight of her fate again damped the hopes of all. She broached to, was capsized and whirled over by the surf ; when Mr. Gordon, midshipman, and John Edwards, seaman, were either carried to sea by the back set, or buried in the sand ; the bodies never afterwards having been found. The others were taken out of the water, nearly exhausted, more than three quarters of a mile to the southward.

“At 6 h. 40 m. this morning, 20th, to our astonishment, a ship was discovered, through the haze, three or four miles outside the breakers, standing directly for the land. A main deck port was now opened ; two guns fired, and an ensign hoisted, union downwards, as a signal to her. She tacked and stood off, showing Swedish colors. She could render us no assistance, and little doubt can exist that we were the hapless beacon of her danger ; another hour’s dark night might have placed her alongside of us. At 8, A. M., cut away the fore-topmast. Two rafts having been prepared with masts, spars, yards, mess tables, casks, &c., at eleven o’clock the first was hoisted over the side, with a lieutenant and seven men, and carrying a kedge, hawser, and hauling line, reached the shore with difficulty, far to the south, and was thrown so high upon the beach that she could not again this day be launched. This raft reached the beach with less difficulty ; but, in the attempt to make a second trip, the surf upset it under the stern, and one seaman, who jumped upon it, was a long time in great peril, whilst it drifted back to the shore. At 3, P. M., the cutter, with spars lashed to her, left the ship and landed safely, although nearly filled with water. The officers and men now landed only amounted to about fifty. All hands, from excessive fatigue, and drenched with water, required relaxation ; but to those on shore, on a desert sand, wet to the skin, and without refreshment, through a bitter, frosty night, much comfort could not come ; and their minds being under great anxiety as to the fate of their shipmates still on board, a regular watch was kept upon the beach.

“The captain had written a letter to his majesty’s consul at Conception ; of which the assistant surgeon and clerk of the Challenger had offered to be the bearers. To find a

fit person to conduct these gentlemen, in an unknown country, through woods, across rivers, along roads, in places almost impassable, was an object of great interest; but which the suspicious countenances of the Indians, and the impossibility of being understood by them, afforded little promise of accomplishing.

"By a most fortunate accident, Camillio Hermosillo, a Spanish Chileno, holding a distant farm, happened to come near the place of the wreck to purchase cattle; and this honest man gave the clew to all our future correspondence. After some negotiation, and fair promises of reward, and being piqued upon his Castillian blood, he undertook to become a guide, and procure the necessary horses. From this person we obtained the first outline of our real situation.

"We were informed the place of our shipwreck was Molguilla, in the province of Arauco, sixty leagues south of Concepcion, and about thirty-six miles from the Island of Mocha; and, by observations afterwards taken on shore with an artificial horizon, in lat.  $37^{\circ} 38'$  south, long.  $73^{\circ} 34'$  west, it lies at the extreme southern verge of that portion of the Indian territory in which the Indians acknowledge the authority of the Chilian government; and, under its influence, the Caciques had, for twelve months previously, been waging war with the more southern Indians. We also learnt that on the 20th of February last, the city of Concepcion had been totally destroyed by an earthquake; since which, shocks had been continually felt on the coast, which we soon experienced; particularly one on the 30th, during a north-west gale with rain, that caused the candles on the officers' tables to vibrate a foot or more. Our position on the beach was described as untenable, and we were recommended to take the highest elevation the small sand hills on this extensive flat afforded, to secure ourselves from the rising of the sea; which in three days rose far above the spot where we were now standing, and level with the base of the small sand hills, of scarcely eight feet elevation, on which we were encamped.

"Having, at about half past four, with great satisfaction, despatched our party for Concepcion, we began to contemplate our misfortunes, which, though mitigated by escape with life, still left us in a situation far from enviable.

Bounded in our rear by a marsh, which the rainy season, now at hand, would convert into a lake; the ocean in our front, rising occasionally within little more than a hundred yards of our camp, and which, from the effect of an earthquake, slight indeed, compared to that which so recently occurred at Talcahuana, when the sea rose many feet, might have swept us away; and the probability of a visit from the hostile southern Indians, who, the two preceding years, had plundered off every article from the unfortunate crews of four merchantmen wrecked upon the coast, — left us only the uncheering prospect of equivocal hostility from our northern neighbors, a barbarous race, who murder the adults and sell for slaves the infant children of their captured enemies.

“Happily, however, the weather favored us, and by throwing overboard guns and other heavy articles, backing up the stream and kedge anchors with gun-slides in the sand, and hauling in upon our cables, by the influence of the surf, and great exertions at the pumps, the ship was raised sufficiently on the beach to admit of a stage being constructed from the stern, with lower yards, spars, &c., by which we were enabled to land provisions, arms, ammunition, and other stores; and thus, for a time, rely upon our own resources for subsistence and defence. The labor attending these operations, the men constantly wet through, and having at the same time to pitch a camp, the naval reader, at least, will well comprehend.

“On the 21st we had been visited by the neighboring Cacique Cheequante, with a considerable retinue of Indians, and a Spanish interpreter; he offered assistance against the southern Indians, of whom they always evinced great dread. Although the disinterestedness of these offers was prudently estimated, policy enjoined address and conciliation, to cultivate their confidence and good opinion; and the captain, keeping in view these considerations, accepted the services of a few as lookout men; but on the 23d, their spears amounting to twenty-seven, — formidable enough truly, in appearance, being bamboo canes, with iron points, twenty-five feet and upwards in length, — apprehension was felt by the crew lest they might be augmented to hundreds, and we become victims to treachery.

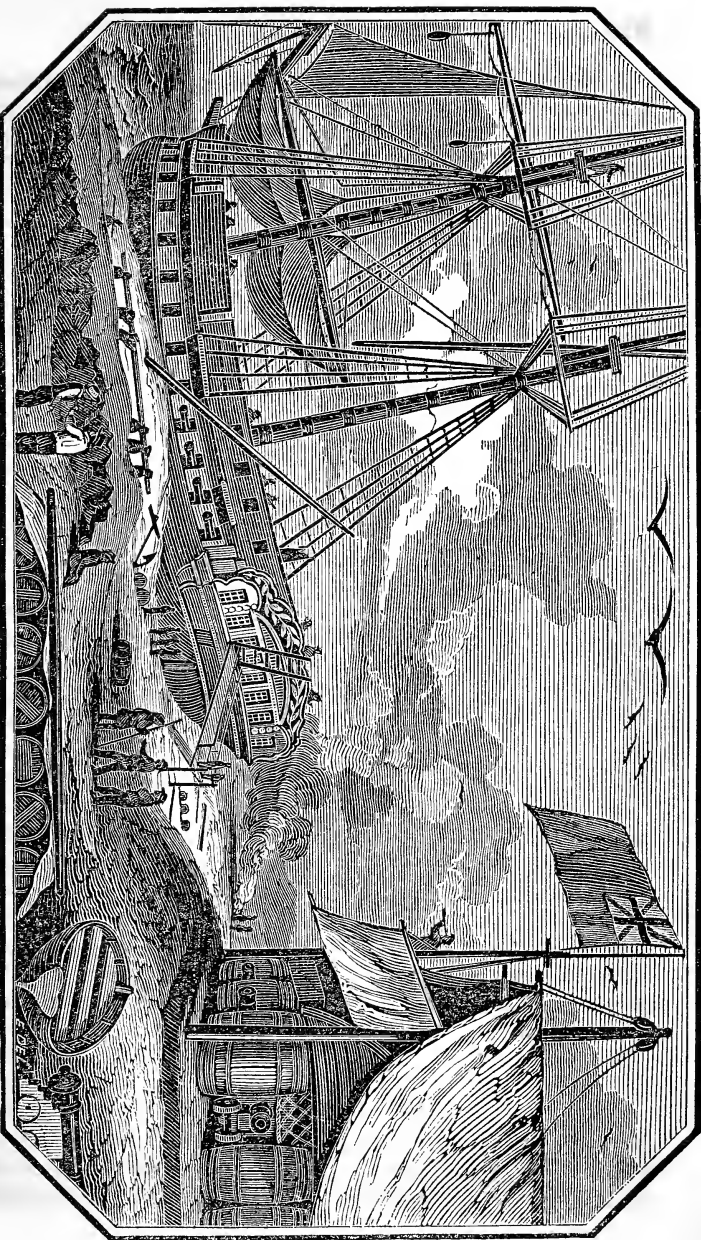
"This immediately reached the captain's ear, and without loss of time, he summoned the men in camp around him; explained to them the better motives of the Indians, yet pointing out the propriety of observing distance with them, and his orders would exclude them from communication with our camp; and his determination was to assume the best possible state of defence, and to maintain our position, in the event of an attack, until information might arrive from the consul to govern our movements; and that, as British seamen, he felt confident they would show, by their obedience and good conduct, their title to that character.

"This short and well-timed address dissipated their misgivings, and forcibly exemplified the general confidence which the mild exercise of authority is calculated to inspire. The men were satisfied, retired cheerfully to their tents, and their hardships and privations in camp, although extended to a period of seven weeks, never afterwards excited a murmur.

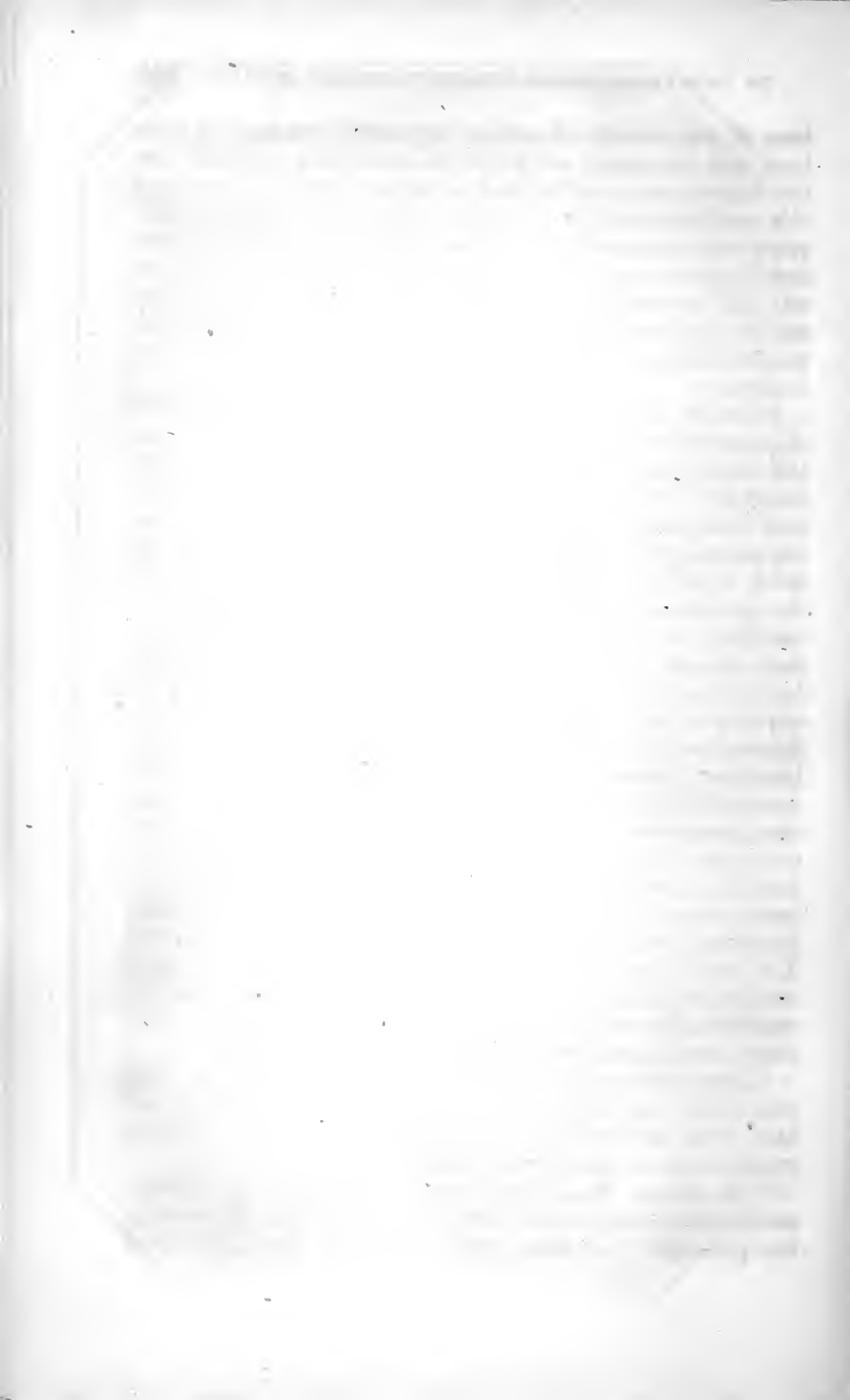
"The next day proved what the stimulated energies of British seamen can accomplish. They forgot their former fatigue, and, 'turning to' with a good will, boats, spars, cordage, casks, the boats, guns, and every description of stores useful for defence, were carried on their shoulders, and laboriously dragged over the heavy sand; and the fortified state of our camp, by digging trenches, constructing barriers and platforms for the boat's guns, and bringing aft the long guns on board, to flank our encampment, reflected credit on every individual sharing in this day's labor. Our works were afterwards improved; and although the bravery of the Indians should not be despised, they would have bought a severe lesson by attacking us. Still, regret must have attended any sacrifice in such bootless warfare; and we have just reason to conclude, that their knowledge of our prepared state constituted our security from molestation.

"On reaching Arauco, our officers were received with great kindness by the government authorities, and Don Bernardino Camio, a captain of militia cavalry, with twelve men, was immediately ordered to Molguilla, the place of wreck, where they arrived on the 24th, with a view, as the Spanish despatch of Don Jose Bustamente to the min-





A View of the Wreck of the Frigate Challenger, with the Fortified Encampment on the Coast of Chili. — Page 218



ister of the interior afterwards expressed, 'to prevent robbery and extortion, and to aid in resisting any attack that the Indians might be induced to make, from the attractions this misfortune might present to them for pillage.' This party was accompanied by the Cacique Pinoleu, his wife and daughter, with an escort of several Indians, all mounted. He presented the captain with a small ox, supposing us to be straitened for provisions. A few presents to the ladies, in return, were accepted with great satisfaction.

"On the 29th, blowing a northerly gale, with rain, the ship worked so much that a separation of the decks from the lower part of her was feared. The foremast was cut away, and the larboard sheet-anchor let go: the mainmast and bowsprit being only now standing. The gale continuing on the 30th, and there being eight feet of water in the hold, it required hard work at the pumps to get most of the provisions on the lower deck. Just before one, this morning, Don Bernardino came to the camp with information, brought by a horseman just arrived, that the Indians had yesterday been fighting near us, and might shortly be expected; recommending strictly to guard against their insidious mode of attack, particularly about daybreak, and, like them, 'to sleep by day and watch by night.' The seamen and marines were immediately under arms. The captain made his disposition of the force in quarter-watches, under arms, and gave orders as to the plan of defence. Rockets, blue lights, and fire balls, were in readiness, to throw amongst the horses; fires kept, and torches burnt; the officers, till daylight, parading the camp with lanterns. The party on board, under the second lieutenant, were equally on the alert; firing a great gun, shotted, to aid the demonstration of our watchfulness. At daylight tea was made for the crew, who then rested an hour or two.

"From this period till the 8th of June, when the ship was finally quitted, on the removal of our encampment, little could be done beyond retaining her as a *point d'appui* to our camp, or, perhaps, retreat if necessary.

"Mr. Rouse, the British consul, arrived at our encampment, with Lieutenant-Colonel Don Geronimo Valenzuela, the governor of Arauco, on the 31st of May; and their

arrival was hailed as the dawn of our deliverance. A consultation was immediately held, on the insurmountable difficulties which the state of the roads, at this season, presented to the march of so large a crew as that of the Challenger's to Concepcion, a distance of sixty leagues ; it was determined to move to the south of the River Leibü, about eighteen miles north, and there await the means of embarkation. To proceed this short distance only, a sufficient number of mules and horses could not be collected without sending to Arauco, one hundred and twenty miles distant.

"We now commenced the month of June with fresh stimulus to exertion. The second lieutenant was despatched to Concepcion to ascertain the probability of early assistance from any man-of-war, or of engaging any other vessel, capable of embarking the crew. A despatch had, in the first instance, been sent, through the consul at Concepcion, to the consul-general at Santiago, and another to the commodore, to await his arrival at Valparaiso ; which place the intelligence of our shipwreck did not reach till the 18th of June, thirty days after the wreck. Some pieces of the ship's bottom this day washed ashore.

"On the 2d of June the first detachment, under the first lieutenant, moved forward, with tents and other requisites, to commence an encampment at the mouth of the Leibü River. On the third, every mule that could be mustered was sent on with stores, camp-baggage, and provisions, and the following day the sick were removed.

"This evening Lieutenant-Colonel Valenzuela received a letter from Arauco, to inform him that six hundred Indians, under Cadin, were within two days' march of us, and two thousand more assembled on the hills to support them. We were therefore again on the *qui vive*.

"On the 5th and 6th of June other detachments followed ; and on the latter day the captain and officers distributed their cabin furniture, and many other acceptable presents, amongst their Spanish Chileno friends.

"The 7th of June all tents were struck at daylight ; but the mules failing, a well-appointed rear-guard was left with the third lieutenant ; and soon after noon on the 8th, all quitted a spot, the scene of which imbittered every recollection.

“The situation of the present encampment was the direct opposite of the last. From a flat, with deep sand, we were now on a steep acclivity, in the niche of a thick wood; and the weather being very wet, and the soil greasy and slippery, it was difficult to preserve a footing. The River Leibü ran into a bay, about two hundred yards below us, whence the men brought large stones to make a foot-path, and trenches were dug to drain the camp. With stones, also, a wharf was formed, and a derrick raised ready for embarking. The large trees around were felled, and the brush-wood cleared away; and a formidable ring fence made to guard against surprise. On a steep eminence, flanking the south, a flag-staff was erected, a jack kept flying, and wood constantly cut for fire, as signals.

“This occupation whiled away the time, and kept the men’s thoughts employed; but rainy, tempestuous weather frequently confined them to their tents, in which neither bedding nor clothes could be kept dry. The sick list was rapidly increasing, and typhoid symptoms evident; provisions wasting; supplies, from bad weather, precarious; and the period of release uncertain. These desponding considerations could not be contemplated without apprehension. Amongst these evils might be enumerated the pest of a large species of mice, with prominent eyes, and lizard-like feet: they swarmed at Molguilla; but at this place the number of these destructive marauders can scarcely be conceived. The hundreds daily killed made no difference; they devoured every thing; and the noise at night, caused by their running over our tents, resembled the falling drops of rain in a heavy shower.

“On the 23d, towards midnight, ‘Challenger!’ was hailed from the opposite side of the river; and, on the return of the boat, all hearts were gladdened by the presence of Captain Fitzroy, of his majesty’s brig *Beagle*. This gallant officer, associating with the spirit of true philanthropy a sense of paramount duty to assist the crew of one of his majesty’s ships in distress, quitted his ship to accompany Commodore Mason, in his majesty’s ship *Blonde*, to *Conception*, whence he travelled on horseback with the utmost speed to our camp; and, having made the necessary arrangements with Captain Seymour, the next morning set off, and with the

same despatch returned to the Blonde. Less than an acknowledgment of this gentleman's kindness would be ingratitude.

"On the 26th, a report being circulated that the wreck was burnt, an officer was sent to Molguilla, and ascertained that two days before it had been burnt to below the copper, the mainmast burnt in two, and part of it washed on shore; the shell of the bottom, and a small part of the head, being all that now remained to be seen of that fine ship. Some tanks, washed on shore, were carried away by the natives.

"From the 23d, expectation was kept at its height, until Sunday morning, the 5th of July, when 'a sail' was reported from the flag-staff. All ears were open, and every eye directed towards the hill; and when 'Blonde' was hailed to the camp, a cheer followed, and every heart expanded with joy.

"Four boats immediately left the Blonde for the camp, in preparation for the morrow. The next morning she anchored on the skirt of the bay, tents were struck, and the embarkation commenced at daylight. In the forenoon the commodore himself visited the camp, and soon after sunset all were embarked; and the officers will long cherish recollections of the very kind attention paid to their wants and comforts by the officers of the Blonde.

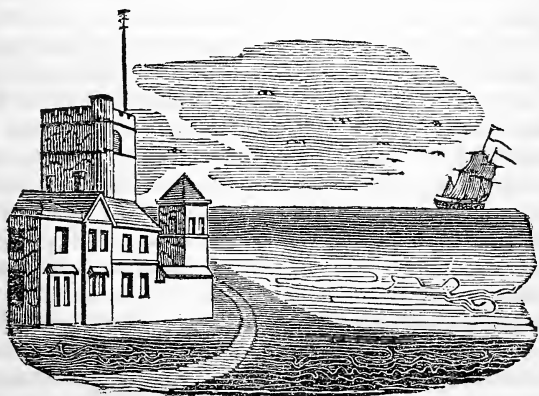
"On the 8th of July, when about to enter the port of Concepcion, we observed a schooner at leeward, under jury-masts; on going to her relief, she proved to be the Carmen, which the commodore had despatched from this port to our relief. She had been seen from our flag-staff, but the River Leibü being incorrectly laid down in the charts, she ran past, and, having been dismasted in a squall, and getting within the current that proved fatal to the Challenger, was for some time in danger of sharing her fate. The Blonde towed her into Talcahuana Bay, where, and at Concepcion, we were witnesses of the wide-spreading desolation of the late earthquake.

"On sailing, next day, Mr. Rouse, our worthy consul, left us, carrying with him the warm esteem of Captain Seymour and his officers, and the respects of all. For the whole time since his entering the campaign with us, we had benefited

by his able services, added to his official tact, his urbanity, and kind disposition.

"After touching at Valparaiso, all the officers, and part of the Challenger's crew, embarked on board H. M. ship Conway, at Coquimbo, whence we sailed, 22d July, cheered by the Blonde, and our own pleasing anticipations of soon meeting the congratulations of our friends, and the sympathies of our generous countrymen. Including our stay of one week in Rio de Janeiro, we completed a passage to Spithead in eighty-four days; during which, the inconveniences of a crowded state were obviated by attention to our accommodation, and the arrangements kindly made by Captain Eden.

"The misfortunes of the Challenger may not be without a moral bearing. Our costly experience may prove useful to future navigators on this dangerous coast. With the civilized portion of the inhabitants of a country of growing commercial importance, the British character has been upheld; and the many relics of our disaster left with the rude natives, during our sojourn amongst them, will tend to perpetuate the event; and in their remote traditions may figure, as a leading tale, the fate of the 'Desfiador,' and the adventures of her crew on the plains of Molguilla."



NAUTICAL SKILL  
EVINCED IN  
EXTRICATING THE FRIGATE PIQUE  
FROM  
HER PERILOUS SITUATION ON THE  
ROCKS OF LABRADOR,  
WHERE SHE LOST HER KEEL;

And the Passage across the Atlantic, during which  
she lost her Rudder, and was steered Fifteen  
Hundred Miles without one; September, 1835.



FRIGATE PIQUE was commissioned to carry home to England the governor-general of the Canadas and suite. Accordingly, Lord and Lady Aylmer embarked in her, and proceeded down the St. Lawrence.

Five days after the Pique left Quebec, she reached the entrance of the Straits of Belle Isle, having taken that passage from the force of the southerly winds. On the evening of the 22d the wind was on her quarter, and she was making rapid progress; but the wind freshening about nine o'clock, the studdingsails were taken in, and the courses hauled up. At half past ten the fore-topsail was on the cap, and the men were lying out to reef the sail, when Captain Rous, who was on the gangway, saw breakers close to the ship and ahead. The helm was instantly put down, and the ship readily answered it; but in doing so, she struck with great violence on the rocks; and, except being lifted by the sea as the waves came in, she was immovable. She was going about seven knots at the time; the weather



was thick and foggy ; and though the ship was not fifty yards from the rocky beach, the land was not discerned till daybreak. It was about half-ebb when she struck ; but as the tides do not rise or fall much, she continued to lift and strike, with the exception of perhaps an hour, until she was hove off on the following morning at nine.

Here the beauty of Captain Symonds's system was eminent, for had she been a common flat-floored ship, she would have bilged ; but, as she is constructed, all the mischief was spent on her false keel and keelson. On her first striking, the boats were got out, and the master sounded round her, and two or three anchors were got out astern ; twenty guns were thrown overboard, as was the most considerable part of her shot, and about one hundred tons of fresh water were started and pumped out. The crew were very active ; but such was the order observed, that they piped to breakfast as usual the next morning ; and they had not been down more than a quarter of an hour, when Captain Rous found the ship move a little ; the cables astern had been hauled taught, the men were turned up, the capstans quickly manned, and she was hove off with apparent ease, and subsequently was got into Auce au Loup, or Wolf's Cove, and by the next morning was put to rights and went to sea.

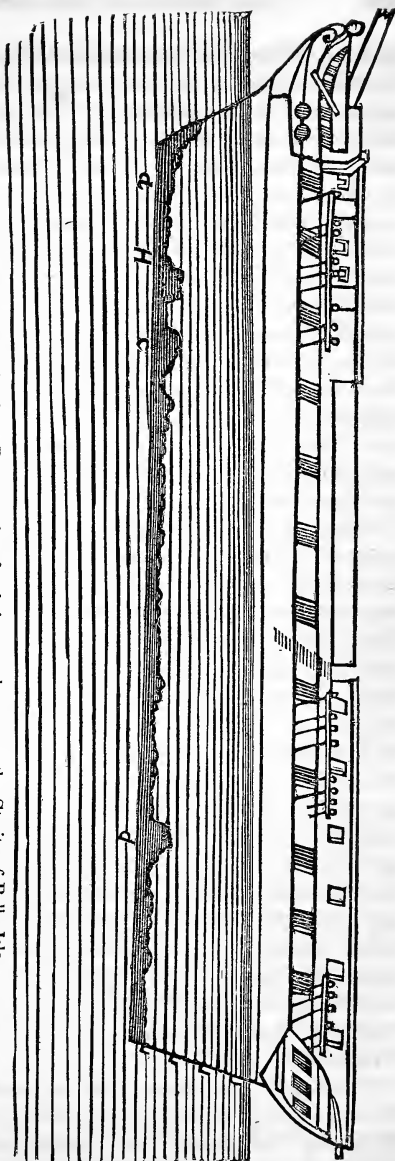
On the following Sunday, the wind blowing fresh, a violent sea struck the rudder, — some of the pintles and gudgeons of which must have been broken while thumping on the rocks, — and tore it from the stern-post. In a short time, however, a temporary one on Captain Symonds's plan was got ready, but it was found to strike so violently against the stern-post and counter, that it was cut away ; and the carpenter soon made another, on Pakenham's plan, which was fixed, and the ship was steered by it for some days, when that was obliged to be cut away, from the ragged state of the bottom and copper, having chafed and cut the guys which were led forwards. The ship was now steered without a rudder for *fifteen hundred miles*, and when she rolled much, made more than three feet of water an hour ; and from the time of her getting off the rocks, until her arrival into port, never less than twenty inches.

On Sunday evening a N. N. W. wind had driven her over to the coast of France ; but as an excellent reckoning

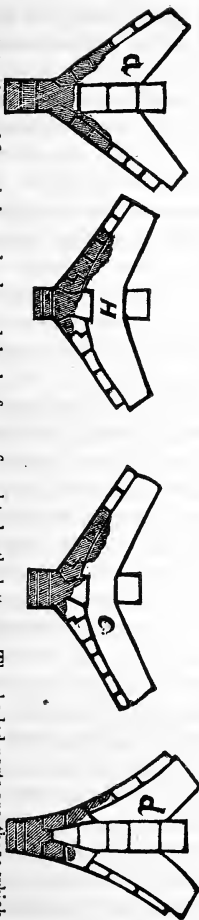
had been kept of her longitude, they made the Casket lights—within a mile of where they were expected to be seen—ten miles distant. At nine o'clock, P. M., she came to an anchor in forty fathoms, with a good range of cable out; and on Monday morning sent a vessel, which offered her assistance, into Guernsey, for any steamer that could be found. Soon after noon, however, the wind being southerly, she weighed, and providentially reached St. Helen's anchorage early on Tuesday morning, steered only by a cable astern, with a gun-carriage attached to the end of it. Her signals for assistance were quickly answered from the dock-yard, and Mr. E. M. Hepburn, with three dock lighters and the admiral's tender, went immediately to her help. An attempt was made to tow her into harbor that morning; but the hawsers breaking, she brought up again before she reached Spithead; and on Wednesday she was towed into harbor by the Brunswick, Plymouth, steamer.

The Pique saw only four French vessels during her distress; two of them passed her unheeded: the third having hove to near her, at a time when the Pique leaked freely, and was without a rudder, it was determined to put Lord and Lady Aylmer on board of her, she being bound to Bordeaux; but on the carpenter going on board to examine her, and finding her in as leaky and helpless a state as the Pique, they separated. The fourth vessel promptly rendered assistance, and towed round the Pique's head so as to put her before the wind; she had then been lying some hours in the trough of the sea, and attempts had in vain been made to get her into the position desired; but no sooner had the brig put her in that position, than the Pique shot ahead, and thereby frustrated any further assistance from the brig, which could not keep way with her. To be ready for the worst, the boats were made as seaworthy as possible; a quantity of pork was cooked and coopered up in small casks, as were also bread, water, and spirits; and to ease the laboring of the ship, four additional guns were thrown overboard in the Atlantic.

No words can describe the admirable conduct of the crew during all this difficulty and danger; they worked hard and diligently; they saw that promptitude only could preserve the ship and their lives, and they had confidence in their



H. M. S. Pique in Dock at Portsmouth, after being on shore near the Straits of Belle Isle.



Enlarged Sections of floor-timbers, dead-wood, keels, &c., referred to by the letters. The shaded parts are those which were ground off by the rocks, 22d September, 1835.

officers. The self-command of Captain Rous, throughout the whole, was preëminent, and had such a moral influence over the subordinates, that his orders were at once understood and obeyed; indeed, the safety of the ship mainly depended upon the exercise of great coolness and decision.

The Pique was taken into dock on the 20th October, and the crowds of people who visited the yard, to inspect her bottom, was astonishing. She has lost her false keel entirely, and, upon an average, eight inches of her keel are gone fore and aft. The most considerable damage, however, is forward; her stem and fore-foot being completely gone, leaving the apron and stemson exposed; and the planking forward, where it is rabbeted into the solid stem, is left wholly unsupported; close to the keel, on the larboard side, just aft the foremast, is a terrific place, of about thirteen feet in circumference, where she must have ground against a rock, the centre of which has rubbed through the planking, and within two inches of the inner side of the floor-timbers. About fifteen feet farther aft is another place, of nearly the same size, but not so deep; also, close to the keel, a third place has the most awful appearance; it is under the bread-room, and in the forepart of the dead wood. The ship must have had her keel upon a rock, and have hung as it were upon a pivot; for it is nearly circular, and of a cone-like shape, about sixteen feet in circumference, and hollowed out to the height of about three feet from the outer surface of the false keel. There was no damage on the starboard side, except a little ruffling of the copper.

The Pique is a favorite ship in the British navy; and in her construction three important improvements were introduced, by which her preservation is mainly to be attributed; for had she been of the ordinary build, she would have bilged, and been a total loss. It is generally admitted by every one who has examined the bottom of this vessel since she has been in dock, that her safety may be attributed to her peculiar construction. First, her keel is constructed on the principle of Mr. Oliver Lang, so that if a vessel gets aground, the false and outer keels may be carried away, by beating against the rocks, without the danger of admitting water into her; and she may even then undergo a further

grinding on the rocks, till the keel, with the mass of timber about it, is fairly broken away, which will afford sufficient time to save her from destruction, if it be possible.

How completely has this been verified in the case of the *Pique*! Both of these keels, fore and aft of the vessel, have been ground away, besides a considerable mass of the timber about them; and the vessel has been happily saved from destruction, and brought her crew home in this condition; besides, also, without a rudder. Secondly, the rising floors, adopted by Captain Symonds, were admirably calculated to assist in getting her off, after suffering in a manner in her keels—for above them, from a moderate distance, all was untouched—that would have been fatal to a vessel of another construction. Another advantage she had, and which contributed much to keep the water out of her, was her having the solid bottom, adopted by Sir Thomas Seppings. Every one allows, who has seen the *Pique*, that it is next to a miracle that the vessel reached Portsmouth; and had not the above three advantages been united in her construction, and provided with excellent officers and an effective crew, there can be little doubt that she would have done so. We shall conclude this article with the letter of Captain Rous to the admiralty, and the flattering answer thereto.

*A Letter from Captain Rous to Charles Wood, Esq., Secretary of the Admiralty.*

“H. M. SHIP *PIQUE*, 13th October, 1835.

“SIR:—I beg you will acquaint my lords commissioners of the admiralty that I left Quebec on the 17th September, with Lord and Lady Aylmer, and suite, on board. On the 21st, off Anticosti, wind southerly, I bore up for the Belle Isle Passage; and being close in with St. John's Head, Newfoundland, at 6 h. 30 m., P. M., on the 22d, I stood over to the Labrador side, to avoid the low shore and islands on the opposite coast. At 10 h., P. M., the weather getting foggy, wind moderate at west, shortened sail, and steered a channel course, E. by N. At 10, P. M., whilst the officer of the watch was in the act of reefing topsails, the master and myself looking out, breakers were reported under the

bows; put the helm hard a-port; the ship immediately struck and hung; clewed up every thing, and the ship swung with her head to the northward; made sail again, and hove all aback; she sailed off, but the tide catching her wedged her in between two rocks. Furlled the sails and sent the master to sound; down royal and topgallant-yards and masts, the ship striking heavily.

"The master reported four and a half and five fathoms round the ship, excepting a rock, with three fathoms under the larboard main-chains, and seventeen feet abreast the starboard chess-tree, deep water outside. The weather being thick and rainy, we could only discover a low, rocky ledge, extending about fifty fathoms, E.  $\frac{1}{4}$  S., parallel to the ship, distant about sixty yards; out all boats; laid out the stream E. S. E., and hove a heavy strain. The ebb tide made about eleven o'clock; employed in starting the water, heaving shot and guns overboard, and pumping ship. At 2, A. M., wind freshened from W. S. W.; boats were obliged to lie under her larboard fore-chains for shelter; frigate striking very heavily, and the masts threatening to fall at every blow.

"On the flood tide making, laid out a kedge S. E. by S., and warped out the launch, carrying the bower anchor, with the cutters and jolly-boat buoying up a one hundred fathom cable; hove a taught strain. At 7 h. 30 m. wind shifted to W. N. W., a point off the land; set the foresail, bracing forward the head-yards; 8 h., piped to breakfast; 8 h., the ship forged ahead a few feet; set the fore-topsail, and heaving alternately heavy strains, and the ship's company running forward on the bowsprit. At 9 h., she wormed herself out from her bed of rocks; and ran into Wolf's Bay, and anchored, the frigate making thirteen inches water per hour. This misfortune was owing to the flood tide setting us to the N. W., as we stood over to the N. E., from the coast of Newfoundland. The following morning we were under all sail for England. The leak increased gradually until the 26th September, viz., to twenty-three inches per hour. On the 27th, lost our rudder, in lat.  $50^{\circ} 10'$ , long.  $40^{\circ} 6'$ . September 28th, shipped a temporary rudder, which was carried away by a heavy sea. The next day, September 30, not being able to wear ship, in a heavy

gale from the northward, we were obliged to heave to, with our head to the W. Ship laboring very much, and the foremast working in the step, got topgallantmasts on deck; cut away best bower anchor, and cleared out every thing from the forepart of the ship. On the 1st of October fell in with the French brig Suffren, of St. Maloes, who offered us every assistance in her power; sent by her the particulars of our situation. October 4th, the carpenter successfully stopped up a leak in her fore-foot, and mended one of the chain-pumps, which had worn through. On the 6th, rigged a Pakenham rudder, being the first fine day we had experienced; a heavy sea carried away this rudder on the 10th, and we again broached to, in a heavy N. W. gale, with our head to the S. W. On the 11th it moderated; wore round. At 8, P. M., on the 12th, was obliged to anchor in forty-one fathoms to the westward of the Caskets, not being able to weather them, with a northerly wind; and at 2, P. M., yesterday, got under way, and anchored at St. Helens at 4, A. M., this day; having run *fifteen hundred miles*, without any rudder, and the ship requiring to be pumped every hour. I have great pleasure in recommending to their lordships' notice the gallant and steady conduct of every officer, seaman, and marine, under all these trying circumstances; it is not in my power to do justice to their merits; and I am happy to add that no loss of life, or serious injury, has befallen any one.

"I have, &c.,

"H. J. ROUS, *Captain*.

"*To Charles Wood, Esq., &c.*"

*Letter from Admiral Sir Thomas Williams to the Hon. Captain Rous.*

"BRITANNIA, PORTSMOUTH HARBOR, 3d November, 1835.

"SIR: — On the paying off of the Pique, the lords commissioners of the admiralty are desirous of expressing their approbation of the conduct of yourself, and the officers and crew under your command, in extricating the Pique from the perilous situation she was in, when on shore on the coast of Labrador, and on her subsequent voyage home,

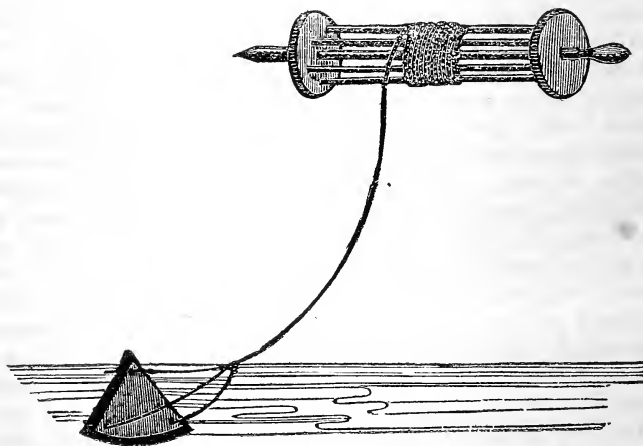
under circumstances of great difficulty, and such as required skill and exertions of no ordinary kind; and you will therefore receive and communicate their lordships' sentiments to the officers and crew of his majesty's ship Pique, under your command, accordingly.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"THOMAS WILLIAMS, *Admiral*.

"*Captain the Hon. Henry John Rous,*

"*H. M. Ship Pique.*"





## AFFECTING ACCIDENT.

# A CHILD OVERBOARD.

1836.

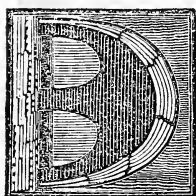
IN the year 1836, during one of the passages of his majesty's steamer *Firefly* to Malta, there were on board Captain Graham, of the army, his lady, and three children, proceeding to Malta to join his regiment. One fine day the nurse took the youngest child on deck, and seated herself against the gangway. While in this position, the vessel suddenly lurched, and the nurse, with the innocent charge, was in a moment struggling in the waves. Their shrieks were heard by the watch, who instantly sprang to the life-buoy ; but, unfortunately, the cordage was so entangled that they could not cast it into the sea. The man at the wheel ordered the vessel to be stopped, and loudly shouted, "Passengers overboard !" In a moment all were on deck ; and among them were the parents of the drowning infant. A wild shriek burst from the lips of the agonized mother ; a convulsive tremor overpowered her feelings, and she was taken below. The father gazed mournfully on his tender offspring, grasped in the arms of its nurse, but could do nothing of avail for its recovery. At length a boat was launched, and away the crew went to rescue them ; by this time they were about half a mile from the steamer. The nurse's clothes had buoyed her up, and, though nearly insensible, she still grasped the child ; but just as they had come within hail, the poor woman's senses had entirely forsaken her, and she loosened her hold of the child, who now floated away a long distance apart. The boat's crew by this time came up with the floating body of the nurse, whose perception returned ; and her first exclamation was, "For God's sake, save the child ; don't mind me." Both nurse and child were mercifully rescued ; and when they were again safe, the whole on board gave three hearty cheers of grateful thanks for their almost miraculous preservation. Medical aid was promptly administered, and the delighted parents seemed once more to be happy. But, alas ! the following day their child died, and the body was committed to its ocean grave.

THE STRANDING  
OF THE  
BARQUE MEXICO,

ON HEMPSTEAD BEACH,

SOUTH SHORE OF LONG ISLAND ;

By which Catastrophe One Hundred and Sixteen  
Lives were lost ; January, 1837.



Y this terrible calamity a greater number of lives were lost than by any previous shipwreck on the coast of the United States ; and it was the more lamentable from having been brought about mainly by two causes. The first was, the unfortunate vessel left Liverpool without provisions sufficient to meet the exigency of a long passage ; and, having had one, when she reached the American coast, her unfortunate company were in a state of starvation.

After arriving on the pilot ground, without being able to obtain one, in a leaky vessel, and the crew worn down with hunger and fatigue, the captain was obliged to remain nearer the coast than he would have done under more favorable circumstances, for fear of being blown off.

The second cause was, the defective arrangement of the New York pilot system at that time ; for, had the pilots been at their stations, this misfortune would not have happened.

The barque Mexico, Captain Winslow, sailed from Liverpool, for New York, on the 25th of October, 1836. Her company consisted of one hundred and four passengers, besides thirty-three children, and a crew of twelve men ; in all, one hundred and forty-nine souls. After a long and

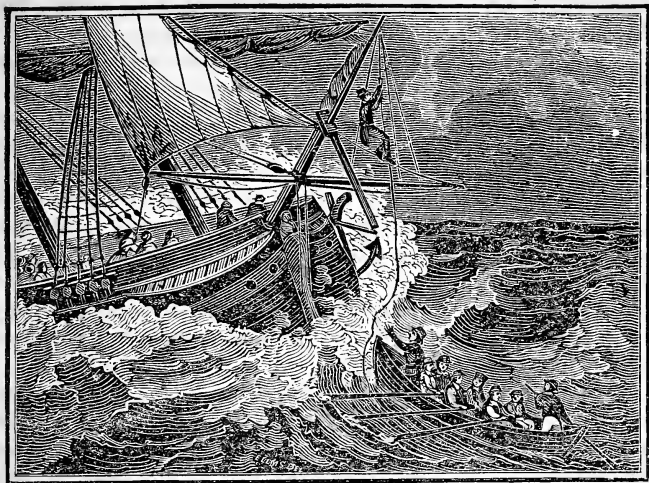
tedious passage, during which the passengers suffered terribly from hunger, the ship, on Saturday the 31st December, at 11, A. M., made the Woodland, on the Jersey shore; ran down and hove to, on seeing the light on the Highlands. On Sunday, at 6, A. M., bore up to Sandy Hook, and at 7 was near the bar; previous to which, had a signal flying for a pilot, and then hoisted a signal of distress, as, from the length of the passage, the passengers had been out of provisions, and had, for eleven days, been served with a biscuit each from the ship's stores. Saw a steamer, which had towed a vessel out, taking another and towing her in; and although the steamer must have seen the signal of distress, yet neither steamer nor pilot came to their relief; a number of vessels also came within view, with signals flying for pilots. With a degree of anxiety not to be expressed, as no pilots appeared, Captain Winslow had to stand off, under the most distressing circumstances, from the snow-storm of Sunday night, and the cold of Monday; yet on Monday he got within view of the Hook, with signals of distress, and for a pilot, still flying; fired several guns, but no pilot. Stood off, but fearing to be blown off, short of provisions as they were, kept the lead going, and as near shore as possible. Worn down with fatigue, Captain Winslow went below, and after some time asked the mate what soundings; who answered, fifteen fathoms, which depth gave fifteen miles off the land, and that would be ample for safety; but this was an awful mistake, as the course was continued, and at 5, A. M., on Tuesday morning, the vessel struck the Hempstead Beach. On Monday night and Tuesday morning, the thermometer stood at four degrees above zero; the wind was along shore, a high sea and surf running. Shortly after, the rudder went, the main and mizzenmasts were cut away, the water began to rise in the hold, the spray was flying over, and wherever it touched became ice. The passengers, finding the water gaining in the hold, and seeing no hope of saving their baggage, seized on what was most valuable; those who had money fastened it round their bodies. There were found in a small silk handkerchief two prayer-books, which seemed to be the only valuables their owners regarded under their awfully appalling circumstances. They were

Roman Catholic prayer-books, one belonging to a man, the other to a woman.

The situation of the ship soon attracted numbers to the beach. Miserable as their situation was, from cold, hunger, and exhaustion, all were alive; each clung near to those who were most dear; the wife and husband, with their children, in each other's embrace; brothers and sisters; and so they were found on the beach. But what language can paint the horror of the scene? As the day wore away, the captain launched the long-boat, making fast a hawser to it; hope revived; by the pitching of the vessel, from the hawser being too taught, it broke, and the long-boat, which was to have borne them to the shore, gained the beach in perfect safety, but never returned.

It would be an act of great injustice not to state that the people on the beach manifested the greatest solicitude to relieve the wretched objects of their compassion, who were within hearing; and at length Raynor Smith, with six volunteers, who had come to aid Mr. Seaman, the wreck-master, though at the peril of their lives, put off through the surf, and got to the bowsprit, in some degree protected from the sea, when three passengers and three seamen dropped down by ropes into the boat, as also the captain and young Master Broom, all of whom with difficulty reached the shore.

The British consul, who visited the scene, says, "I confess I am utterly unable to proceed in the painful detail, of which I know of no parallel; and the only consolation—while I am writing at the beach, so near the scene, with many of the dead bodies, as it were, before me—is, that their sufferings are ended; but I must proceed. The state of the tide, the violence of the surf and spray, the intense cold, that turned to ice every dash of the waves which touched the boat and oars, obliged the brave Smith and his heroic party to abandon all hope of returning to the vessel; and, O horrible alternative! they drew the boat out of the surf on the beach. And who saw this just as the sun was setting on that fatal day? One hundred and eight persons big with hope, that they had crossed the Atlantic—some that they were to embrace their parents, a wife her husband.



The Wreck of the Mexico and Rescue of Captain Winslow.

“Gracious God! what tongue can speak the misery, the despair, the suffering, of one hundred and eight of our fellow-beings, twelve hours in the suspense described? and now, the sun declining, the people mournfully withdrawing from their cries, the spray and the frost fast binding them to each other; all hope, all prospect of relief extinct. Some of the humane people, who lingered on the shore, say that the cries and supplications were distinctly heard; but they gradually died away, and at 11, P. M., not a voice was heard.”

As fast as the remorseless ocean threw up the frozen corpses on the strand, they were snatched from the surf by the humane spectators, who, after freeing them from the ice and tangled sea-weed with which they were enveloped, carried them to a place of shelter; where the British consul, the sheriff, and coroner of the county, were in waiting to make arrangements for their burial.

A gentleman who visited the building in which they were placed, gives the following affecting details:—

“On reaching Hempstead, I concluded to go somewhat off the road, to look at the place where the Mexico was cast

away. In half an hour we came to Lott's tavern, — some four or five miles this side of the beach where the ship lay, — and here, in his barn, had been deposited the bodies of the ill-fated passengers which had been thrown upon the shore. I went out to the barn. The doors were open ; and such a scene as here presented itself to my view, I certainly never could have contemplated. It was a dreadful, a frightful scene of horror.

"Forty or fifty bodies, of all ages and sexes, were lying promiscuously before me over the floor, all frozen, and as solid as marble ; and all, except a few, in the very dresses in which they perished ; some with their hands clinched, as if for warmth ; and almost every one with an arm crooked and bent, as it would be in clinging to the rigging.

"There were scattered about, among the number, four or five beautiful little girls, from six to sixteen years of age, their cheeks and lips as red as roses, with their calm blue eyes open, looking you in the face, as if they would speak.

"I could hardly realize that they were dead. I touched their cheeks, and they were frozen as hard and as solid as a rock ; and not the least indentation could be made by any pressure of the hand. I could perceive a resemblance to each other, and supposed them to be the daughters of a Mr. Pepper, who perished, together with his wife and whole family.

"On the arms of some were to be seen the impression of the rope which they clung to, — the mark of the twist deeply sunk in the flesh. I saw one poor negro sailor, a tall man, with his head thrown back, his lips parted, and his now sightless eyeballs turned upward, and his arms crossed over his breast, as if imploring Heaven for aid. This poor fellow evidently had frozen, while in the act of fervent prayer.

"One female had a rope tied to her leg, which had bound her to the rigging ; and a little boy had been crying, and the muscles of the face were fixed as we see in children when crying. There were a brother and sister dashed upon the beach, locked in each other's arms ; but they had been separated in the barn. All the men had their lips firmly compressed together, and with the most agonizing expression on their countenances I ever beheld.

"A little girl had raised herself on tiptoe, and thus was frozen just in that position. It was an awful sight; and such a picture of horror was before me that I became unconsciously fixed to the spot, and found myself trying to suppress my ordinary breathing, lest I should disturb the repose of those around me. I was aroused from my reverie by the entrance of a man, the coroner.

"As I was about to leave, my attention became directed to a girl who, I afterwards learned, had come that morning from the city to search for her sister. She had sent for her to come over from England, and had received intelligence that she was in this ship. She came into the barn, and the second body she cast her eyes upon was hers. She gave way to such a burst of impassioned grief and anguish, that I could not behold her without sharing her feelings. She threw herself upon the cold and icy face and neck of the lifeless body, and thus, with her arms around her, remained wailing, moaning, and sobbing, till I came away; and when some distance off, I could hear her calling her by name, in the most frantic manner.

"So little time, it appears, had they to prepare for their fate, that I perceived a bunch of keys, and a half-eaten cake, fall from the bosom of a girl whom the coroner was removing. The cake appeared as if part of it had just been bitten, and hastily thrust into her bosom; and round her neck was a ribbon with a pair of scissors suspended.

"And to observe the stout, rugged sailors, too, whose iron frames could endure such hardships! here they lay,—masses of ice. Such scenes show us, indeed, how powerless and feeble are all human efforts, when contending against the storms and tempests which sweep with resistless violence over the face of the deep. And yet the vessel was so near the shore, that the shrieks and moans of the poor creatures were heard through that bitter night, till, towards the morning, the last groan died away, and all was hushed in death; and the murmur of the raging billows was all the sound that then met the ear."

After the storm the wreck was approached; and here and there were seen columns, pillars of ice, which had formed on the frozen bodies, as the sea broke over them.

The humane inhabitants of Hempstead and its vicinity,

being actuated by the purest sentiments of philanthropy, held a public meeting on Friday, the 6th of January, at which the following preamble and resolutions were adopted : —

“The inhabitants of the town of Hempstead, feeling themselves called upon by the recent awful and distressing shipwreck, and unprecedented loss of life on the melancholy occasion, held a large and respectable meeting on Friday evening, when it was unanimously

“*Resolved*, That since it has pleased the Great Disposer of events to cast upon our shore the bodies of many friendless fellow-creatures, suddenly deprived of life by a most disastrous shipwreck, we deem it a solemn duty, devolving upon us, to cause them to be decently and properly interred ; — that a committee of twelve be appointed to collect contributions for the purpose of purchasing a piece of ground, to be forever reserved solely for the interment of bodies which shall hereafter be cast upon our beach ; and, also, for the further purpose of erecting a suitable monument over the bodies now to be interred.

“Whereupon the following gentlemen were named as the committee : —

“John Bedell, Richard Carman, Nathaniel Seaman, Jacob Coles, Stephen C. Shedeker, Platt Willets, Peter T. Hewlett, Oliver Denton, John W. De Mott, Daniel Mot, John I. Lott, and Raynor R. Smith.

“The committee, having succeeded in obtaining ample funds, have purchased a lot of ground adjacent to the burial-ground of the Methodist church, near Rockaway, and to be attached to the same, under the restrictions of the resolutions ; and every arrangement has been made for the interment of the bodies in a respectable manner, and with appropriate ceremonies.

“The interment will take place on Wednesday next, the 11th instant, at eleven o'clock, A. M., if fair weather, — if not, on the next fair day thereafter, at the same hour, — from the house of John I. Lott.

“The ladies of the village of Hempstead, actuated by the pure spirit of benevolence and sympathizing tenderness which ever mark the female character, in a short time raised sufficient funds to purchase-burial garments for the females



and children among the dead. Not satisfied with simply providing the materials, in a space of time almost incredible, they have completed them; and several ladies, with an energy and zeal worthy the sex, proceeded to the house of Major Lott, and with their own hands enshrouded in the habiliments of the grave the bodies there collected.

"The clergymen of three different churches having consented to unite on this peculiarly solemn and interesting occasion, it is expected that the ceremonies will be awfully impressive; and the public generally are invited to be present.

"By order of the committee.

"JOHN BEDELL, *Chairman.*

"HEMPSTEAD, *January 7th, 1837.*"

Accordingly, as many of the bodies as had been rescued from the ocean, and not claimed by friends, were interred at Hempstead, near Rockaway, on Wednesday, 11th January. A piece of ground, adjoining the Methodist burying-place, had been purchased by contribution, and prepared for the purpose. The whole number of corpses taken from the water was forty-nine. Of these, Patrick Murray, Rosa Hughes, Samuel Blackburn, Catharine Galligan, James Lawrence, and William Evans, had been recognized by their relatives or friends, and taken away for their interment. Of the remaining forty-three, the bodies of the following individuals were known, viz., William Pepper and wife, Martha Mooney, Andrew M'Donald, and a person supposed from his dress to be the mate, and another the steward. The bodies, having been decently inwrapped in shrouds, and laid in separate coffins, were, with the exception of three colored bodies, interred in one capacious grave, the coffins being placed side by side in a continued row. They were—men, twenty; women, ten; boys, seven; girls, three; total, *forty*.

The colored bodies were committed to the care of the colored people of the neighborhood, and interred at the same time, and within the same enclosure.

A great concourse of people assembled at the house of Major John I. Lott, in Hempstead, at eleven o'clock, and from thence moved in procession to the Methodist church,

a distance of three miles. The coffins were placed in separate wagons, and the procession moved in the following order:—

The Clergy.

Committee of Arrangements.

The Corpses.

{ Women,  
Men,  
Children,  
Colored. }

Pall-Bearers.

Friends and Relatives.

Citizens, in more than three hundred carriages of various descriptions.

On arriving at the church, a funeral sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Carmichael, and prayers offered by Rev. Mr. Crane. Rev. Dr. Shoomaker, of Jamaica, Rev. Mr. Law, and Rev. Mr. Floy, of Hempstead, were also present. The whole scene was one of great solemnity and interest. The citizens in the places adjacent to the wreck, have exhibited a very lively interest in the sufferers by this shocking calamity, and, by their Christian sympathy, did all which respect for the deceased, or a desire to alleviate the sorrows of their friends, could suggest. The ladies exerted themselves most benevolently, providing shrouds for all, and taking the bodies of the females entirely under their own charge. The thanks of the public, as well as the friends of the sufferers, are due them. Provisions were made for any other bodies which might be recovered, and they would be interred in the same place.

About three hundred dollars belonging to the unfortunate passengers, and which were never claimed by their relatives, were, in the year 1840, appropriated by the legislature of New York for the erection of a monument over their remains.

The Mexico was a substantial eastern built vessel, of 280 tons, and eleven years old, and owned by Mr. Samuel Broome, of New York, whose brother, a lad, was saved.

The seven men who courageously went off to the barque, after dragging their boat ten miles, and to whose efforts the

eight who were saved owe their lives, received from him a gratuity of fifty dollars each. The people in the neighborhood did their utmost; they cut wood, brought it together, built a fire, so that, if any of the sufferers should by any possibility get on shore, every thing might be ready for their relief.

The unfortunate passengers were of a very superior class, and had considerable property with them; on the bodies which drifted ashore, gold to some amount was found. They had been on an allowance of one biscuit a day for sixteen or seventeen days, and were dreadfully distressed on account of the very severe weather they had encountered, during a long and tedious passage of more than *ten weeks*. The following letter was found among the papers recovered from the wreck:—

*“To Captain Winslow.*

*“20th December, 1836.*

“SIR:— We, the undersigned, passengers in the barque Mexico, under your command, being reduced to a very deplorable state, for want of provisions, and unable any longer to bear the privation, take this means of proposing the only plan that can be adopted to preserve the lives of ourselves, our wives and children. We are fully aware of some provisions being on board, such as biscuits and herrings.

“We propose to purchase a sufficient quantity of the same, and to give you a deposit equal to their current price at New York; and this will secure you in the value of such part of your cargo as we may consume.

“We respectfully submit this for your consideration, and request a reply in the course of the day.”

Signed by

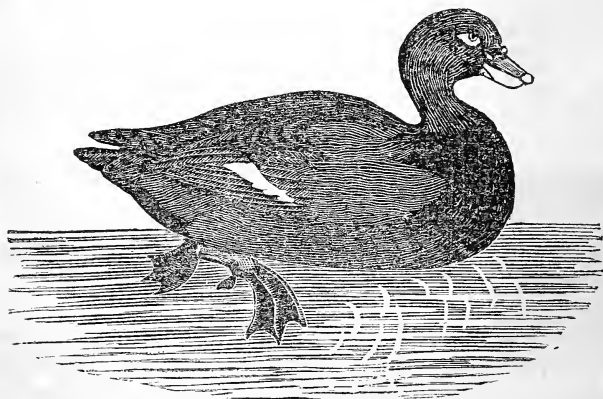
WILLIAM ROBERTSON  
and forty others.

Captain Winslow did not deign to return a written reply to this epistle, but merely inquired of the messenger, who came for an answer, “Do you want to take command of the ship?” Notwithstanding this seeming harshness of the captain, it appears that they were subsequently fed from the ship’s stores.

In no part of the state of New York are the people more moral, religious, economical, or thrifty, than those of Hempstead, L. I. Strict temperance, unceasing industry, and close frugality, assure them independence. Few are very rich, none abjectly poor; and if luxury and splendor be rarely seen, want is a greater stranger. The neat churches, with their white and graceful steeples, evince a religious and simple taste; and the latter is not less displayed in the generally commodious and cleanly dwellings.

To conclude: this fatal wreck was the cause of the entire remodeling of the pilot system, by the legislature of New York; so that at all times there should be a sufficient number of pilots off the harbor, to meet any exigencies. Their other duties were also defined, and commissioners appointed to oversee them.

Laws were also passed, obliging the owners of passenger ships to fully supply them with provisions, so that, in the event of a lengthened passage, starvation should not stare them in the face.



A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
PERILOUS SITUATION AND PROCEEDINGS ON BOARD  
OF THE  
SHIP CENTAUR OF 74 GUNS,  
CAPTAIN HENRY WHITBY,  
DURING

A Hurricane, experienced by a Squadron under the Command of Commodore De Courcy, in which she sprung a leak and was dismasted, and thereby prevented from joining Lord Nelson's Fleet, and taking her Station in the Line of Trafalgar; July, 1805.

"Now darker grew the crowded atmosphere;  
There was no moon on high, and not a star  
Peeped through the sable canopy; the blast  
Rang loud; and now the war, more terrible,  
Swept o'er the foaming waves."



THE hurricane in which the Centaur suffered was considered the severest since that of 1782, when the old French ship of the same name, commanded by Captain Inglefield, foundered.\* The old Centaur's storm was experienced in lat.  $48^{\circ} 33' N.$  and long.  $42^{\circ} 20' W.$ ; that of the new Centaur was in  $26^{\circ} 17' N.$  and  $57^{\circ} 42' W.$ , to the northward of Barbadoes.

\* Captain Inglefield's narrative is in the "*first series*" of "Shipwrecks and Disasters at Sea," by Charles Ellms. See page 52.

"It is well known that in the early part of the year 1805, the French and Spanish fleets formed a junction, and proceeded to the West Indies, more for the purpose of creating a diversion, it is probable, than with any serious design of committing depredation on our possessions there. Admiral Lord Nelson pursued them unsuccessfully; and on the 16th of April, Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane arrived at Jamaica with six sail of the line and three frigates. It was a part of this squadron, on its return to windward, that encountered the hurricane.

"On the 19th of June, the Centaur quitted Port Royal, in company with the St. George, Eagle, Atlas, (of the line,) and Success and Blanche frigates, for the purpose of joining Lord Nelson at Barbadoes.

"We were obliged to anchor when nearly clear of the shoals, in consequence of the commodore's ship, the St. George, having struck upon a coral rock.

"The efforts to heave her off proved unavailing until five in the evening, when she was extricated, and anchored in the channel. As she made much water, there was no doubt of her being damaged, but the worthy commodore determined to proceed; accordingly, at 7, P. M., the ships weighed, and stood out to sea.

"On the 7th of July, we cleared the Mariguana Passage, after rather a tedious beat. It is proper to state here, that, whilst on the windward station, the Centaur had run on shore, which occasioned a leak, that now became troublesome. On the 13th, we spoke an American schooner, and obtained the information from her, that the French fleet had sailed from Martinique, destination unknown. No account, however, could be gained of Lord Nelson's movements.

"On the 28th, we boarded an American Indiaman from Batavia to Salem. This unfortunate ship never reached her port of destination, and, no doubt, foundered in the dreadful storm which came on shortly after. We spoke also several brigs and schooners, which probably shared a similar fate; as, from their construction, they appeared quite unequal to contend with such weather. For more than a fortnight preceding the hurricane, the wind had been very light and variable: on the day last mentioned, it was moderate, from E. N. E., with a cloudy sky; in the early part, without any

particular indication of blowing weather setting in. We were unprovided with a barometer, or, no doubt, we should have been forewarned of the approaching war of the elements. At six in the evening, however, the wind began to freshen so much, that the topsails were double-reefed; it continued to blow during the night with a little increase of strength, but we had no apprehension of any thing more than a common gale occurring. As daylight, on the 29th, approached, the clouds assumed a dark hue and heavy appearance, and continued to thicken and spread around and in the zenith, until not a spot of the azure sky could be distinguished; squalls of wind soon followed, with heavy, driving rain and vivid flashes of lightning, unaccompanied with thunder, — precursors of the awful tumult that awaited us.

‘There’s not a cloud in that dark plain  
 But tells of storms to come, or past —  
 Here flying loosely as the mane  
 Of a young war-horse in the blast;  
 There, rolled in masses dark and swelling,  
 As proud to be the lightning’s dwelling!  
 While some, already burst and riven,  
 Seem melting down the verge of heaven;  
 As though the infant Storm had rent  
 The mighty womb that gave him birth,  
 And, having swept the firmament,  
 Was now in fierce career for earth.’

“The topsails were now close-reefed; the courses were, however, still kept set, but the larboard bumkin having snapped, the fore-yard went in the slings, and the sail was blown away from the broken yard; the other sails were instantly reduced. Soon after this, every thing was made snug aloft, and the ship brought to under a close-reefed main-topsail; an endeavor was made to set the fore-staysail, but it blew to ribbons; and shortly after, in a tremendous puff, the main-topsail shared the same fortune.

“It was now that doubt gave place to certainty: the hurricane, in all its awfulness, had truly set in; the seas, rising in proportion as the wind increased, began to lash their white heads, and to strike the ship with a force that made her quiver in every plank.

“Having arranged what was necessary upon deck, the portion of the crew that were not employed at the pumps

were sent down to secure the guns, those fearful appendages to the sides of a ship during storms; and the hatches were battened down.

"As long as the masts maintained their positions, we expected that our gigantic vessel, though tossed about in a very rough manner, would be the better enabled to struggle with the elements, and acquit herself well; but our hopes and wishes on this head were short-lived. An hour before noon, the wind increased to such a degree, that the main-topmast was literally blown away, as if it had been a mere straw or a feather; and shortly after, the fore-topmast followed, close to the cap. At this time, the wind was raging with the most appalling force, and the appearance of the clouds, and the lofty breaking seas, such as no language is adequate to describe.

'The sea,  
Now fiercer grown, raved with tremendous wrath;  
And every blast that shook the elements  
Seemed like the blast portentous of man's doom.'

"There was a compactness in the dense clouds, which were of a murky, cinereous color, approaching to black, enveloping the whole heavens, that effectually shut out every ray of light, and gave to the picture that peculiar wildness of feature, which may be described as one of the characteristic touches of a hurricane. And, although the wind generally drove forcibly onwards in an oblique direction, yet, at times, when at its highest degree of vehemence, it seemed to gyrate or repercuss upon itself with a sound resembling the smacking of a thousand cart whips. This singular property of the aerial current I noticed whilst sitting down (when not descending to or ascending from the lower deck) silently, under shelter before the captain's cabin, contemplating the awful and impressive scene. At such times, none of the few persons on deck were allowed to move from under cover of the weather bulwark; there they sat, mute spectators of the havoc which the warring elements were making upon the noble vessel, and silent listeners of the cheers which now and then issued from their gallant shipmates at the pumps.

"The ship rolled and labored in a manner dreadful to



behold, and her weather lurches were often so violent and sudden, that it was wonderful how the lower masts continued to stand; and the ponderous metal! (long 24's and 32's) which at every minute or two were almost vertically suspended. One gun only broke adrift, passing through the sick-bay bulk-head, and swinging across the breech of the opposite gun, where it was securely lashed.

"Another source of anxiety was, the heavy seas that incessantly broke over the ship, and the quantity of water which, although the hatches were well secured, found its way into the lower deck. To admit this water to reach the well, it was absolutely necessary to scuttle the lower deck; and to add to our distress, the leak from below was found to increase, notwithstanding the unwearied efforts of our noble fellows to surmount it.

"The best bower-cable having been bent in readiness for anchoring at Barbadoes, the anchor, during the storm, was watched as rather a dangerous appendage, although on another occasion it would have been viewed with quite a contrary feeling; men, however, were stationed with axes at the manger-board, in readiness to cut the cable, should such be found necessary; the anchor did break its lashings, and a forecastleman, applying his head to the scuttle, gave the alarm to those below; the cable was cut and the anchor gone before it had time to strike the bow, and the alarming circumstance was not known to the captain until the ponderous mass had descended some hundreds of fathoms: its disappearance afforded the greatest satisfaction.

"At half past eleven, I conveyed the unwelcome intelligence from the carpenter to the captain, that the leak was fast increasing; the quantity of water rushing in amounting to six feet an hour! Every spare hand was immediately sent down to the pumps, where the fine body of marines were exerting themselves in the most praiseworthy manner: these men were altogether the most perfect company of that useful branch of our naval service that I have ever seen, and men in all respects an honor to it, as they were assuredly to their country.

"The lower deck, at this time, presented a scene such as no person, who has not witnessed a similar case, can picture to himself: the air, being deprived in a great measure of its

oxygen, by the inhalation of such a multitude, and a want of free circulation, was almost suffocating to those who descended, as they were obliged to do suddenly, by means of man-ropes, (all the ladders being unshipped, from the violent and continued motion of the ship,) from the fresh air they had been breathing on the upper decks; but it is singular that those who were below for some time did not complain of a similar inconvenience from the foulness of the air; the heat, however, was alike oppressive to all, and the men had thrown off all their clothes but their trousers.

“The water, which had found its way through the seams, and up the pumps, was dashed from side to side, according to the inclination of the vessel, and with it were carried various articles which had not been properly secured.

“Very few individuals succeeded in obtaining more than a few minutes’ sleep during the continuance of the hurricane: on the deck I am speaking of, there was no ‘pricking for the softest plank;’ these were under water. The captain, whose ‘aid’ I had the honor to be, taking compassion upon me, I suppose, after I had nearly been beaten to a mummy in my various slippery trips down to the lower deck, to convey his orders, and to learn how things were going on there, desired me to go down to rest, *if I could*, and to send another mid up. I was not long in descending, for, in truth, my eyelids had become so ‘heavy,’ that I should have committed a breach of discipline by falling asleep without his order, if I had remained ten minutes longer upon deck. When I had reached below, I waded and floundered amongst the chests, benches, hammocks, &c., until I had gained the mess-table in the gun-room; this was lashed amidships, between the transom cabins; in one of which Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Kenah\* lay asleep, with the water flowing over his cot. When I reached the table, I found it already occupied by some of the midships, lashed over all, who were snoring away in concert with the roar of the tempest, whilst the water, as it was tossed by the violent motion of the ship, every now and then dashed over their inanimate bodies. ‘Happy fellows!’ thought I at the mo-

\* This estimable man, and excellent, brave officer, after greatly distinguishing himself in India, under Sir C. Cole, was unfortunately killed by the Americans, when in command of H. M. S. *Ætna*.

ment; 'I envy your perfect state of repose, and I will try to imitate your example.' Calling one of the men to my aid, I edged in, holding on by the ropes, until a turn or two was passed round me and made fast. I had scarcely adjusted myself ere I was sound asleep; but my slumbers were soon interrupted, for an unlucky weather lurch broke our moorings, and pitched table, beds, and all, fairly into the worthy lieutenant's cot, which, breaking down with the heavy weight, nearly smothered us and him also; in truth, it was no easy matter to get extricated from this corner; as it was, most of us were severely bruised. We were also in a sad hungry state; there was no cooking, and, except the *shadow* of a weevily biscuit, nothing could be got at. I recollect an *animated scramble* taking place for a salt-beef bone, which one of the mates had, whilst foraging, fished out from the ruins of the mess cupboard under water, but which had slipped from his hands into it again. These trivial circumstances may serve to show the deplorable state to which we were reduced.

"Incessant bodily labor, want of rest, food, and some stimulating beverage, had now impaired the strength of the men; yet their spirits were as buoyant as ever, for they were sensible that, under Providence, the safety of the ship and all on board depended upon their exertions. The captain and officers gave up the liquors that belonged to them, which, being served out, at intervals, in small quantities to the men, gave these fine fellows additional vigor. Their exertions were almost incredible; and I am satisfied that none of the surviving officers ever revert to the subject without feelings of the liveliest satisfaction, admiration, and gratitude. With the exception of the cheering, which was absolutely necessary, there was no noise, no confusion, and not a murmur ever escaped them, at the extreme bodily exertion required to work the chain-pumps, and under the privations mentioned: every point of duty was performed consonant with the best system of discipline, and with the most ready and cheerful obedience to the commands of the officers: their conduct might be equalled, but never surpassed, not even by the Alceste's.

"There were a great many men, unfortunately, on the sick-list; their condition was wretched in the extreme, con-

fined as they were to the cable tiers ; every thing, however, that could be suggested for alleviating their situation, was done by the humanity and attention of the surgeon, who, being without an assistant, had to perform the duty himself.

“As the midday approached, the motions of the ship became so violent, that apprehension was entertained of the immediate fall of the masts ; very near noon, this apprehension was realized ; the mainmast went over the side with a tremendous crash, without touching the bulwark ! An idea may be formed, from this circumstance, of the position of the ship at this awful moment : the weighty stick was sprung on the weather lurch, and tumbled headlong into the sea, at the moment the ship had reached her greatest inclination to leeward, when *the whole of the starboard bulwarks were under water !*

“Shortly after, the mizzenmast followed, breaking in three pieces, the middle part falling upon deck ; the two cutters were also lost, and the arm and signal chests smashed in pieces. At this moment, part of an enormous wave came with full force against the after part of the ship, and made a clear sweep over the poop-deck, carrying away the captain’s gig and the lantern, and making every timber quake. The portion of this sea which passed astern, was much higher than the ship’s hull abaft.

“I observed, when looking to leeward, that some of the waves, when pressed by others in hasty succession, curled over to windward, with a round, frothy top, which suddenly gave way, and the whole body of whitened water came down at once ; in general, however, they doubled over, and ran forward with a sort of jumping motion, gradually, but still rapidly, forming a deep concavity, which, when it had reached its utmost depression, began again to swell up, and so on in succession.

“All now upon deck was a scene of active bustle and emulation. The recollection is heart-stirring. The disregard of personal danger, in the noble efforts of the noble fellows to clear the wreck now endangering the ship, and amid the appalling scene of desolation that surrounded them, the deafening fury of the wind, and the lofty foaming of the rushing waves—in truth beggars description. The uplifted axe, the shining tomahawk, and the handy knife, were

wielded and applied in all directions ; the adventurous band often overwhelmed by the surging billows which, now as the vessel's motion increased, broke over her with unrelenting turbulence.

"I cannot forbear mentioning one of these brave men, (who, I dare say, will not yet have been forgotten by some of the survivors.) His name was Hector Moore, a Caledonian—meet child of that poetic land—tall, bony, and powerful, with a countenance as serene and calm, amid the war of elements, as the most impassive judge ever wore. This worthy Scot's exertions were conspicuous among those made by the little band, and he was the admiration and praise of those officers who witnessed his exploits: it was he, too, who had cut the cable, and rid us of the anchor. Where art thou now, poor Hector Moore? Gone, perhaps, to the land of spirits!—Peace be to thy undaunted soul!—I shall never forget thy doings on this memorable day.

"It is in the hour of need and peril (as has been remarked, over and over again) that the able and orderly seaman is known, and best seen to advantage ; and it is at such times, that that daring spirit, the noble characteristic of the sons of Britain, shines with peculiar splendor, surmounting obstacles which often appear impossible to be overcome.

"Having cut away the wreck, and seen it clear of the ship, the few men that performed this duty were sent down to the pumps ; for the leak was increasing, and there was no abatement of the hurricane.

"Our perilous situation, as time advanced, became more and more apparent ; the men could not possibly hold out much longer, and, as every hour lessened their strength, so the water must increase ; and it was estimated that in twenty-four hours our fate would be decided ! Under these circumstances, the officers came to the determination of offering to take their turn at the pumps ; but this the captain, although fully appreciating their motive, would not allow, unless the men displayed symptoms of drooping. It must be observed that the crew were ignorant of the progressive increase of the leak, which had now reached to eight feet an hour ! This was certainly a wise precaution, and, indeed, under similar circumstances, is generally followed ; for, although I

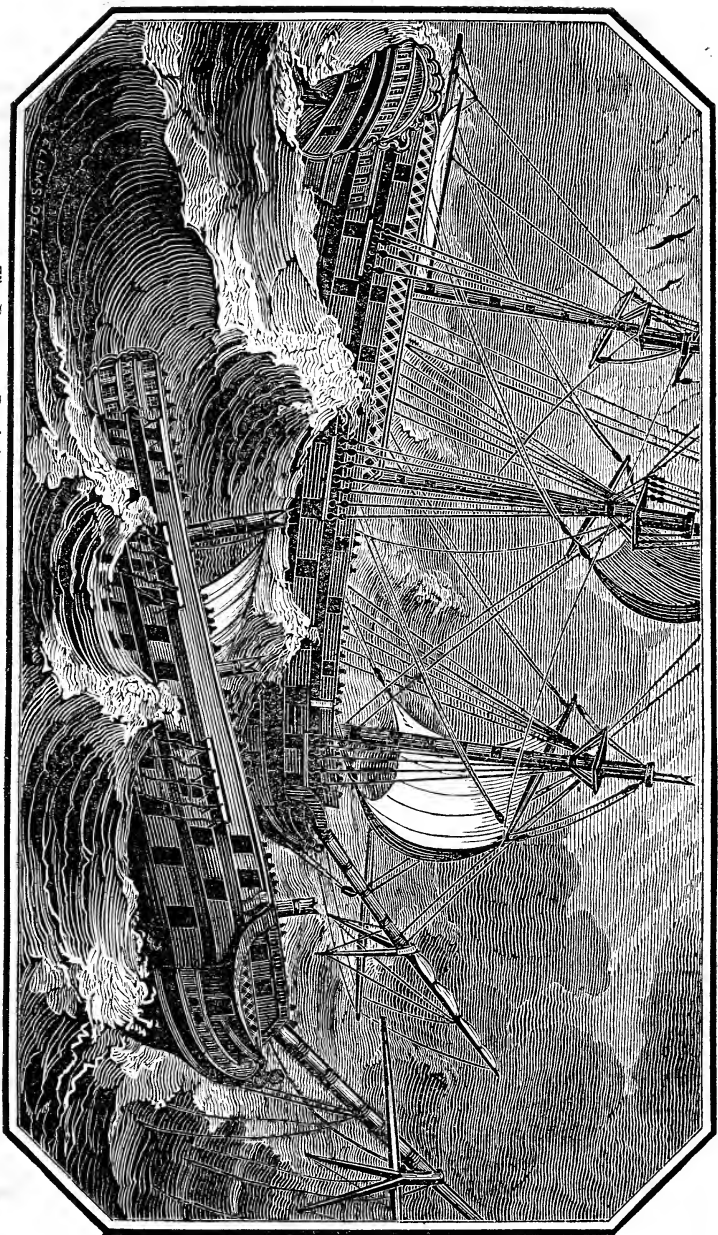
do not believe that the fact, if known to them, would have caused any feeling like despair, yet it might have created an alarm, and have given rise to serious consequences: the same motive, no doubt, influenced the commander in not immediately yielding to the offer of the officers. Every mode that could be devised to cheer and encourage the efforts of the men, was resorted to; but in no one instance was there the slightest occasion for enforcing order; every individual did his duty cheerfully.

"Thus were we situated, looking forward with anxiety to the period which was to determine whether we should sink or swim! On the gloomy side of the question, this could not be far distant; and whether the other would ever arrive to us, could only be hoped and devoutly prayed for: the latter, happily, soon became apparent. At 4, P. M., the clouds began to break; a spot of the heavenly blue here and there was seen, and gazed at with that sort of intense satisfaction with which the warrant of reprieve may be supposed to affect the unhappy wretch who had been condemned to die. And the wind, too, that mysterious power, the source of all our disquiet, began, in a slight degree, to decrease. The relief to the mind which this change afforded, can better be conceived than described.

"More, perhaps, with the intent of cheering the men, than with any expectation of succeeding in the attempt, an order was given from the quarter-deck, for some of the men to come up and 'make sail!' It is doubtful if ever these spirit-stirring words, ay, even to chase, were ever before received with more joy and exultation by a crew; the cheers that followed would almost have put new life into a dying seaman; they were delightful to hear, and electric in effect.

"The sheet of the fore-storm-staysail was hauled aft, and the sail attempted to be hoisted from the main-bitts to the stump of the mizzenmast; it blew instantly into ribbons, as if to mock our joy; nevertheless, the few hands who had come up were kept on deck, that our failure might not check the rising spirits of those at the pumps.

"At half past 6 in the evening, the *scud* began to drive fast, and the weather became clearer, when one of the look-out men announced, 'A large ship coming right down upon



The Dangerous Proximity of two 74's, the Centaur and St. George, during a Hurricane.—Page 266.





us!’ Every body sprang from under the bulwark, and looked to windward.

“On the quarter (to the S. E.) a large vessel was indistinctly seen scudding, (wind S. S. W.) and in a moment or two after, she dashed close past the stern, with a proximity and rapidity that were startling; she was soon lost to view in the gloom to leeward. We had just time to observe that her fore-topmast was gone, and from her great size we conjectured her to be the *St. George*, and were extremely happy to find her still buoyant, as, from her leaky state, we had been indulging (and, indeed, continued to do so afterwards) the most gloomy apprehensions for her safety; and we found out subsequently, when again meeting at Halifax, that these feelings had been reciprocally entertained; they, on passing us, thought it impossible that we could weather out the storm. This was another imminent danger most providentially averted; had it been an hour later, or indeed had not the weather cleared up as it did just at the time, so as to admit of the *St. George’s* steersmen catching a momentary glimpse of our ship, and avoiding contact, by putting the wheel a spoke to port, both ships, in all probability, would have been engulfed in the ocean; the *Centaur* undoubtedly must have gone down from the shock!

“The news of the *St. George* being safe, and the hurricane breaking, was soon conveyed to the men at the pumps, and they testified their joy and heart-felt delight by repeated cheers; and although, as may be supposed, their strength must have been greatly lessened from incessant labor, want of rest, &c., yet I believe truly, that there was more water discharged at this time than at any preceding period; such influence have the animal spirits upon the physical powers of the body.

“Night was now approaching, and as it was not possible to ascertain the relative positions of the other vessels; it was not without a reasonable degree of anxiety that we contemplated the possibility of one or other of these running us down. The near realization of such a catastrophe which we had just escaped, rather added to our disquiet; and it was impossible not to be impressed with the conviction, notwithstanding the height of the hurricane seemed to have past, that, unless some of our consorts should be at hand in

the morning to afford us aid, there was no other prospect of our being able to keep the ship afloat. In such a forlorn hope, the mercy of Providence alone could save us by the intervention of some unlooked-for succor; and to this 'sheet anchor' of the Christian we clung.

"At 8 in the evening, the wind, although still blowing violently, had evidently lessened, and the clouds were moving in rapid succession; but the motion of the ship rather increased, as did the leak, now exceeding rather more than eight feet an hour; happily, however, the men still continued their labor, which was almost superhuman; indeed, an ordinary ship's company could never have gone through the fatigue, attended by the privations, which these noble fellows underwent. They were a picked crew — the same gallant spirits who had performed so many deeds of daring under that ornament to the service, the late Sir Samuel Hood.

"The night was pitchy dark, and the '*whipping smacks*' of the furious wind sounded in our ears as the wail of the death-note; every hour seemed an age; and the minds of those who were left for a short time to the quiet indulgence of their own thoughts, if these could be defined, dwelt perhaps upon

'That tender farewell on the shore  
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,  
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark  
Puts off into the unknown dark.'

"The dawn of day, on the 30th, at last arrived, and prepared objects for our sight that were hailed with indescribable delight. The Eagle and Atlas were seen to windward! It is impossible to convey to the minds of those persons who have not been placed in a situation of such extreme peril, the delight with which this intelligence was received by the almost worn-out crew.

"Our situation, as must be obvious to the seaman, was not *immediately* bettered by the lessening of the wind; for not until the sea went down also, could we build upon our safety; and before that consummation, so devoutly wished, should arrive, the men, perhaps, might give way from sheer exhaustion; and then our fate would speedily have been

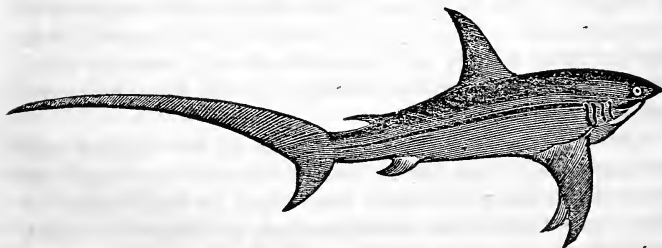
sealed, as, no doubt, that of many others has been under similar circumstances; but it pleased Heaven to ordain it otherwise: both wind and sea gradually subsided, and the timely assistance derived from the *Eagle* saved us. It was the consciousness of this, coupled with the personal exertions of the excellent captain, his officers, and men, that so endeared that ship, and all on board, to our officers and crew.

"The two ships had lost their topmasts and sprung their lower masts, and were otherwise damaged; but none of the squadron were so shattered as the *Centaur*: she was an unwieldy, though beautiful ship, of great length, carrying heavy metal, and had been considerably shaken when she had been aground.

"We were towed to Halifax, N. S., by the *Eagle*, where we arrived on the 15th of August; and thus all our fair prospects of reaping glory with Lord Nelson were blasted by this unlucky hurricane. We lost our station in the line at Trafalgar, for which no subsequent good luck could possibly compensate.

"For the safety of the ship, it was found necessary to heave many of the guns overboard, and the ship's bottom was bothered with a thrumbéd sail, which greatly lessened the leak. In conclusion, I may state, that all the officers and crew attended divine service at church, where prayers were offered up to God for our deliverance.

"The lieutenants of the ship were — R. Campbell, R. Kenah, W. Croker, W. Brown, T. Smith, and W. H. Dickson."



SOME PARTICULARS  
RESPECTING  
A JAPANESE VESSEL

Which reached Woahoo, one of the Sandwich Islands, after being blown off the Coast of Japan, and drifting on the Ocean nearly a Year.



CAPTAIN BRUCE, of H. B. M. ship *Imogene*, presented to the United Service Institution in London, in April, 1840, a large *grapnel*, belonging to a Japanese boat, which was blown off the coast in a typhoon; and after drifting on the ocean during *eleven months and a half*, she fortunately reached Whyarua, in Woahoo, December, 1832. For the last *three months*, they had been without water: they had a large supply of rice, it being the principal part of the cargo; and they allayed their thirst by washing their mouths and soaking their bodies in salt water. They thus preserved their lives, although their bodies were dreadfully excoriated, from the action of the salt water, resembling the rough side of pickled tripe. The natural freshness of the rice mainly tended towards their preservation. The vessel was about seventy tons' burden, with one very large mast amidships, a smaller one on the stem-head, and a still smaller one abaft on the tafferel; her sails were all worn out but the one on the large mast, which was very much dilapidated. It was of a quadrangular shape, extended aloft by a yard, the braces of which worked forwards; three pieces of black cloth came half way down the sail, at an equal distance from each other. She was higher at the stem and stern than in the middle, and had curiously carved work on her bow and stern; she was very strongly built, and fastened with flat, wedge-shaped nails; she had five anchors or grapnels, one of which was brought to England by Captain Bruce, and presented to the institution. The crew could not converse with the Chinese, but

understood most of their written characters. The unfortunate men, who belonged to Osaeca, which is the most considerable seaport of Japan, were treated with humanity by the Chinese, and subsequently obtained a passage to their native land. This extensive country, situated in the most eastern part of Asia, was discovered by some Portuguese, in 1542, who were cast on shore by a tempest. It consists of three large and many lesser islands. The larger of the two islands is Japan itself, usually called by the natives Nippon. The next in extent is Ximo, and the smaller of the three is Xicoco, situate between the former two. Nippon is surrounded by craggy rocks, — the greatest security of the empire from foreign invasions, — which are so high and inaccessible, that, when seen at sea from a distance, the whole appears as one immense rock.

“ A rock that braves  
The raging tempest and the rising waves,  
Self-propped it seems to stand. Its solid sides  
Keep off the sea-weeds and the sounding tides.”

The soil is rocky and rather barren ; but through the industry of the natives it has been greatly improved, and the very rocks produce plants and fruits in abundance.

Though the breezes from the sea tend to moderate the summer's heat, they add to the intenseness of the winter's cold, and render the seasons more uncertain here than in any other parts of the Indies. Dreadful storms and hurricanes, and tremendous thunder and lightning, are also common here, to the great alarm and injury of the natives. It was during one of these terrible tempests that these unfortunate men were blown off the coast ; and after drifting at the mercy of the winds and currents almost a whole year, they luckily reached land : their sufferings, during this long period, were probably more severe than were ever experienced by any other crew on the ocean. The vessel's company originally consisted of six : one died during the passage, he was dressed in his best clothes, and then wrapped up in matting, within which were put some gums, spices, and money, and the whole securely bound round with coir rope, and to the corpse was affixed one of the grapnels ; after the ceremony of singing over it, they committed it to the deep.

# EIGHT DAYS ON BOARD OF A BURNING SHIP;

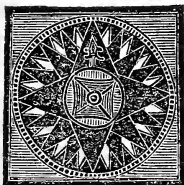
BEING

THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW

OF THE

## BARQUE BURLINGTON,

Which was struck by Lightning and burnt in the  
Atlantic Ocean, March, 1840.



ON the 10th of March, 1840, the barque Burlington, of Boston, Captain Hallet, bound from New Orleans to Havre, was struck by lightning, in lat.  $36^{\circ} 40' N.$ , and long.  $56^{\circ} W.$  We introduce the graphic extracts from the ship's log-book, kept by the mate, Mr. John Girdler, with the following remarks of Captain Sleeper.

"The situation of these men on board the Burlington was not an enviable one. They stood, as it were, on the summit of a volcano, which was raging beneath them, and threatening at each moment to burst out with uncontrollable fury. They were cold, wet, and uncomfortable, during a great part of this time, and exhausted by their labors to extinguish or stifle the fire. The carbonic acid gas, which generated in large quantities, drove them from the cabin, and they had no place of refuge beneath the deck. During these few days, they were visited by several dreadful gales, at which times it happened providentially that the fire did not break out, for no *boat* could have lived during such weather as they experienced; and when the whole interior of the vessel was, as it were, a mass of fire, which it became evident was about to burst through the deck, the weather moderated; a ship hove in sight, steering directly towards them, took them off, and in a few hours afterwards the

barque was burnt down to the water's edge and sunk! The captain, officers, and crew, ought to feel deeply grateful for the aid which was afforded them by the Divine Power in this trying hour. They appear to have exhibited a degree of coolness, intrepidity, and wisdom, during the circumstances which attended the loss of the barque, which reflect honor on the American character, and must command the admiration of all who can conceive the perilous situation in which they were placed. The extracts from the log-book are written in plain but forcible language, and convey a graphic sketch of an extraordinary event, which cannot be read without emotion."

"*Tuesday, March 10, 1840.* Commences with fresh southerly breezes and passing clouds; a brig in company. At 2, P. M., took in topgallantsails. At 6, blowing fresh, double-reefed the topsails, reefed mainsail, sent down royal-yards, &c. At 7, very sharp lightning in the south-west; close-reefed the topsails, drew the pump spears, unshipped the bolts, and stopped up the pumps with wet swabs. At half past 9, were struck by a flash of lightning, which came down the larboard main-topsail-sheet, and passed down the larboard pump, knocked down the second officer and all the watch, except the man at the wheel. All hands were turned up to examine the ship, but we could not perceive that any injury had been done. But at a quarter past 12, A. M., we discovered that the ship was on fire, by the smoke issuing from the booby-hatch and forecastle. We cut a hole in the coat of the mainmast, and found all on fire on the larboard side. Hauled up courses and wore ship to the W. S. W., bored a hole with a large auger, and found all on fire below. After pouring down a large quantity of water, and finding the decks getting hotter and hotter, thought it best to endeavor to smother it; stopped up every place through which the air could communicate, and commenced clearing away the boats, putting on board of them provisions, water, &c. At 8, A. M., got out the boats; the yawl filled while lowering her into the water; the third mate and part of the crew got into the long-boat; veered her away under the lee of the ship by a hawser. At 10, A. M., expecting the flames would burst out every instant, hauled the boat up under the stern, and all hands lowered themselves into the boat by

the davit falls; dropped astern of the ship, and commenced fitting waist-cloths for the boat. This day ends with strong gales from the S. S. W. and a heavy sea, with thunder and lightning. Lat.  $37^{\circ} 08' N.$ , long.  $54^{\circ} 40'$ .

“*Wednesday, March 11.* Commences with strong gales, but moderating. At 2, P. M., hauled the boat alongside, under the lee of the ship, and got on board. Found that the fire was somewhat smothered, as the decks were not so hot as when we got into the boat. Left some hands in the long-boat to keep her safe, and all the rest turned to, to endeavor to save the ship. We commenced boring holes in the hottest parts of the deck, and after pouring down some seventy or eighty buckets of water, plugged up the holes, and bored in other places. We soon found the deck and waist getting cooler; and as so much smoke did not come up as before, we began to entertain hopes of being able to keep the fire under, until we should be able to reach some port; and from the way we have got the wind, we think it will be best to endeavor to reach a southern port in the United States; or, if finally obliged to quit the ship, we shall stand a better chance of being picked up by some vessel. At 10, P. M., hoisted in the boats, let out the reefs, and steered N. W. by N. Riggged the starboard pump, and commenced pumping up and pouring down water through the auger-holes. The first water we pumped up was more than blood warm, but it soon became cooler. Midnight; moderate and cloudy. Let one watch lie down, whilst the other was employed in pasting up every vent-hole below. At 4, A. M., every crack and hole was covered over with paste, paper, and sails, and the decks were growing cooler; still employed in pouring down water. At 10, A. M., strong breezes; double-reefed the topsails. The forecandle being all pasted up and covered over, the crew, being unable to get at their chests, have no clothing but what they stood in when the alarm of fire was given; several have no jackets or hats. We supplied them as well as we could from the cabin. Latter part, strong gales; but we are in hopes to succeed in our plan of stifling the fire. Lat.  $38^{\circ} 00'$ , long.  $55^{\circ} 54'$ .

“*Thursday, March 12.* Commences with strong gales from the S. S. W. All hands still employed in pumping



up and throwing down water, securing the long-boat, &c. At 7, P. M., hove to, with violent squalls, heavy rains, and incessant and terrific thunder and lightning. At midnight, wind shifted to westward, and moderated some; set foresail and reefed spanker. Decks still continue hot, and every time we take out a plug to pour down water through a tunnel, smoke, steam, and gas, rush up. At 4, P. M., more moderate, and made more sail. Latter part, strong breezes from the N. W., and pleasant. Decks continue hot, but we are in hopes that our plan of smothering the fire will succeed. We got another mast coat fitted round the foremast, and are preparing one for the mainmast. A part of the crew are watching all the cracks about the hatchways, companions, scuttles, &c., and are ready to stop up the seams whenever the smoke may issue forth. Lat.  $38^{\circ} 56'$  N., long.  $56^{\circ} 45'$ .

*“Friday, March 13.* Commences with fresh breezes from the N. W., and pleasant weather. Wind hauling to the northward, at 5, P. M., wore ship to the westward. At sunset, saw a ship about eight miles off. At 8, P. M., calm, and pumped out the ship dry. By keeping a blanket, soaking wet, around the coat of the mainmast, it is kept considerably cool, but by putting a finger down the holes, it is as hot as can be borne. Latter part, moderate breezes from S. E., and cloudy. Heat below, about the same. Two brigs passed us between 10, A. M., and 12, M.

*“Saturday, March 14.* Commences with moderate breezes, gradually increasing, from S. S. E. At 7, P. M., it increased to a violent gale, and the lightning was terrific, barometer falling in a remarkable manner. At 10, P. M., wind S. S. W., blowing heavy, hove to under close-reefed maintopsail. At half past 4, A. M., a dreadful gale from S. S. W.; shipped a sea which nearly filled the cabin and state-rooms with water. Found the smell of smoke coming up from below. After searching about some time, (it being very dark,) found the coat of the mizzenmast ripped up; secured it as soon as possible. At 8, A. M., it blew a hurricane from N. W.; barometer having fallen two inches. Latter part, lying to under bare poles. We are now in great distress, our store-room being filled with water, provisions all wet, and all our clothing and bedding soaked in

water. The ship has strained two butts open, near where the fire broke out; calked them tight. The heat below, apparently about the same. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 27'$ , long.  $58^{\circ} 11'$ .

"*Sunday, March 15.* Commences with a perfect hurricane from N. W.; ship lying to under bare poles. At 4, A. M., wore ship to the westward, and made some sail. Find that the fire has gained on us a good deal; poured down more water, and kept off the wind at 8, A. M., to free the ship. Found a good deal of water in her; mast coat very hot, and large quantities of smoke coming up the holes. Latter part, heavy gales from N. W., with severe snow and hail squalls; the fire below still burning, and not able to extinguish it, and a very heavy sea running. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 6'$ , long.  $57^{\circ} 25'$ .

"*Monday, March 16.* Strong gales from N. W., and heavy squalls. From meridian till 5, P. M., all hands employed in pumping up, drawing, and pouring down water on the fire. At 6, P. M., smoke not rising quite so fast, nor the steam so hot, made more sail. Moderate during the night; and continued to pour down water at intervals. There has been more gas in the cabin to-night than at any time yet. Several of the crew were so badly affected by it, that they could with difficulty keep from fainting. At 10, A. M., a violent gale from the westward, and pleasant weather; under close-reefed maintopsail and foresail. The heat below appeared to have abated somewhat since yesterday. Captain Hallet lay down (in the cabin) at 1, A. M., and on calling him at 4, A. M., he was nearly dead, (by inhaling the gas,) and fell down as soon as he came on deck. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 21'$ , long.  $58^{\circ} 42'$ .

"*Tuesday, March 17.* Commences with strong gales from the west, and clear weather. At 1, P. M., it blew a complete hurricane from N. W., and blew away the close-reefed main-topsail. The mainmast works a good deal; and suppose that the wedges must have burnt out and dropped down. The seams and butts of the deck are all opening on the larboard side, from the after part of the main to the forward part of the fore-rigging. All hands employed in pouring down water, making plugs, and boring new holes, &c. Middle part, more moderate; the cabin again filled with gas, which prevents us from closing the doors or windows. The

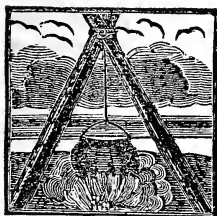
smoke is now getting the upper hand of us again, and our prospect seems dismal enough. At 10, A. M., saw a sail to windward, bearing down towards us; hove to, and hoisted our colors in the mizzen-rigging, union down. Latter part, light N. E. breezes, and fine weather. Lat.  $40^{\circ} 13'$ , long.  $55^{\circ} 40'$ .

"*Wednesday, March 18.* Commences with pleasant breezes from N. E. and clear weather. At 3, P. M., the ship to windward spoke us; she proved to be the St. James, Captain William Sebor, from London for New York. She immediately hove to, near us, and got out her boats; we got out our small boat, and commenced putting in those of our effects which were at hand, intending to leave the ship to her fate, as the fire had now got complete possession of her. Took off the booby-hatch, to endeavor to save some of the stores and sails that were underneath; but were obliged to put it on again, as the heat and smoke were truly suffocating. We opened the fore-castle, and endeavored to save the chests of the crew, but found it impossible to descend into the fore-castle; hooked up three of the chests with a boat-hook, and nearly lost one of the men, who persisted in going down. We hauled him up in a state of insanity. At 6, P. M., Captain Hallett left the ship in the last boat; the fire then blazing up ten or twelve feet above the decks. At half past 6, P. M., all hands safe on board the good ship St. James, where we were received and treated with the greatest kindness and humanity by Captain Sebor and his officers. Some of us have lost all, and some of us have saved part of our clothes. At 8, P. M., the ship was completely in flames. We could see with the night-glass, that the mainmast had fallen over the starboard side, and the mizzenmast was over the stern; the foremast and bowsprit still standing, but all on fire, we being about six miles off. At 10, P. M., the fire suddenly disappeared, and the unfortunate Burlington, at that time, probably sank."

The officers and crew were all subsequently landed in the city of New York in safety.

SHIPWRECK  
OF THE  
PORTUGUESE ADMIRAL,  
FERNANDO DE MENDOZA,  
ON THE  
BASSAS DE JUIDA,  
IN THE INDIAN OCEAN;

With the affecting Proceedings of Two Brothers.



At a very early period, the Portuguese acquired rich and extensive possessions in the East Indies. Fleets, laden with the most valuable commodities, periodically sailed to the mother country; and the advantages arising from a lucrative traffic led to the foundation of new and important colonies, equally productive as those originally established. But this perpetual intercourse was not exempt from the calamities resulting from the uncertainties of the sea, of which the following narrative may serve as an example.

Letters to the viceroy and archbishop of Goa arrived in May, 1586, communicating the loss of the admiral's ship, *St. Jago*, on the *Bassas de India*, an extensive shoal in the Indian Ocean.

The ship sailed from Portugal in 1585, and made a prosperous voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to the vicinity of Mosambique; when the crew, thinking they had nothing to dread, grew regardless of danger. Yet the master, and others having rule, ought always to keep the strictest watch, and distrust their own judgment; otherwise,

as in this case, fatal accidents may ensue. The *St. Jago* approached near the latitude of  $22^{\circ} 30'$ , under which lie the *Bassas de India*, between the island of Madagascar and the continent of Soffala, shoals consisting chiefly of black, white, and green coral, which are extremely dangerous; and pilots would do well to shun them. The ship having got between Madagascar and Mosambique, the pilot took an observation, by which he judged her past the shoals, and ordered the master to make all sail for Mosambique. But there were various seamen on board, who, as well as the officers, thinking it was prudent to stand off and on during the night, gave their counsel, that a good lookout should be kept; because they suspected that they were not yet past the shoals. However, the pilot, resolving both to maintain his own skill and to show his power, advanced the reverse, and refused to listen to any of their suggestions. It is necessary to observe, that, by the king's express command, the pilots of Portuguese East Indiamen are invested with an absolute control of the navigation, and the ship is committed to their charge alone. But the later regulations of other countries dispense with having an officer of that particular description constantly on board.

The pilot, thus obstinately adhering to his own opinion, ordered all sail to be set; and the ship continued her course until midnight, with fair weather, but no moon, when she struck on a sharp coral rock. The mainmast immediately came over, and with the beating of the sea, the vessel soon parted. A dreadful cry was heard throughout the wreck, and great lamentation among the people. There were at least five hundred persons on board, among whom were thirty women and many Jesuits and priests: nothing was to be seen, but every one bidding another farewell, and asking forgiveness of offences.

The admiral, Fernando de Mendoza, with the master, pilot, and ten or twelve more, got into the pinnace, and, drawing their swords, declared, that no more should enter, for they were about to seek some part of the shoal fit for building a boat out of the wreck. But, after searching in vain, they became apprehensive of returning to the ship, lest the pinnace might be overladen, and themselves drowned. Therefore, having twelve boxes of marmalade, a pipe

of wine, and some biscuit, which had been hastily thrown into the boat, they recommended themselves to God, and rowed for the land, which they made in seventeen days, after suffering severe hunger, thirst, and fatigue.

Those who remained in the wreck, not seeing the pin-nace return, were filled with despair, until the vessel parting between the decks, exposed the long-boat, which was falling out. No one wished to give directions to the rest, nor was any expedient adopted to save their lives; but all sat inactive, looking at each other. At last an Italian, Cypriano Grimaldi, inspirited them to exertion, and leaping into the boat, began to clear it out. Others followed his example; and by the time the boat was got to sea, there were at least ninety persons on board, besides many trying to overtake it by swimming. Several women were among them; but because those within were unwilling to endanger the boat, they mercilessly cut off the fingers, hands, and arms of those holding by the sides; and threw many overboard who were incapable of defending themselves. A painful scene ensued on taking leave of the unfortunate persons abandoned in the ship, and the adventurers put straight out to sea. The boat was not only overloaded by the numbers within, but leaked very much, and the adventurers had but a small store of provisions; whence, after rowing several days, they resolved to choose a captain from their number, to whom they should give implicit obedience. A gentleman born in India, though of Portuguese extraction, was selected, whose first act of authority was commanding his crew to throw some of the rest overboard, being such as were weakest, or least likely to be useful. Among these was the carpenter, who had so lately assisted in repairing the boat. When he knew that the lot had fallen to him, he besought his comrades to give him some marmalade, and a cup of wine; which having received, he willingly suffered himself to be thrown over, and was drowned. Another of the victims had a younger brother in the boat, who suddenly started up, and prayed the captain to change the lot, and let him die in his brother's place. "My brother," said he, "is older and has more knowledge of the world than I, therefore more fit to live, and better able to assist my sisters and friends in their need; and I had rather die for him,



Affecting Situation of two Brothers.

than survive without him." The elder brother being thus released, the younger one was thrown into the sea. He swam full six hours, following the boat; and although he was repulsed with naked swords, he laid hold of it, and had his hand cut half asunder. However, he would not let go, and those within were at last obliged to take him in again. Both these brothers were personally known to the author of this narrative.

The people continued twenty days at sea in the greatest distress; and then got to land, where they found the admiral and the crew of the other boat.

Those who were abandoned in the ship, attempted to make rafts of deals and spars, and whatever else they could fasten together, in hopes of saving their lives; but of all who embarked on them, only two came safe ashore.

The adventurers, who had made the land, escaped one danger but to meet another; for no sooner had they reached the coast, than they were attacked by the Caffres, robbed of all they possessed, and scarcely preserved clothes to cover their nakedness; and they suffered many hardships besides. In time they succeeded in reaching the Portuguese agent for Soffala and Mosambique, who gave them

all the assistance he could render, and sent them to Mo-sambique, from whence they passed to India. Some, however, died in the interval; so that the whole saved from this shipwreck did not exceed sixty persons; for nothing more than what is already related was heard of the ship. Thus did the obstinacy and arrogance of the pilot cost so many lives; which shows the impropriety of giving one the absolute control, and the privilege of rejecting better counsel.

This same pilot was committed to prison on his arrival in Portugal, from which he escaped by means of bribery. But another ship, the *St. Thomas*, the best of the whole Indian fleet, that sailed in 1586, was committed to his charge, though not without the imprecations of those whom his misconduct had rendered widows and orphans. The vessel was nearly wrecked, close to the place where the former was cast away. But the approach of day enabled the mariners to discover their danger, whereby they escaped. Afterwards, in the voyage home, the pilot followed a new course, standing far out to sea, to clear the banks and shoals on the African coast; for, as he affirmed, it was the want of such precaution that occasioned the loss of many ships. Yet the truth is, that the disasters arose from overloading the vessels, manning them with unskilful seamen, and neglecting a due survey whether they were fit for the voyage.

The *Bassas de India*, or more correctly *Bassas de Juida*, was considered a very dangerous shoal, and long remained the dread of navigators. But more recent observations have ascertained that, instead of a shoal, it is a low island, about five or six miles in length, and three or four in breadth, lying in  $22^{\circ} 28''$  south latitude, and  $40^{\circ} 51''$  east longitude. Many trees grow upon it, and the western beach is white and sandy. Rocks and breakers, to which most probably Huyghens van Linschoten alludes, are said to encompass the island; and thence so much apprehension has been excited on approaching it. In 1774 and 1804, the chief bearings were taken, whereby its position may be supposed to be nearly ascertained.



THE LOSS  
OF THE  
SHIP ROYAL CHARLOTTE,  
ON THE  
CORAL ROCKS OF FREDERICK'S REEF;  
WITH

A Narrative of the Sojourn and Sufferings of her Company on that low Place, during the Voyage of the Long-Boat to New Holland for Assistance, and the Arrival of a Vessel for their Relief; June, 1835.



SOON after the arrival of the ship Royal Charlotte, of London, commanded by Captain Joseph Corbyn, at Sidney, New South Wales, she was commissioned by the colonial government to carry detachments of his majesty's 20th, 41st, and 46th regiments to India, in order to join their respective corps in that country.

"These troops, commanded by Lieutenant Henry Clinton, of the 20th, embarked on the afternoon of the 7th of June; and on the Sunday following, the pilot proceeded on board, and got the ship under way, with a fine leading breeze down the river. The sun was fast sinking in the western horizon as she passed between Port Jackson Heads; but the appearance of the weather in the offing was gloomy, and the light vapors, as they scudded rapidly to the eastward, and the hoarse murmur of the surf, as it broke on the jutting rocks, seemed to presage an approaching storm. The light sails were taken in, and the topsails, as the breeze

was increasing, single-reefed, while the ship left the land at the rate of seven or eight knots per hour. By seven o'clock, the reflecting light of the promontory, which at intervals peered over the increasing waves, was all that was visible to us of the land of New South Wales; this, too, was soon lost in the distance, and nought but the white foam of the swelling waves, and the dark scud over our heads, could be seen from the ship.

"At eight bells the fore and main-topsails were double-reefed, the mizzen-topsails and main-courses handed, and every other necessary preparation made for a stormy night, which we now had every reason to expect. The ship ran before the wind, under this snug sail, till about half past ten o'clock, when she unfortunately broached to in a squall, and split every sail, fore and aft, then set; the gale soon increased to a perfect hurricane, and blew the canvass out of the bolt-ropes; while the shreds that remained pendent to the yards cracked dreadfully in the wind, and reminded us of the independent firing of a body of infantry. The ship ran at the rate of ten knots an hour, and rolled tremendously; both quarter-boats were washed away from the davits, and several other articles were washed overboard, which it was impossible to prevent. Heavy showers of rain at intervals, accompanied by squalls of wind, added considerably to the horrors of the night, which was uncommonly dark and cold. About half past twelve o'clock, we had an opportunity of witnessing a phenomenon which has frequently attracted the attention of mariners, in a heavy squall of wind and rain: a luminous appearance, apparently about the size of a forty-two pound shot, attached itself to the main-topmast-head, where it remained about half an hour, when it lost its globular appearance, and seemed to melt into a stream of liquid fire, which, gradually descending the mast, ran out on the lee yard-arm, and in a few minutes totally disappeared. These phenomena, though common in southern latitudes in stormy weather, are considered by superstitious seamen as sure indications of approaching evil; and the fate of the *Royal Charlotte* was foretold with that serious positiveness that admits of no contradiction, and completely evinces the readiness of the ignorant to attach importance to whatever is wonderful or strange.

"The gale continued with unabating violence till the morning of the 14th, when it gradually ceased ; and a new suit of canvass was bent during the day. The sea yet ran very high, and as the wind continued to blow in a direction favorable to the course of the ship, she made so much progress, that on Sunday, the 19th, immediately after divine service, we made Cato's Reef. At daylight in the morning, the breeze again increased ; the topgallantsails were handed, and a single reef taken in each topsail, which were double-reefed in the afternoon. While running under this sail, at the rate of nine knots, she struck, at a quarter before ten o'clock, on a reef of rocks with great violence. The sails were immediately thrown aback, but without effect ; she continued to harden on, and at length fell down on her larboard beam ends, still continuing to strike violently, while the water rushed rapidly into her hold.

"All hands were immediately ordered to the pumps ; but the depth of water in the hold increased in spite of every effort. The mizzenmast was cut away for the purpose of lightening the ship, as a faint hope was entertained that she might beat over the reef.

"On all sides the cry arose of 'Loosen the boats ! set them afloat !' This, however, was easier said than done, since all joined in the exclamation, but no one put his shoulder to the work, and the vessel heeled so violently from side to side, that it was well nigh impossible to set foot firmly upon her.

"'Cut away the mainmast ! down with the foremast ! stand clear the masts !' was often shouted. Every one got out of the way as fast as he could, in order to avoid the hazard of the falling timbers ; and a dreadful silence of some minutes' duration ensued, during which the work was accomplished with hatchets and similar instruments, until the masts gave away, and fell, with all their tackling, into the foaming ocean.

"Her ponderous bulk the dire concussion feels,  
And o'er upheaving surges wounded reels ;  
Again she plunges ! hark ! a second shock  
Bilges the splitting vessel on the rock."

“Vivid flashes of lightning, that at times illuminated the whole horizon, were succeeded by loud peals of thunder; while the roaring of the surf, the crashing of the ship on the rocks, and the dismal cries of the women and children, who crowded on deck, while the rain fell in torrents, added to the uncertainty of the fate that awaited us, can only be conceived by those who have been in the like unfortunate predicament. Those who, after witnessing the vessel carrying them over the foaming billows in all the pride of her glory and strength, and while the crew were fearless of danger, and exulting in their fancied security, have in a moment found themselves dashed against a fatal shoal or rock, and the ship, which they fondly deemed was bearing them to fame, fortune, or the shores of a long-lost home, become a dismal wreck, with no prospect but instant death before them,—those only can conceive the dread tumult of our minds in these awful moments of suspense, when the portals of eternity seemed open to receive us.

“Lieutenant Clinton, Dr. Nisbett, Captain Dick, and the chief officers of the ship, were seen every where on deck, encouraging the men to direct all their efforts to the pumps, as the only means of escape; while Captain Corbyn remained on the poop, watching every possible chance of relieving his ship, and issuing the necessary orders for her preservation, in that calm, collected manner, which bespeaks a mind superior to danger and death, and is a distinguished trait in the character of a British seaman.

“The surf beat over her bows in a dreadful manner, and frequently knocked the men away from the pumps, which were wrought with little intermission as long as any hopes remained of keeping her free; but when it was found that the water increased in spite of all our efforts, and that it was impossible for the ship to beat over the reef, or be otherwise got off, the men, who were now nearly all exhausted, were ordered to desist. Each sought for himself a resting-place, and like the mariners in St. Paul’s ship, when they threw the anchors over the stern, all earnestly wished for the day.

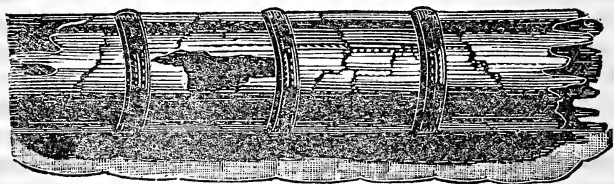
“Day at length dawned, and the increasing light soon

showed us the horrors of our situation ; various conjectures had been made in the course of the preceding night relative to her position, but none had approached the truth ; she lay on her larboard beam ends, with her head nearly N. N. E., about her own length from the edge of the reef, which appeared from the ship to be nearly perpendicular, and of great height. The breakers, as they rolled in unremitting succession over the precipice, broke close to the ship's fore-foot, and covered her as far as the waist, while we expected every moment that the bows would be stove in, and that she would go to pieces.

“The reef, as nearly as we could judge by the tremendous surf, formed a sort of crescent, or rather horseshoe, and swept in a circular line to about fifteen or twenty miles on each side of the ship. As the tide decreased, a number of shoals and rocks appeared within the surf ; and about a mile to the eastward of the ship was a sand-bank, rather higher than the other shoals, and over which the tide apparently did not rise. About eleven o'clock, while the hands were engaged in clearing the decks, an emeu, which Captain Corbyn had brought from Sidney, lay in the way and was thrown overboard ; the poor bird, in clearing the surf, made for the bank, sometimes walking over the tops of detached rocks, and at other times, when in deep water, aided by a current which set him towards the shoal. His motions were watched from the ship, and confirmed the idea that it would be practicable for a person to wade ashore at low water. Privates Hugh Murnane, of the 20th, and James Murphy, of the 41st, volunteered to go to the bank, and on receiving permission, lowered themselves on to the wreck of the foremast, which still remained alongside, and watching an opportunity, when the surf rolled in, committed themselves to its fury, with the good wishes of all on board for their success and safe return. They were thrown a considerable distance from the ship towards the bank, but the receding wave, unwilling to part with its prey, brought them as rapidly back ; no human strength could cope with its violence, or stem the back draught that threatened to convey them out to sea ; but they had scarcely passed the ship when they were met by another mountain wave, and thrown so far up on the bank that they were

able to gain and preserve their footing on the rocks, before it returned; after breathing a few minutes, they again set out, and, partly by swimming, and partly by wading, in about half an hour they reached the bank.

"In the interim, it was the opinion of every one on board that the ship would go to pieces in a few tides. The carpenters had constructed a sort of small raft, or catamaran, for the purpose of conveying to the bank a few of those articles of provisions, &c., which would be most wanted, in the event of our being obliged to abandon the ship; but this piece of mechanism proved unserviceable, as it was instantly overturned on being lowered into the surf, and every thing on board lost. The boatswain of the ship, who had gone overboard to superintend the management of the catamaran, was knocked away from alongside by the surf, and anxious to ascertain whether the bank would afford us a temporary shelter, made the best of his way ashore, and showed us the extent of the bank, by walking from end to end and across it, with a handkerchief tied to a stick, which he picked up; he then returned on board with the two soldiers, and reported that the tide did not overflow the bank, as he had observed a large junk of timber, the remains of a ship's mast, on the top of the bank, which appeared, from its dry and decayed state, to have lain a considerable time.



"In consequence of the favorable report made by the boatswain, it was thought expedient to allow as many of the troops to leave the ship that afternoon as could be spared from assisting the seamen in getting provisions, &c., out of the hold. About twenty men, and a few women and children, accordingly took possession of the bank, where they busied themselves in making preparations for passing the night. They succeeded in lighting a fire to cook the small quantity of provisions which the women had

been provident enough to carry with them ; and while this operation was going forward, the men drew round the fire and canvassed the events of the preceding night, or calculated the probable chances of escape from their miserable situation.

“ As this is the season of winter in these latitudes, the nights are consequently long ; and though the heat in the day is much the same as in England in the month of July or August, the air after sunset becomes extremely cold ; and when the fire on the bank died away, for want of a supply of fuel, the people found themselves very uncomfortably situated : they had no covering but the gloomy canopy of the heavens ; a long and moonless night was fast approaching, and the flood tide rapidly advancing on the bank, while they were uncertain whether or not it would be overflowed, and every soul swept into the deep. For the better security of the women and children, the men dug holes in the shingle, and raised ridges of sand and stones on their weather sides, to defend them from the inclemency of the night air which was now getting damp and chill.

“ About half-flood, a heavy shower of rain came on, and continued till nearly half ebb ; at high water the tide was almost level with the top of the bank, and the surf beat entirely over it, so that the adventurers were for nearly four hours almost constantly up to the middle in water ; they stood in this wretched manner holding each other's hands, the poor women clinging to their husbands, and the children to them, till the tide began to ebb.

“ The wife of Sergeant M'Donnel, of the 20th, had been delivered of a fine child only four nights before the ship was cast away, and on this night almost perished with the cold and anxiety ; but youth, and a good constitution, prevailed against the complicated evils that assailed her, and enabled her to bear up against them, with a degree seldom equalled in woman ; but her infant child fell a victim to the inclemency of the weather, and left its sorrowing and unfortunate mother, childless and nearly unprotected, on the rough and inhospitable rocks of Frederick's Reef.

“ Early in the morning some more of the soldiers went ashore, and reported the ship in such a crazy state that she could not hold together much longer : this determined those

on the bank to remain, and as the day tide rose only about half way up, they preferred their chance on the shoal to that of being crushed to pieces in the ship when she should part. The number on the bank was increased by volunteers, in the course of the day, and the men set about erecting a tent for the women and children, which they effected by placing pieces of timber and fragments of cedar planks—the remains of the catamaran which had drifted on shore—upright in the sand, covered with a piece of sail-cloth, which was brought from the wreck for the purpose; but this hurricane-house, though it sheltered them from the air, admitted the water, and they were obliged to abandon it at high water for fear the surf would sweep it away. The tide, as on the preceding night, flowed over the bank, destroyed the foundation of the tent, and swept away most of the provisions and necessaries brought ashore. A few of the troops yet remained on board, who were employed in hoisting provisions and water out of the hold, while those on the bank were told off in working parties and relieved each other. Conveying them on shore was no easy task, as it was extremely dangerous to disengage them from the surf alongside, and difficult to roll them over the rocks to the bank, so that a single water-cask sometimes required the united efforts of eight or ten men; but when they had made a few trips on board, and became acquainted with the roughness of the way, the casks were lowered over the side at about half ebb, and hauled out of the surf with ropes, so that in many places there was water enough to float them, or at least to facilitate the operation of rolling.

“As it was now become apparent that the only hope of our being rescued from our deplorable situation, rested on the possibility of our being able to make our distress known, it was determined by the captain to fit out the long-boat, the only one now remaining, and endeavor to make some port on the coast of New Holland, where it was possible relief might be found, should she meet no vessel on the route. She was accordingly overhauled, and when the necessary preparations were completed, eight seamen and four soldiers were selected to man her, under the superintendence of Mr. Parks, chief officer of the ship, and Dr. Nisbett, who volunteered his services for this perilous undertaking, and



whom we found particularly active and useful on many trying occasions.

"On Thursday, the 23d, the launch was parbuckled over the side, having Mr. Parks and two seamen on board; Mr. Parks having previously received instructions in writing from Captain Corbyn, drawn up with every precision, requiring him to proceed to Moreton Bay, and charter a ship for the relief of the Charlotte's passengers and crew, or, in the event of not being able to succeed in that port, to try every other he could make.

"Dr. Nisbett and the remainder of the crew afterwards got into her, when she dropped astern. On leaving the ship, they endeavored to force her through the surf; but after a fruitless effort of nearly two hours, they were obliged to bear away and search for a passage farther to the westward, which they soon found; and we had the satisfaction to see them outside of the breakers, with a fine breeze and all sail set.

"A number of cedar planks and other spars had, by this time, been drawn ashore by the working parties, a few of which were driven end down in the sand, and a platform laid about five feet from the top of the bank, on which a tent was erected for the married people, a small space of which was screened off at the north end, for the accommodation of Lieutenant Clinton and his family, who had signified their intention of joining those on the bank next day. Accordingly, at low water, that officer, with his lady and child, accompanied by Miss Tyghe, Mrs. Clinton's sister, reached the bank and took possession of their crazy abode. All the empty water-casks were procured from the ship, and a kind of breakwater erected on the most exposed side of the tent, by sinking them end down in the sand, and filling them with shingle, which was brought from the lower part of the shoal, in a kind of rude handbarrow, constructed for that purpose, by nailing two spars horizontally on the sides of an old box. These casks were again fenced with a double row of billet-wood, driven deep in the sand, and an embankment of shingle raised outside, for the purpose of breaking the violence of the surf before it reached our inner fortifications. These precautions we considered would contribute greatly to our protection, at the return of the springs,

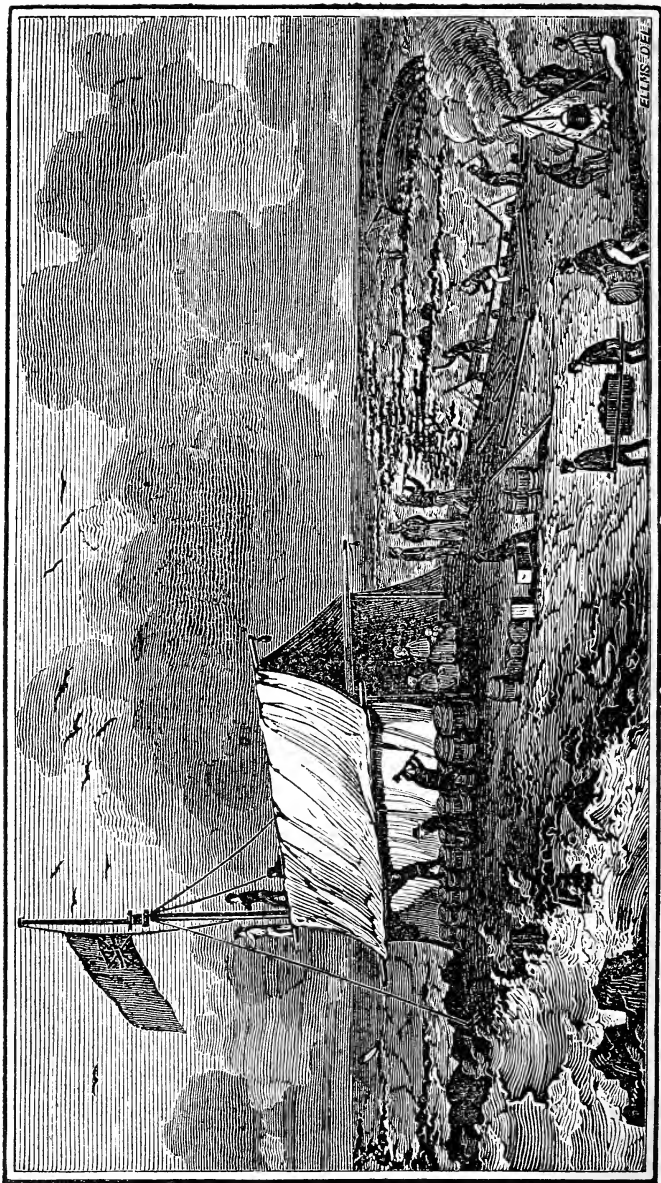
and we ceased to regard their approach with that degree of terror we felt only a few days before. The carpenter with his crew had erected a stage, on which they were busily employed in building a flat-bottomed boat as a *dernier* resort, in the event of no vessel coming to our relief; and, although our situation was desperate, we were not entirely without hope.

"Hitherto no lives had been lost; but on the afternoon of the 27th, while Corporal John Hughes and Thomas Neal, of the 41st, were engaged in taking a cask of water ashore, they kept too far to the eastward, and were drawn into a current, which sets rapidly to the northward of the bank, and swept out to sea. Neal, on perceiving his danger, quitted his charge, and with considerable difficulty reached the shore; but poor Hughes, after struggling near an hour, sank to rise no more. After this melancholy event, nothing of moment occurred till the evening of the 1st of July, when, about seven o'clock, one of the sentinels called out, 'A light! a light!' Every one started up and gazed in the given direction, which was nearly due west, and saw, to their inexpressible satisfaction, the light, apparently of a vessel within the reef; a loud cheering instantly commenced, and a piece of junk was lighted, to guide our supposed deliverers to the bank. But, alas! we were doomed to experience, in the most acute manner, that sickness of the heart which ariseth from hope deferred, as the light proved only to be the evening star setting, which, as the night was hazy, loomed large as it approached the horizon, and had every appearance of a signal light on board of a ship.

"Most of the provisions and water were now got ashore, besides a great number of cedar planks, &c., for the boat; so that, by the tenth of July, little more remained in the wreck than was sufficient for the subsistence of those who remained on board, viz., Captain Corbyn, Captain Dick and lady, with her infant child, Mr. Scott, second officer of the *Charlotte*, and a few boys; the boatswain and a few of the men having been sent ashore to alter the sails for the boat, which it was expected would soon be ready for launching.

"On the morning of the 25th, a cask of bread, that had been buried in the shingle, was raised and broached, but was found completely spoiled with salt water; and on this





A View of the Encampment of the Shipwrecked Company of the Royal Charlotte, on Frederick's Reef. — Page 237.

afternoon the surf ran very high, and beat so heavy on the ship that she frequently heeled over, as though she would upset; and we were in considerable pain for those on board, although we were in a desperate situation ourselves, the waves running high over the bank, and threatening destruction to our breakwaters and stages. Notwithstanding the exertions made to save our provisions, a tierce of beef, and one of pork, and a cask of water, were swept away, and several other articles of private property.

"In this way we continued, till, on the afternoon of the 28th of July, about two o'clock, a heavy squall of wind and rain came on, and continued about an hour and a half. As it cleared away, we observed the people on the wreck, crowding to the weather side, waving their hats, &c., and otherwise signifying that something unexpected either had or was about to take place; and some of the people who had ascended the stage sung out, 'A sail! a sail!' We had so often been deceived by fallacious appearances, that we were now become slow of belief, and it was not till the ensign was reversed on board that we would believe there was a sail in sight; in about half an hour, however, we made out a sail, steering down on the reef. It is impossible to describe the joy that took possession of all hands. The vessel proved to be a brig, and ran so near the edge of the reef that the people on the wreck could plainly distinguish a whale-boat on the quarter, and her crew on the rigging gazing at the wreck. She ran a few miles to the westward, and hove round, and we could see her standing off and on, as long as day lasted. We kept up a blazing fire at night, and at daybreak we again saw her hove to a great way to the eastward; she shortly made sail and steered for us, but the surf ran so high that she could not send a boat ashore; we were certain she had come to our relief, yet we felt mortified and depressed, that we could hold no communication with our deliverers.

"We had frequently seen whales, and other large fish, playing within the reef to the northward of our settlement, and as we could see no breakers in that direction, we were confident there existed a passage in that direction for a vessel; but we had no means of making this known on board the brig. We watched her motions all day, and at night

again lighted our fire as a beacon light to her; but about nine o'clock the tide rose over the bank and swept it away; and, in fact, every thing that was not buried in the sand or otherwise secured. The carpenter's saw-pit and tool-chest were washed away about ten o'clock, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we saved our lives. The situation of the ladies, and the rest of the women in the tent, was dreadful in the extreme, as the surf shook the frail beams of their crazy apartment with a violence that threatened instant destruction, and, as it broke under their feet, dashed through the tent and wet them to the skin. Four hours of dreadful suspense rolled heavily away, and the tide began to leave us; night, too, wore away, and the dawn surprised us all anxiously looking out for the brig, which we could nowhere see in the direction of yesterday; but on looking to the northward she was seen inside of the reef, at the distance of about four miles from the bank, steering towards us; she soon came to, and in a little time a whale-boat, having on board Mr. Parks, Dr. Nesbitt, and the master of the brig, pulled to the bank. We received them with three cheers, which they returned as they leapt ashore.

"After mutual congratulations and inquiries had passed between these gentlemen and Mr. Clinton, they made a short visit to the ladies' tent, and set out for the wreck. When they returned on board the brig, the women and sick men accompanied them, while the rest of the men were employed in assisting the carpenters in laying the skids for launching the boat, which was done as soon as there was water enough to receive her, and she was moved to a rock about fifteen or twenty fathoms from the bank; Mr. C., the carpenters, and several men, remaining on board.

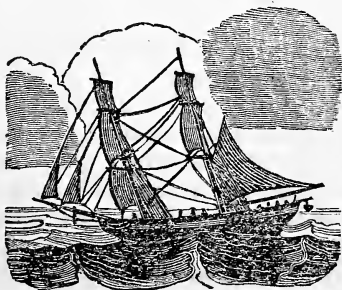
"About seven o'clock, the surf began to beat over the bank, and by nine the provision casks were all washed up; we divided ourselves amongst them, and when the awful rush of the remorseless breakers amongst our breakwaters announced the moment of danger, we closed in and clung to the casks till the receding wave left them on the bank. Towards high water, every surf buried us for a few seconds, and we could scarcely regain our breath, when it left us, before it was over us again.

"The tent that had been abandoned by the women in

the forenoon was washed away, with all the other stages. By eleven o'clock nothing remained but a few casks of water, which were knocked about with great violence; and between two of which a young man belonging to the ship had his right knee so dreadfully jammed as to occasion his death a few days after his arrival at Sidney.

"The moon shone very bright, and Lieutenant Clinton, who had watched our situation from the boat with the greatest anxiety, ordered her to be steered towards us, for the purpose of receiving us on board: this, owing to the current, was found impracticable, and we must have perished, had not Sergeant M'Donnel leapt out of the boat and swam to us with the end of a small line, with which we endeavored to haul the boat to us; but when she came broadside to the current, all our strength was in vain. One of the boat's crew, at this critical moment, sent us the end of a hawse by the line, on which we hung when the surf knocked us off our feet. As the tide began to ebb, the boat's moorings gave way, and she must have gone among the breakers, had we not held her on by the hawser, so providentially sent us, till she grounded on the bank.

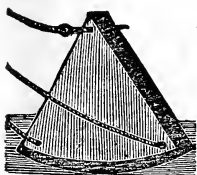
"On the morning of the first of August, every thing that could be brought from the wreck was sent on board the brig; and all the people embarked in the course of the day. She got under weigh at four in the afternoon, and cleared the reef as night set in; and, after a favorable passage of ten days, landed us in Sidney, to the astonishment of all acquainted with our misfortunes."



THE LOSS  
OF THE  
BARQUE MEDUSA,

AN ENGLISH WEST INDIAMAN,

Which was driven on the Rocks of the Colorados  
Reef, off the Island of Cuba; August, 1836.



N intelligent merchant at the Havana wrote the following account of this melancholy event, and forwarded it to a friend in England:—

“During my long residence in this city, I scarcely, if ever, remember a shipwreck more disastrous and afflicting in its consequences than one which has occurred, a few days previous to my writing, upon our coast, about fifteen leagues to the eastward, and which has caused a very considerable and painful sensation here, as I have no doubt it has at several ports at the west end of the Island of Jamaica. In consequence of some of the survivors of the ill-fated vessel being at present in our city, with whom I have conversed respecting the melancholy catastrophe, I am enabled to state particulars that may be relied on.

“It appears that on the 24th of August, the Medusa, a fine barque of three hundred and twenty tons’ burden, commanded by Captain James O’Neil, sailed from Port Morant, at the east side of Jamaica, for Kinsale, in Ireland; her cargo consisted of rum, sugar, indigo, pimento, and cedar; she embarked eleven cabin and eight steerage passengers, the former of whom were families of great respectability; she was manned with a crew of sixteen good hands, independent of the captain and mates. It was first the intention of Captain O’Neil to go home by



the windward passage, between St. Domingo and Margarita, and for several days the Medusa was beating to windward to effect her purpose; but owing to strong north-east gales, which prevail in these latitudes at this season of the year, he was unable to proceed; and when distant about six leagues from Cape Tiberon, the westernmost point of St. Domingo, he bore up, and resolved to go the leeward passage through the Gulf of Florida, and by the Banks of Newfoundland. In the vessel's passage to the eastward of Jamaica, she encountered very tremendous weather, and the captain endeavored either to make Port Royal or Bluefields, but was unable.

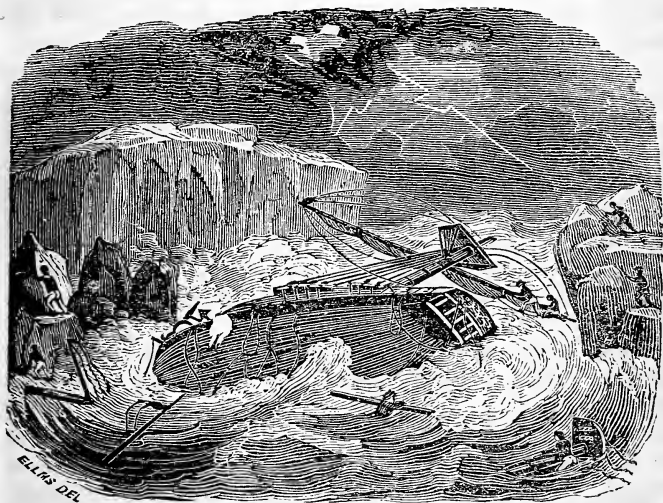
"On the night of the 1st of September, the Medusa passed a large merchant vessel totally dismasted; but, from the heavy sea that was running at the time, they were unable to speak each other. The distressed vessel fired signals of distress. On the morning of the 2d of September, no traces of her were to be seen from the topgallantmast-heads of the Medusa, which was still going before the wind at thirteen knots, under a close-reefed foresail and mizzen-staysail. At this time, Montego Bay was to leeward considerably, and before darkness on the 2d, the land of the Grand Caymans was discerned through the thick haze. At this time, the weather had increased to a hurricane, and the Medusa lay to with her head to the wind, under two storm-trysails, with her topgallantmasts struck. During the night of the 2d, the most intense anxiety and fearful apprehensions prevailed on board. Captain O'Neil, not having a thorough knowledge of this passage, greatly dreaded the Grand Cayman, the land of which is so remarkably low that it cannot be seen until close upon it. Under all the critical circumstances the captain found himself in, he thought it advisable to put the ship before the wind, and bear up for this port. At midnight, on the 2d of September, land was discovered on the starboard bow. This proved, by the charts, to be the Isle of Pines, off the west end of our island, (Cuba.) Considerable consternation took place on board at this discovery, as the land in question lay 'dead to leeward.' The ship was put about with great difficulty, and an offing was eventually gained.

“The apprehensions of the crew and passengers were now greatly allayed, as the most lively hopes were entertained that no disaster would occur before daylight, when the situation of the vessel would be known, and steps taken for her safety. The gale continued with unabated fury, accompanied by so heavy a sea, that it was expected the decks would be swept fore and aft. Between two and three o'clock, these fears were realized, by a heavy sea coming over the lee quarters, disabling the wheel, and carrying away her coops, carpenter's chest, and other things on the poop. A few minutes after, another, of greater magnitude, came over the windward side of the vessel, nearly amidship, the effects of which proved dreadful: the ship's carpenter and cook were carried overboard and perished; with them went the life and jolly-boats, also the caboose, and a number of casks; the whole of the starboard bulwarks were carried away by the same sea; to this was attributed the subsequent loss of the unfortunate vessel, and calamitous results, as the vessel now became unmanageable, and drove bodily to leeward. The captain was aware that the land of Cuba must lie close to leeward; and all hope of escaping destruction before daylight was now given up.

“The scene that followed (as described by one of the survivors) can only be imagined by those who have been in similar dreadful situations—all was anarchy and horror on board; between three and four o'clock, breakers were distinctly discerned on the starboard bow, and now the mere shadow of hope that previously existed fled; all subordination now ceased on board; every one thought of the best expedient to give himself a chance of preservation. Signals of distress were fired, but they were only wasted amidst the tumult of the contending elements. The captain ordered the masts to be cut away, which was done by the few who were sufficiently collected still to obey his orders. This eased the vessel; but she still drove towards the ‘breakers,’ the foam of which had an awfully grand appearance. The captain knew the land to be the Island of Cuba, but was ignorant on what part of the coast the vessel was driving. Had not the boats been washed over in the sea that was running, they could not have been

of any avail in the preservation of human life, as they could not have existed through the heavy surf that was furiously rushing over the breakers.

"A little after three o'clock, as near as could be judged, the unfortunate ship struck, her starboard bow first taking the ground and immediately afterwards she was thrown upon her beam ends, the sea making complete breaches over her deck. One universal scene of destruction took place in a few minutes after the first dreadful shock; only four souls of the whole ship's company, crew, and pas-



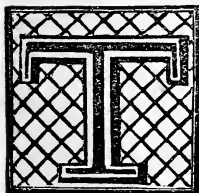
The Medusa on the Rocks of Cuba.

sengers, survived; and these wretched men were some of many who lashed themselves to spars, and committed their fates to the waves; they were picked up on the beach shortly after daylight, by some Spaniards, in a mutilated and exhausted state; three of them were seamen, the fourth a steerage passenger of the name of Doherty. The vessel struck upon the 'Colorados,' an extensive reef of rocks, lying about half a mile off the main land. The day after the wreck, more than twenty bodies were washed on the beach, as also a quantity of the cargo;

most of the latter became the booty of the Spaniards on that part of the coast. The cabin passengers consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart and daughter, Mr. M'Lean, Mr. Murray, and two sons, (youths,) Mr. Oblara, Mr. Farrel, and two other gentlemen, whose names I have not been able to ascertain. On the night of the fatal wreck, the Pomona, Captain Douglas, heard signals of distress, when near Cape Corrientes; but from the state of the weather she was unable to render assistance. She was from Jamaica, and bound to Glasgow. The four survivors are still here. Doherty is not expected to live. I have not heard to whom the Medusa belonged. She had made three previous voyages to the West Indies."



THE CONFLAGRATION  
OF THE  
STEAMER ROYAL TAR,  
IN  
PENOBSCOT BAY, OFF THE COAST OF MAINE;  
OCTOBER, 1836.



THE steamboat Royal Tar, Captain Reed, on her passage from St. John, N. B., to Portland, Me., having encountered a gale as she was crossing Penobscot Bay, came to anchor within about a mile of Fox Island, on the 25th of October, 1836. While lying there, about 2 o'clock, P. M., on that fatal day, she was discovered to be on fire near the coal-room. The boilers were at the time without water. The passengers were assembled in the cabin, and about sitting down to dinner, when it was announced to them that the boat was on fire. This fact had already been made known to the crew some time, and they had been engaged in unavailing efforts to extinguish it, without giving the alarm. Had it sooner been made known, it was thought, as some of them were experienced men, the fire might, possibly, have been extinguished, or the destruction of the boat have been attended with less loss of life. As it was, all efforts to extinguish the flames seemed useless, and the only hope of escape seemed to be to run the boat on shore. With this view the anchor was slipped. The foresail having already become a prey to the devouring element, a jib, the only available sail, was hoisted; but the flames blew into it and burnt it immediately, it blowing a gale off the shore. The boat being loosed from her moorings, without steam or sail, began to drift to sea. The captain, with a few of the pas-

sengers, secured their own safety by taking to one of the boats. Two of the boats had been left at St. John, to make room upon the deck for the caravan. The passengers were thus deprived of a part of the usual means of escape, in case of disaster. An effort was made to put overboard a large omnibus, upon which to escape ; but its great weight (being nearly two tons) prevented its being done. Several passengers now took to the only remaining boat ; and the remaining passengers, among whom were several women and children, were driven overboard by the flames. The scene at this time was truly terrific. Women threw their infants overboard, and leaped after them. Other passengers, both male and female, secured ropes to the vessel, and lowered themselves over the side. This precaution was rendered unavailing to many of them, by the ropes being burnt off. One man, having secured a quantity of silver dollars to his person, lowered himself to the water's edge, with the intention of seizing a spar, but no sooner let go his hold, than, owing to the weight of the silver, he sunk to rise no more. Six horses belonging to the caravan were backed overboard ; three of them instinctively swam towards the nearest land ; the other three swam round the boat until they sank exhausted. A large elephant, belonging to the menagerie, having retreated to a part of the boat which the fire had not reached, mounted his fore feet upon the rail, in which position he remained till about four o'clock, — apparently calculating, with the characteristic sagacity of the animal, the prospects of escape, — when it became too hot for him, and he leaped overboard, carrying with him, as he slid down the vessel's side, several of the passengers who were clinging there. His immense weight probably carried him to the bottom of the sea, as he reappeared, after some time, at a considerable distance. This animal also instinctively swam towards the nearest land ; but as the boat was at this time drifted four or five miles out to sea, he must have perished. The Revenue Cutter, on the Castine station, made her appearance at the scene ; but the captain declined going alongside, as he was fearful that the elephant would leap on board. The steamboat continued to drift to sea ; and the light of the conflagration was visible till 9 o'clock in the evening, when it suddenly disappeared, and the boat is sup-

posed to have sunk ; being about twenty miles from where she took fire.

A gentleman connected with the menagerie, Mr. H. H. Fuller, gives the following statement of his perils :—

“Immediately after she came to anchor, fire was discovered around the whole space occupied by the boiler, below the deck. Those who first became aware of the fact, fled to the boats. At this time, I was sick in my berth ; my attention was first called to the fact, that something unusual had taken place, by observing that every person but myself had left the cabin. When I reached the deck, I saw the long-boat, full of people, a quarter of a mile to the leeward ; they were rowing hard, and were soon out of sight. The small boat, in which was Captain Reed, who took possession of it to prevent its following the long-boat to the leeward, lay about fifty yards astern ; three persons swam off, and were taken into her, though the wind was then blowing a gale, and a tremendous sea was running. He then bore away for the land to windward, about two miles. At this time, a great many persons jumped overboard and were drowned. The screams of women and children, the horrid yells of the men, the roaring of the storm, and the awful confusion, baffle description. The pilot, Captain Atkins, of Portland, and the mate, Mr. Black, of St. John, with the assistance of those who still had their senses, after hoisting a signal of distress, slipped the cable and made sail. The sails, however, caught fire, and were soon burnt. The steamer then broached to, and was shortly completely enveloped in flames amidships. The fire interrupted all communication between the fore and aft ; and neither those in the bows nor those in the stern could see or know the fate of each other. All but myself fled from the quarter-deck. I sat on the stern rail, till my coat took fire. I looked round, and seeing not a soul around me in the boat, I fastened a rope to the tiller chain and dropped over the stern, where I found about *fifteen* others hanging in different places, mostly in the water. In fact, the water washed over all of us almost every minute.

“While holding on, I saw several drown ; some were

beaten from their hold by the waves, and some falling into the sea for want of strength to sustain themselves any longer. I had fastened my rope to the chain, which was again fastened by iron bolts, which held out against the fire much longer than the other parts, to which many were suspended. I wound the rope round my neck and thigh; and was enabled to bear up the additional weight of three men and a lady, who hung securely to me. Not far from me hung Captain Atkins, the pilot: he held up a lady with his feet; her arms failed her at last, but he caught her with his feet, and held her full five minutes, till a sea washed her off, and she drifted by; a kind wave threw her up against an Irishman, hanging on my left, and she seized hold of him, and assisted, perhaps, by our encouraging, and the Irishman's also, she kept up. When the cutter's boat passed under our stern, Atkins and I begged for God's sake that she should take those two, even if they left us, as we thought we could weather it a little longer. The gig passed within six feet of those two, who, we expected, would be lost every minute. The officer of the gig was afraid, and left them and us to our fate. We were all saved—that is, the lady, Irishman, Atkins, and those attached to my person—by Captain Reed, in his small boat, and conveyed to the cutter. She was not in sight when I first went on deck. I had been in the water, beating about under the stern, two hours before I was taken off.

“I cannot conclude this statement without expressing my deep conviction that the course pursued by Captain Reed was the only one which could have saved those who were saved, after the long-boat put off to leeward. Captain Reed saved, by making trips in his small boat, all who were saved after that injudicious movement.”

Mr. William Marjoram, a pious passenger, gives the following recital:—

“At 2, P. M., the engineer reported to the captain that the water was all out of the boiler: the captain immediately ordered the anchor to be let go, without first ascertaining whether there was any danger of the boiler's being red hot, which was then the case. Some men were then sent down to pump water into it; in a few minutes, the black boy came



running on deck, crying out, 'Fire.' Captain Read was heard to tell him to hold his tongue. The boats were immediately lowered; fifteen got into one, and Captain Reed and four men into the other, and both rowed towards the shore. The scene was now truly awful — men, women, and children, running in all directions, with their clothes in their hands. In consequence of seeing the captain leave the boat, they became paralyzed. The fire was now raging through the decks; the mate gave orders to slip the cable. The jib was now hoisted, and the mainsail partly got up; but such was the confusion on board that it was impossible to obey the order. Several were by this time seen some distance from the boat, on pieces of wood, and, I fear, were drowned. I endeavored to exhort the people to be calm, and to meet the then approaching fate with calmness, and to trust in God, and his Son Jesus, as our only hope of being saved; reminding them that they had been sinful creatures. With some it appeared to have great weight, and I hope they obtained pardon through the blood of Christ. As the fire raged, the scene became truly awful. Men, women, and children, were seen taking their last farewell of each other; some lashing boxes to their backs, loaded with dollars, and some casting their property into the sea. A sail was at last seen from behind the land, which, on heaving in sight, bore away for us. The boat Captain Reed was in immediately made for us: all eyes were now directed on her as the only hope to rescue them from a watery grave. Several, by this time, had caught fire, and jumped into the sea; and some were holding on to the stern. The fire had now taken possession of the waist, and prevented any communication to the stern. I recollect passing over the cages of wild beasts when they were on fire; and well might I say with the psalmist David, '*My soul is among lions, even those that are set on fire.*' The cutter had now nearly reached us, and every one preparing to jump on board; but what was our consternation, when we beheld the cutter heave in stays and stand for the shore! but she was boarded by Captain Reed, who put what men he had into her, and rowed for the steamer, and took some off the stern. The cutter's boat rowed round the steamer, but was afraid to come near, as was the cutter, forgetting they could have thrown their

powder overboard. The boat now continued going to and from the wreck, taking the people off. I was three hours on the wreck, and was taken off by the captain. The moment I got on board of the cutter, I begged Captain Dyer to carry her alongside, but he refused; saying, the elephant would jump on board. I then requested him to sail the cutter under the bows, and ask the keeper to lash his leg to the windlass; but it was of no avail: he ordered me to go below, which I did for a short time.

"I again went on deck, and helped the people out of the boat as they came alongside, remarking every time that they brought no women with them. About 6 o'clock, the boat came with only three persons on board — a Mr. Brown, late steward of the boat, and a colored sailor, that belonged to the steamboat; who was the means of saving a great many lives, having been in the boat a long time. He requested me to take his place; the cutter-master said he could stay no longer. I, however, jumped into the boat, and rowed away: on reaching the wreck, there was one woman holding on the bowsprit, with a child in her arms, and another in the water, with her clothes burnt off, holding on by a piece of rope: she let go, and before I could get to her the child was drowned; but we saved the woman, who was nearly dead; but, after using the means which are generally adopted, she revived. The cutter stood for the shore, where she landed the survivors, except the last woman; Captain Dyer and myself sitting up all night, endeavoring to bring her to, which we did.

"I cannot conclude without expressing my sincere thanks for the kindness we experienced from the inhabitants of the islands; to Miss S. Crocket, for supplying the females with shoes and other articles; and to persons whom I did not know; at Vinal Haven, to the Messrs. Thomas, brothers, who were very kind; and also to Captain Dyer, for taking the females to his house and dressing their wounds. At Thomaston, Mr. Allen, of the marble works, and others, treated us extremely well, subscribing to assist me in getting the females to Portland by the stage.

"Such a dreadful sacrifice of life I think has never occurred before, through neglect and want of coolness and courage on the part of those who had the management of



The Burning of the Steamer Royal Tar, on board of which was a valuable Menagerie of Wild Beasts. — Page 300.

List of names and addresses of persons who have been appointed to the office of Justice of the Peace for the year 1900.	
1. John A. Smith	2. John B. Jones
3. John C. Brown	4. John D. White
5. John E. Green	6. John F. Black
7. John G. Gray	8. John H. Blue
9. John I. Red	10. John J. Yellow
11. John K. Purple	12. John L. Pink
13. John M. Brown	14. John N. Green
15. John O. White	16. John P. Black
17. John Q. Gray	18. John R. Blue
19. John S. Red	20. John T. Yellow
21. John U. Purple	22. John V. Pink
23. John W. Brown	24. John X. Green
25. John Y. White	26. John Z. Black
27. John A. Gray	28. John B. Blue
29. John C. Red	30. John D. Yellow
31. John E. Purple	32. John F. Pink
33. John G. Brown	34. John H. Green
35. John I. White	36. John J. Black
37. John K. Gray	38. John L. Blue
39. John M. Red	40. John N. Yellow
41. John O. Purple	42. John P. Pink
43. John Q. Brown	44. John R. Green
45. John S. White	46. John T. Black
47. John U. Gray	48. John V. Blue
49. John W. Red	50. John X. Yellow
51. John Y. Purple	52. John Z. Pink
53. John A. Brown	54. John B. Green
55. John C. White	56. John D. Black
57. John E. Gray	58. John F. Blue
59. John G. Red	60. John H. Yellow
61. John I. Purple	62. John J. Pink
63. John K. Brown	64. John L. Green
65. John M. White	66. John N. Black
67. John O. Gray	68. John P. Blue
69. John Q. Red	70. John R. Yellow
71. John S. Purple	72. John T. Pink
73. John U. Brown	74. John V. Green
75. John W. White	76. John X. Black
77. John Y. Gray	78. John Z. Blue
79. John A. Red	80. John B. Yellow
81. John C. Purple	82. John D. Pink
83. John E. Brown	84. John F. Green
85. John G. White	86. John H. Black
87. John I. Gray	88. John J. Blue
89. John K. Red	90. John L. Yellow
91. John M. Purple	92. John N. Pink
93. John O. Brown	94. John P. Green
95. John Q. White	96. John R. Black
97. John S. Gray	98. John T. Blue
99. John U. Red	100. John V. Yellow

the boat. But let me conclude with *David's 50th psalm*, — *'Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence; a fire shall devour before him, and it shall be very tempestuous round about him.'*"

The rare and valuable collection of living animals which composed Messrs. Macomber, Welsh, and Co.'s menagerie, and which were all destroyed by this melancholy accident, were mostly collected by hunting parties, sent from the Cape of Good Hope into the interior of South Africa. The parties, which consisted of fifty or more in number, were sometimes six months on an expedition to the hunting-grounds, so that the enormous expense in procuring them will be readily perceived. We will give a few authentic sketches and anecdotes of the most noted.

The lions were taken from the den, when but two or three months old, by a party of Messrs. Welsh and Macomber's hunters in South Africa, and sent to this country. The party consisted of thirty-six Bushmen, Boors, Hottentots, and Yankees, mounted on horses, and accompanied by ten or twelve well-trained dogs. They had been absent from the cape about seven weeks, had travelled twenty-three hundred miles into the interior, and arrived safely on the borders of the hunting-ground for ferocious wild beasts. They stopped for a night at the hut of an old settler, and before morning were aroused by the barking of their dogs, which had discovered a lion near the premises, not, however, until he had killed a beautiful gazelle, domesticated by their host. The men were aware of their inability to contend with the lion in the night, and suffered him to retire unattacked.

Early in the morning, however, they set off on the track taken by the dogs, and in two or three hours arrived at a thicket of brushwood, rendered almost impassable by huge rocks scattered in every direction. Here they left their horses, and put two of the Hottentots in front, who were resolute fellows, and had before been present at the killing or capture of several similar animals. They clambered along but a few rods farther before they were warned of their approach to the enemy by the loud and violent barking of the dogs. The lion had so fortified himself in his position, that he could not be seen till within a few yards; and

the Hottentots, who led the way, were on the point of venturing within his very grasp, when the glaring eye-balls of his lionship peered among the evergreen that partly concealed a cleft in the rocks. The foremost hunters felt so sure of success that they fired without waiting the arrival of the rest of the party. The shots either missed or wounded only to enrage; for in an instant, and almost at a single bound, the ferocious animal had prostrated one of the poor Hottentots, and was standing over him in an attitude of exultation. A dozen of his comrades at the moment came up, who feared to fire again, lest they should kill their fellow, or see him devoured on the spot. There was no time to be lost, however, and, as the only alternative, they determined to take deliberate aim at his head, which was raised high above his prisoner, and to send the balls whizzing together at a given signal. This was done in a trice, and the lion fell upon the unfortunate Hottentot, who expected every moment to be his last. In seizing him, the lion had torn his flesh and broken the bones of one arm, without doing other injury. This prize proved to be a lioness, about seven feet long; and, on entering her den, they were rejoiced to find a pair of beautiful cubs, which were now conveyed away without molestation.

Of all the rare and noble beasts in this collection, the royal tiger of Bengal was the most splendid and powerful. Of enormous size, and weighing upwards of five hundred pounds, he far surpassed any similar animal in exhibition in this country. He was taken when young from the den, after a severe hunt of three and a half days, and a tremendous encounter with the mother, who was finally maimed in her limbs, and dragged herself to her subterranean retreat. He had grown up under the eye of faithful, rigid keepers, and was early taught to receive the caresses of his master. At one time, he evinced so much fondness for a small dog that came near the cage, that the person in attendance introduced the young greyhound to the apartment of his royal greatness, who seemed pleased with his new companion. He was suffered to remain, and the tiger was not unfrequently seen to fondle and lick the dog, and to regard him with even more tenderness than this animal usually does his mate. The dog in a few weeks, however, sickened and died; and no one lamented

his loss so much as the tiger, who moaned out his requiem, walking restlessly up and down the cage.

The elephant Mogul was imported late in the fall of 1824, and, having suffered much from a long sea voyage, was reduced in weight. But he rapidly recruited, and during the winter he gained one hundred pounds a month. The anecdotes of this noble creature, were they preserved, would make a long chapter, and interest all classes of readers. His performances in the ring would scarcely be credited, had they not been daily witnessed by hundreds. A word or a look was sufficient to stimulate him to the greatest exertions. He caressed his master in the best manner, and would not so readily obey another person. He received his orders with attention, and executed them cheerfully, though with great deliberation. All his motions were grave, majestic, regular, and cautious, partaking in character somewhat of the gravity of his body. He kneeled on either side, raised his master to his back with his trunk or tusks, as directed; reclined at length in the ring, or walked over the prostrate body of the keeper at the proper bidding. This last scene was one of the most impressive that could be witnessed. From the situation of his eyes, he could not see his fore feet, and calculate the distance to the object over which he was to pass without injury; so he carefully measured the space back and forth with his trunk, then divided the distance so accurately that the last step, before reaching the body, was just near enough to afford him opportunity, with a long stride, to accomplish his feat, to the wonder of every beholder. All this was done with so much care and wisdom, that it would seem to proceed from a higher impulse than that of mere animal instinct.

Mogul was a great traveller, and, notwithstanding his weakness, on his arrival from abroad, kept pace with the best horses of the company. In one instance, when proceeding from one town to another, he became frightened, and started off suddenly with such rapidity as to get entirely beyond the reach of his two keepers, who were mounted on swift horses. He ran six miles in thirty minutes, and then quietly jogged on as though nothing had happened. It was his custom in the autumn, when passing orchards of tempting fruit, deliberately to remove two or three of the upper

rails of the fence, and, stepping over, to make a meal of the finest apples ; and then, without direction from his master, to return to the road and pursue his route. In descending steep hills, he practised all the art of an experienced wagoner. The pressure of his weight (7000 lbs.) in these cases was so great, that he uniformly resisted the attraction of gravitation as much as possible, by bracing his fore legs, and moving them slowly and cautiously, while he threw out his hind legs, letting himself down, and literally dragging them after him down the hill.

Another rare animal was the gnu, which was one of the first specimens of this wonderfully-constructed animal that had been introduced into this country. The hunting parties of Messrs. Welsh, Macomber, and Co., in the interior of Africa, were directed to make the gnu, or horned horse, the particular object of their pursuit, and to shrink at nothing that would enable them to secure a full-grown animal. Two parties set off a seven weeks' journey to different hunting-grounds, and followed the traces of no wild beast till they started a herd of gnus. One party remained upwards of forty days, and were successful in catching three furious animals, which they found it almost impossible to manage, and it was only by fettering their legs, and confining their heads by strong cords to their fore legs, that they could progress at all in their homeward journey to the cape. It was the misfortune of the other party to traverse grounds suffering excessively from drought ; and their sufferings were for several days almost incredible, from the impossibility of obtaining food for their horses and themselves. They took, however, one gnu, and arrived again at the cape, after an absence of five months, and the loss of three men.

Thus perished these noble animals, which had been collected at such an immense expense. They consisted of one elephant, two dromedaries, two lions, one leopard, one gnu, one Bengal tiger, besides numerous smaller animals, and birds ; with Burgess's collection of serpents and birds, and Dexter's locomotive museum, together with a large number of musical instruments.

The Royal Tar was a fine boat of 400 tons. The whole number of passengers on board was *eighty-five*, of whom



attended with a supercilious declaration that he had no ships in want of officers, roused Mr. Page's spirit of independence. This was not lost on the merchant, for, immediately changing his tone, he requested the young adventurer's address, assuring him that he should be recommended to fill the first vacancy. A lieutenant of the Bombay Marine, and Lieutenant Mickie, naval store-keeper, to whom Mr. Page had similar letters, lavished their attentions on him, and the latter in ten days informed him of an opening. Mr. Page accordingly engaged as second mate on board the *Fanny*, Captain Robertson, bound for China, and embarked after taking a hasty leave of his friends.

The *Fanny* got under weigh on the morning of the 8th of August, 1803, and proceeded on a prosperous voyage, until reaching the Straits of Malacca, when, having run aground, the rudder was carried away. It was speedily refitted, and Mr. Page, in the further progress of the voyage, indulged himself, to relieve the irksome duty, with calculating the profits and advantages which it would produce. "When I arrive in China," says he, "I shall receive £80, every shilling of which shall be laid out in goods. These will bring me at least 50 per cent.: — 50 per cent.? What do I say? They must be bad markets, indeed, that will not produce at least 80 per cent. Perhaps, after all, however, I might agree on 70;" and so his calculation went on. "£80 at 70 per cent. will amount to so much, and four months' additional wages to so much more."

The voyage being undertaken late in the season, exposed the *Fanny* to those frightful hurricanes called *typhoons*, in the East, which are common in the warmer regions, and attended with the most disastrous consequences. On the 15th or 16th of September, the appearance of the moon prognosticated blowing weather, and on the 19th a gale arose. Next day the sky was throughout in a vivid glare, the clouds flying about in all directions, and the sea swelling in tumultuous agitation. The ship's company were now assured of being about to meet something unusual, and accordingly prepared themselves for it. At noon of the 21st, and the whole of the subsequent day, it was im-

possible, for the violence of the wind, to carry any sail; when, in the morning, a sudden calm ensued at eight o'clock.

These circumstances anticipated the approach of a typhoon; and in half an hour it came on, in a way that baffles all description. Let an amazingly high sea be figured, counteracted, at the same time, by the force of such a hurricane as turned back the tops of the waves, and covered the ocean with froth, resembling the boiling of a caldron. Nothing could resist the tempest; about nine o'clock, the foremast went by the board, and its wreck going astern, tore away the rudder. Three feet water were then in the hold, and the ship was driving to and fro at the mercy of the wind and sea. All hands got to the pumps; but unfortunately the mate, who had been affected by the extreme heat of the weather, and subject to derangement, was now raving mad, and the captain's spirits reduced to a low ebb. The chief burden of duty, therefore, fell on Mr. Page, who continued constantly cheering the men at the pumps; and, in the tumult of his reflections, he felt a kind of consolation, that, should they all be lost, his friends in England would long be ignorant of it.

A dreadful scene was presented by the surrounding ocean; frequently the sea could not be distinguished from the clouds, exhibiting a spectacle awful, terrific, and sublime; and what was sometimes supposed a cloud, the rising of the ship proved to be an immense wave. But at midnight the gale abated; and by incessant pumping, the water, on the morning of the 23d, was reduced to nine inches. The ship had lost her rudder, and was drifting at the will of the winds and waves, though the loss of the masts would not have been equally unfortunate. She lay, in the midst of dangers, in  $17^{\circ} 42'$  north latitude, and  $112^{\circ} 18'$  east longitude; the wind was dying away, and, as sufficient sail durst not be carried to steady her, she continued to roll excessively. At ten that night, the main-topmast went overboard, which killed one man and wounded five. After getting up a jury-foremast, and encountering many hazards, the *Fanny* made the coast of Hainan on the 13th of Octo-

ber, but, in two days afterwards, was blown out of the bay, where she had anchored. The chief mate, laboring under his unhappy malady, left the ship when she first reached Hainan; it was promoted by the difficulties and hardships of the voyage. But four men, besides his servant, having gone ashore for water in the same boat, were left behind, from the ship being blown off the coast.

The *Fanny* afterwards reached another part of the island, where she remained three weeks, and procured plenty of water, though no provisions, as the natives were prohibited to trade with her; therefore the allowance to the seamen was reduced to half a pound of pease in twenty-four hours. This was patiently borne by the seamen, but they soon began to suffer from it. Previous to the vessel's departure, information was received from the mate that he and the boat's crew had been made prisoners immediately on landing; that they had been marched across the country to the place off which the ship lay, and were treated with the greatest cruelty. This usage, he added, had brought him to his senses, and he now entreated to be admitted on board. Four of the men had at the same time stolen ashore in the long-boat, which was dashed to pieces by the surf. As the Hainanese refused to deliver up the people without ransom, it was resolved to resort to force; and the *Fanny*, having four six-pounders mounted, got under weigh on the 4th of November, to come abreast of the town and intimidate the inhabitants. A native was also kept on board as a hostage. When under sail, the wind shifted, split the mainsail, and blew the ship off the land. The rudder next broke from the stern, when in thirty fathoms' water, and the vessel, again surrounded by dangers, drifted out to sea, with the Paracels, a dreadful reef, as yet incompletely explored, under the lee. Every hour produced some new hazard, until the ship at length came round upon the opposite tack, and drifted to the south-east, across the southern extremity of the Paracels. She continued advancing in the same direction until the 21st of November, when a new rudder was finished.

Having the ship once more under command inspired confidence among her company, and that night they stood

towards the south-east. At daylight, however, rocks and sands were seen in every direction, and an attempt to get out proving abortive, the anchor was let go. Meantime it was resolved to repair a small Chinese boat to search for a passage through the reefs, nine of which could be counted from the mast-head. Repairing the boat occupied two days, during which, though two anchors were down, the ship was driven nearer the rocks to leeward by every blast, and at times was within a mile of the nearest, over some parts of which the sea broke with great fury. But, on trial, the boat was found to be as leaky as ever, and, as no time could then be lost, one anchor was weighed, and the cable of the other cut to make sail. The reef was now about a hundred yards distant, and sanguine hopes of clearing it were entertained, whereby the ship and the lives of her crew might be saved, when, unfortunately, the wind changed, and drove them right upon it. Every means was practised to avoid the impending danger, though in vain; and at one o'clock, P. M., of the 26th November, 1803, the *Fanny* struck very hard, and continued driving farther on the rocks. The mizzenmast was cut away to prevent her from going to pieces. By this she was relieved, and appeared to be fixed. Being high tide when the vessel struck, nothing was visible except very shoal water; but, as the tide sunk, the rocks began to show their heads, and at low water were dry for several miles around. Where she lay, there were twelve feet water, and she heeled so much, that the yards were cut down from the masts and put overboard as props to support her.

The company of the *Fanny* were here in a most deplorable situation—cast away on a reef formerly unknown, in  $9^{\circ} 44'$  north latitude, and in  $113^{\circ} 51'$  east longitude, and distant from Cochin China, the nearest coast, 250 miles. The first land they could make, even had they possessed a boat fit to carry them, was Pulo Auro, distant 850 miles; their numbers consisted of fifty-six persons, and every moment they expected the ship to go to pieces. As yet, however, she proved perfectly tight, and promised to afford a few days more of a miserable existence.

Now, the blacks, half dead with hunger before, were incapable of making any exertion, and the captain, with Mr.

Page, took a glass of wine and water together in the cabin, such as in that situation is commonly called the dying man's glass. Nevertheless, after consulting on the most probable means of preservation, they resolved on cutting off the poop, if the ship should hold together long enough, and forming two flat-bottomed boats out of it. Though scarce expecting to see it completed, the task was set about with alacrity, and aided by all the Lascars but one, who swore he would rather die than do any thing more. Twenty-six bags of rice were now discovered, which proved a salutary relief.

Mr. Page, who has afforded the materials for this narrative, acknowledges that, however averse to leave his ship-mates, were he compelled by dire necessity, he must have preferred his own preservation to theirs. He, along with the captain and gunner, was the only Englishman on board, and he proposed to the former, that the Chinese boat already mentioned should be rendered serviceable by the latter and himself: both the carpenters being employed on the floats, no assistance could be expected from them. This boat, he said, would just do for the captain, his servant, the gunner, and himself; it could be placed under the ship's stern, with a few pounds of rice and some wine ready to be thrown into it in a moment; after it was repaired, they could go on with the floats, and if the ship went to pieces, they four should endeavor to save themselves.

The captain assented to Mr. Page's proposal, and next morning the operations on the boat began. Meantime the water rose in the hold of the vessel; on the 29th of November, there were two feet seven inches; on the 2nd of December, six feet two inches; on the morning of the 4th, nearly ten feet; and at noon, she was completely full. Now her bulk began to yield, the timbers started, and in several places the planks broke asunder, which alarmed the people that she would not hold long together. Fresh water also began to fail; but the bounty of Providence sent two or three showers of heavy rain, which was caught in sails, and butts filled with it.

The reef, whereon the ship struck, was every where composed of sharp rocks, excepting the spot that she occupied. This consisted of a little sandy bay, formed by two points,

or a prong of the reef. Being here forced up to the rocks, their points protected her from the violence of the sea, and had she not been most providentially driven on that very spot, or even struck a hundred yards backwards or forwards, she must inevitably have been dashed to pieces in a few hours.

When the rocks were dry at low water, the people often went out in quest of shell-fish, and found a quantity of rock oysters; but the taste was so strong that none except the blacks could eat them. Sometimes a few fish, left by the tide in holes of the rocks, were caught; and these afforded Mr. Page and the captain hearty meals. The former once ventured on the reef, but the sharp coral rock cutting his feet like a knife, he was glad to make a speedy retreat. The Lascars, however, unused to shoes and stockings, and whose soles were consequently as hard as horn, trampled over the rocks with the greatest facility.

About a fortnight after the ship struck, the putrefaction of the salt water and cotton in the hold, began to exhale a pestilential effluvium so pernicious, that a silver spoon placed between decks very soon became black, and the people quickly sickened from its effects. Their disorder began with an excessive swelling of the face and head, and those who were quite well at night, appeared so much disfigured in the morning, that it required some degree of skill to recognize them. The captain was also taken ill; but his was a liver complaint, aggravated by subsisting long on scarce any thing besides rice and salt beef: he was in a very short time confined to bed, and daily grew worse. The whole crew were infected with disease; four men died in the space of a week; all the others were drooping; the carpenters grew depressed, and the rafts went slowly on. In addition to these calamities, the ship continued to yield more and more; and thus her company remained until the 22d of December. Then, to their great surprise, a sail was seen to the eastward, standing towards the wreck. This they supposed a Malay vessel blown off the coast of Borneo, and, well aware of the savage disposition of the Malays, the people of the *Fanny* were anxious to avoid any communication with them: the reef being between her and their

vessel, they could not approach without much difficulty. No signal was therefore made until she came so near as to show American colors; an English flag was then hoisted, with the union down, as a signal of distress. The American vessel then hove to, at about the distance of two miles, and sent off her boat: only one passage through the reef, over which the sea broke furiously, could admit its entry; and Mr. Page, apprehensive the strangers might miss it, went out in the Chinese boat with three men. Reaching the extremity of the reef, a signal induced the Americans to come abreast of him, and they waved for him to pass the surf, which ran high. This he could have accomplished; but he reflected that, should he get into deep water on the outside, it might be impossible for him to return to the wreck, and he would then be necessitated to abandon his companions. Such a measure was inconsistent with his feelings; therefore, after ineffectual endeavors to meet, the Americans returned to their ship, which made sail from the reef, and Mr. Page returned to the wreck.

The shipwrecked mariners, after this transient glimpse of deliverance, concluded that the vessel had proceeded straightway on her voyage. But here they were mistaken, for she reappeared at noon, and again sent off her boat. The crew made several attempts to get through the surf; they said they belonged to the brig *Pennsylvania*, from Philadelphia, bound to China, had been out forty-three days from Malacca, and were going the eastern passage, which accounted for their being in these unfrequented seas. They brought a note from their captain, offering immediately to convey the *Fanny's* people from the wreck, and next morning to take what rigging and stores might be necessary. But the English captain indiscreetly answered this humane proposal, by declaring his determination to take his chance in the floats then constructing, though any of his people who wished it might go. The chief mate of the American, hearing these words, took Mr. Page aside, and counselled him not to neglect such an opportunity, but accompany him on board of the brig. Mr. Page, however, restrained by a strong sense of duty, and apprehensive that the motives of his conduct might be misconstrued, replied, "that he was

sorry the captain had taken such a desperate resolution ; he was deterred by duty from leaving him, but hoped that he would take care of the Lascars."

With this answer, the mate returned to his ship ; when his commander, learning that Captain Robertson and Mr. Page were inflexible, directed him immediately to carry them a few trifling articles, such as sugar, vinegar, bread, and the like, desiring him to say, that he would now take only four persons on board, who must be Christians. Four Portuguese were therefore selected, who left the wreck, carrying some cordage and sails along with them, and joined the brig. Next morning she was seen at a great distance, and at ten at night was out of sight.

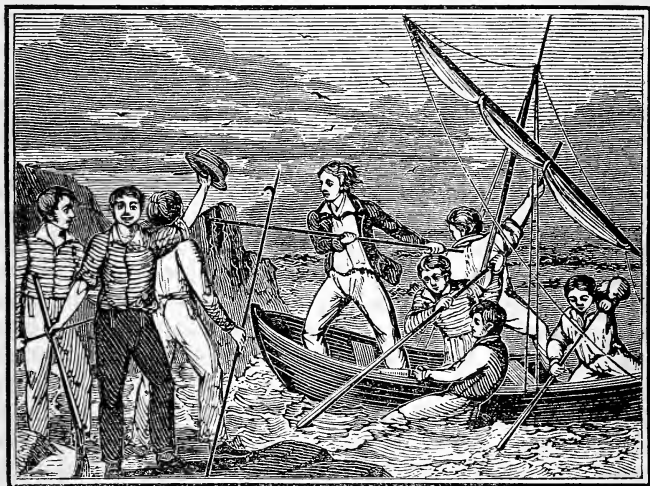
Next day, being Christmas, passed but gloomily, from a retrospect of many happy festivals passed at that season with friends at home, and contrasting them with present occurrences.

By means of the sugar and other articles, the captain's health was so far reëstablished that he was enabled to superintend the construction of the floats, which were at length completed on the last day of the year. No description can convey an adequate idea of their appearance. In some measure they resembled two large boxes or chests, the forepart projecting in an angle of  $45^{\circ}$ , like English barges. Each was seventeen feet and a half long at the bottom, and from projecting before, twenty feet long above. They were five feet deep, five feet broad below ; and as the sides projected in the same manner as the forepart, but only to an angle of  $15^{\circ}$ , the extreme breadth was eight feet. Considering the number of the Fanny's crew, the floats were very small, and their size not admitting of a deck, they were entirely open. To make them as strong as possible, planks had been ripped off the sides, and copper off the bottom of the ship ; and now other three days were occupied in getting in rigging, sails, provisions, and water.

On the 4th of January, 1804, every thing being prepared, the crew of the Fanny embarked in the floats, after remaining nine weeks by the wreck on the rocks. The captain, Mr. Page, and other Europeans, to the total number of twenty-three, were in the first, and twenty-four natives of



the East in the second. Their stay on the rocks had rendered their appearance familiar, and had inured them to those hardships inseparable from their situation. By a longer abode, they would have been exposed to certain destruction. Yet the dangers of departure in two such frail and insufficient vessels were little less. Wanting a deck, and being so flat before and in the sides, hazarded any sidelong sea filling these vessels, and carrying them down. The nearest place that could be reached, with any safety, was Malacca, eleven hundred miles distant; for



The Crew of the *Fanny* departing from the Reef.

though Pulo Auro was within eight hundred miles, its inhabitants were a class of barbarous Malays, whose merciless disposition there was too great reason to dread. Yet those unfortunate mariners considered any alternative preferable to remaining on the rocks; and hopeless as the object seemed, they resolved to attempt reaching Malacca.

Eleven muskets, with some ammunition, were taken from the *Fanny* into the float with the Europeans, judging that they could make better use of them than the Lascars, who

are never well disposed for fighting. They next fastened the little Chinese boat astern, and, trusting in the protection of Providence, again committed themselves to the waves.

The adventurers, however, had an inauspicious outset; for, in endeavoring to get over the reef, both floats grounded, and beat so violently two hours, as to be in danger of going to pieces; but finding a hollow, with eight feet water, they cast anchor for the night. However, the copper was beat off the bottom of one float, which rendered bailing necessary during the whole night, and the other remained aground. Next morning, both were got to the outside of the reef, with the assistance of the small boat. The same Lascar, who had refused working on the wreck, poisoned himself with a quantity of opium, whether induced by the reproach of conscience, or unable to bear the taunts of his messmates.

When the float with the Europeans reached the sea, it proved to be only nine inches out of the water, whence the spray constantly washed in. Another plank, nine inches broad, was on that account run along, and over it a length of canvass, which still did not keep it dry. Two of the Lascars were then put into the small boat, and they got directions for steering; and at night a lantern was hoisted at the mast-head of the first float, to guide the Lascars in the second. In the course of the following day, the inattention of the steersman allowed this float to get into the trough of the sea, which, breaking at the time, half filled it immediately; all hands were thence employed in bailing, until it came before the wind. But had the same accident happened again, it must have been fatal to all without exception.

On the 8th of January, there was no appearance of the float with the Lascars; and the Europeans, after standing under easy sail for her during the day, concluded that she must have foundered in the night. Thus they proceeded on their course, not void of apprehension that they should soon share the same fate. The sea ran higher the farther they got into the open ocean; but the little boat astern rose remarkably well to the waves, and as the lives of those it

contained depended on their strength, Mr. Page continually enjoined their vigilance. His instructions were not neglected; but unfortunately a heavy sea overset the boat at eleven at night on the 9th of January. Both the men washed out were heard exclaiming in despair, *Allah! Allah!* and imploring their comrades for assistance, which they knew not how to give. One, however, fortunately seized the boat's tow-rope, and was taken into the float; the other was seen no more. It was a remarkable circumstance, and could not fail to make a strong impression on superstitious minds, that two enormous sharks had day and night kept pace with this little boat from the time of its leaving the rocks. One swam on each side, generally with the back fins above water; but after the man was lost, they were never observed again.

The boat was then cut away from the stern of the float, as it proved an impediment to its way; but the sea, always rising higher and higher, became so tremendous about the seventeenth day of the voyage, as to inspire all the adventurers with the utmost alarm for their safety. Their situation, besides, was deplorable; the captain had lost the use of his limbs, and a dreadful scurvy had broken out among the crew; ten were incapable of duty; their gums and throats became so putrid, as almost to preclude them from swallowing; wounds, healed for years, now broke out with their former inveteracy, and one man had just died in excruciating agony.

Nevertheless, the mariners surmounted all their difficulties. On the 23d of January, they came in sight of the southern Anambas, and on the 26th were driven westward by the current to Pulo Tingey, an uninhabited island. Here they engaged in an unsuccessful search for some antidote against the scurvy during two days; but they filled their casks with fresh water, and resumed their course. A brig was seen at the entrance of the Straits of Malacca, bound to the Island of Bentang, for pepper; and her captain, having given the Europeans some provisions, counselled them to keep close in to the Malay shore, the straits being then infested with pirates. In a recent engagement with them, his chief mate had been killed, himself wounded, and his ship grievously damaged.

The Europeans were carried by the strength of the current down on the coast of Sumatra, which they were so anxious to avoid; and after five days occupied in crossing the straits to Malacca, they arrived off the harbor on the 4th of February. By a fishing-boat, which they met six miles from shore, they despatched a note to the governor, who speedily sent two boats, with provisions and instructions, to tow them in. Thus they gained the shore, having been a whole month on such a perilous voyage, and in hourly expectation of sinking; the float was safely moored, and the sick removed to the hospital.

Thousands now came to visit the adventurers; and the gentlemen of the settlement, by the kindest attention, strove to obliterate their misfortunes. The captain was taken on shore and properly treated; but Mr. Page preferred remaining five days in the float, which, in the next place, was sold, with all its appurtenances, for eight hundred dollars.

Soon afterwards, a vessel came into Malacca, having a Lascar on board, belonging to the other float, which was supposed to have foundered at sea. According to his relation, she had steered right before the wind, until reaching a small island near the Straits of Malacca, where the crew went ashore for water. There the savage and inhuman Malays attacked the Lascars, exhausted with fatigue and famine, and barbarously murdered them in cold blood; only one escaped, who, stealing a canoe, reached Rhio, in the Island of Bentang, which forms the southernmost part of the straits, where he obtained a passage in the ship which carried him to Malacca. Thus were those unfortunate beings doomed to become the victims of a ferocious tribe, after being spared by the ocean; and those who were miraculously preserved, did not cease to thank Providence for the mercy they had experienced. Indeed the circumstances of their preservation were wonderful: first, the *Fanny* had to encounter one of the most tremendous gales under which a ship could live; secondly, that being wrecked on a reef of rocks in the centre of the Chinese Ocean, she was not dashed to pieces, and remained entire so long as to admit of two floats being constructed from the materials of

which she was herself composed ; and, thirdly, that twenty-three persons should sail eleven hundred miles through a tempestuous sea, for thirty days, in such miserable contrivances, and at last gain a port of safety.

Mr. Page obtained a passage to Bombay in the *Minerva*, which came into Malacca about twenty days after his own arrival there.

The crew of the *Fanny* consisted originally of sixty-four persons, to whom were added seven, making in all 71

Killed by the fall of the mast in the typhoon 1

Died at sea . . . . . 5

Died on the rocks . . . . . 1

Poisoned himself in the Lascars' float . . 1

Murdered by the Malays . . . . . 26

Died of the scurvy in the Europeans' float . 1

Washed out of the boat . . . . . 1

Dead — 36

The chief mate and his servant went on shore

at Hainan, with four men . . . . . 6

Ran away with the long-boat . . . . . 4

Missing — 10

Portuguese taken off the rock . . . . . 4

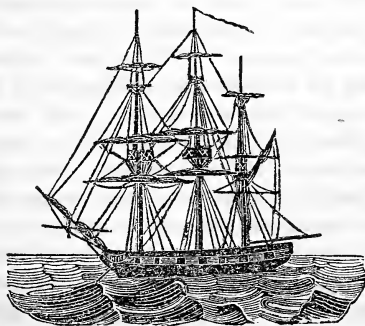
Landed at Malacca from the float of Eu-

ropeans . . . . . 20

Landed from the Lascars' float . . . . . 1

Preserved — 25

— 71



THE MIRACULOUS ESCAPE  
OF  
A LASCAR,  
WHO WAS  
WASHED OVERBOARD DURING A GALE  
IN THE  
BAY OF BENGAL,  
AND  
After swimming thirteen Hours, without any Support,  
was picked up by a passing Ship; June, 1823.



PERHAPS the hand of Heaven was never more conspicuous than in the following narration. In 1823, the ship *Valletta*, Captain Fraser, on her passage from Calcutta to Penang, where she arrived in distress, on the morning of the 4th of June, picked up a man at sea, who had been struggling with the waves for *upwards of thirteen hours, without any support.*

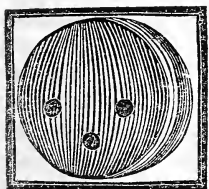
About 6, A. M., it then being Mr. Dickens's watch, the second officer of the ship—at that time a very heavy sea running, the ship under double-reefed topsails and foresail, mizzen-topsail handed, the topgallant-yards upon deck, and the vessel laboring heavily—thought he heard the cries of a man at some short distance from the ship; on looking to the spot, plainly perceived something floating in the water, which, by the assistance of a good glass, he found was a man swimming towards the ship, who occasionally held up his hand as a signal of distress; gave the alarm instantly, on which we wore ship and stood towards him, lowered the

gig down, and sent her, in charge of Mr. Dickens and four other volunteers, to the assistance of the drowning man. Providence favored this little band of volunteers, who, although in a leaky, crazy boat, succeeded in saving him. At half past 7 o'clock, A. M., to the satisfaction of all on board, the gig came alongside with the man, who proved to be a Lascar, belonging to the ship Arram, Captain Daniels, from Rangoon, bound to Madras. From the heavy rolling of the ship, the gig was nearly stove to pieces in hoisting her up; she, however, had done her duty, for she had saved a fellow-creature.

The poor fellow was so completely exhausted, that the moment he came on board he fell fast asleep. On his recovery, we were of course anxious to hear his account. He informed us that the evening previous, about 6, he was forward in the head of the vessel: a heavy sea, which broke over her, washed him from his hold. It was then blowing hard, and he imagined that was the reason they could not lower a boat for him; at the same time, a heavy squall was brewing, which, by the time it became more moderate, was so very dark that he could not see the ship or any thing else. During the night, there was nothing but incessant squalls, with heavy rain, every one of which broke over him: the hope, however, of the ship staying by him, encouraged him to keep up his spirits till daylight, when seeing us, and thinking we were his own ship, made him exert himself, though nearly going down. At the time of our wearing round towards him, he imagined we were going to leave him to his fate, on which he began to droop and burst into tears, now giving up every hope of being saved. By this time, the ship had wore round, and stood towards him. On seeing this, his spirits began again to revive, and much more so when, on the top of a heavy sea, he perceived our boat pulling towards him. He informed us that at the time we picked him up, he could not have lived half an hour longer. On the 6th of June, we fell in and spoke the Arram, informing them of the circumstance. A boat was now sent for him, and the poor fellow was once more restored to his ship, ship-mates, and friends, by one of those remarkable events which plainly show us that man should never despair, as the hand of Providence is at all times ready to save us.

AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
WRECK OF THE BRIG ALNA,  
ON THE  
COAST OF EAST FLORIDA,  
AND

The Massacre of the Officers, and Part of the Crew,  
by the Seminole Indians ; and the Escape and subsequent Adventures and Sufferings of two of the Crew ; September, 1838.



ON the 19th of August, 1838, the brig Alna, of Portland, Maine, Captain Thomas, sailed from St. Jago de Cuba, bound to Boston. Owing to light and baffling winds, it was some time before the vessel got round the island, when she took her departure from Matanzas, and left the coast with a light breeze. But on the 5th of September, it came on to blow very hard ; the sail on her was reduced, but the wind still increased, so that on the 7th it blew a violent gale from the north-east. The brig was about fifteen miles off the Florida coast, and drifting rapidly on a lee shore. A heavy press of canvass was now carried, to endeavor, if possible, to claw off. But the head of the bowsprit was carried away ; and the sea making a clear breach over her, sweeping the decks fore and aft, the brig was again hove to, but drifted rapidly to leeward. As it was found impossible to keep the vessel off the land, the captain determined to run her on shore in the daytime, so as to have a better chance of



saving the lives of those on board. Accordingly, the main-sail was lowered, and the helm put hard up. The vessel soon struck the bottom, about twenty miles north of Cape Florida, and was shortly after lifted so high on the beach by the heavy breakers, that the crew could easily jump from her to the shore. As the tide ebbed, great exertions were made to land the stores and clothing; and a sufficient quantity of provisions and water were secured on the beach to last a month. Here the unfortunate captain and his crew remained until Sunday, the 9th of September. "On that fatal day, about noon," says Mr. Wyer, "the first Indians which appeared nigh our tent were four in number. They were armed with rifles. The mate was packing his clothes in his chest, which he had been drying that day; and the first notice we had of the Indians was the smart crack of a rifle; and at the same instant the mate exclaimed, '*O dear!*' having received the ball in his hand, passing into the abdomen, as we supposed. The same Indian, being behind a tree, reloaded, and marked me for his next object, (myself, Cammett, and Captain Thomas, crouching down,) which gave me the ball through the hand, passing up laterally through the thigh, coming out just below the hip joint, making a journey through the flesh of eight or nine inches. We took to the beach, (it being warm, we were barefooted,) and they pursued us. Captain Thomas, having taken a long walk with Cammett, was tired, and gave out. We halted, being thirty yards ahead of him, to see what his fate might be. I saw him shot, the ball whizzing by me; and he fell on his face, and seemed to die instantly. After this, we expected no quarter, if taken. I felt approaching weakness from loss of blood, and feared I must soon give up. We very soon entered the bushes, Cammett going ahead. I soon lost him, and made my way along till night, among the palmettoes, which cut my feet cruelly; added to this, were mosquitoes, which were a formidable foe. At dark, on Sunday night, I came out on the beach, and travelled till nearly daylight. Finding my wounds bleeding profusely, I tore off the bottom of my flannel shirt, and bound them up, — which continued to bleed all the next day. I lay down, and sometimes fell down, often thinking I should not be able to rise again. My fears were increased from the



The Death of Captain Thomas, and Escape of Wyer and Cammett.

trail of blood which I left behind, knowing this to be a good mark for them. Monday I continued to travel the beach — went to the river, running parallel with the sea, for water — ate nothing that day — came to New River, waded in to my neck, and swam off, finding the current setting from both shores to the centre, making it very doubtful to me, from the long time I was there, whether I could ever reach the opposite shore. Here I was about to despair. I finally got foothold and gained the shore, but found myself very much exhausted. I should think the river was a quarter of a mile wide. It was about night. I kept on — occasionally would lie down during the night, gathering the sea-weed to cover me, while asleep — when I awoke, would go on again till weary, and then take a nap.

‘Tuesday morning, fair weather — saw a house ahead, which proved to be the Patterson House, as I was told by the wreckers. It is a one-story frame house, and has a long time been vacated. I hoped here to find something to satisfy my hunger, but I was disappointed. Here was another river to swim. For the first time, I saw two large alligators; and the river was full of sharks of the largest kind.

I was divested of fear, and in I plunged, and landed safe on the other side, feeling no enemy to be worse than the Indians. I travelled on, my feet being very sore — oftentimes would climb a tree to see if any danger was at hand, and hoping to see marks of civilization, to encourage me in my lonely journey — ate nothing this day — swam and forded several small streams and creeks, which was very painful in my wounded situation.

“Wednesday morning came with fair weather — continued my journey as the day previous — clambered a tree, and found a huge snake had ascended before me: he lay out on one of the limbs, coiled up, as if asleep. I was well armed with a club, but took good care not to arouse him. His size round was as large as my ankle. I had been without food three days and nights, and was very hungry. I hoped to find something to eat among the wrecked matter that had washed up to the shore, but found nothing but dead fish; and it was a hard scramble to know whether I or the pelicans and other birds should be served first, as they exist in acres, and are so numerous that fish are all taken up before they get old. A dead fish was a great luxury; and when I had satiated my appetite, I would put them on my hat to dry, while journeying on.

“An hour or two before sunset, I saw two sail, that did not appear to notice me; soon after, I saw two more, who were in pursuit of a Dutch brig. I now hoisted my shirt on a pole, and waved it with all my strength. They discovered me; and happy was I to be rescued from the many perils that I had encountered. *Indians, sharks, the mocassin snake, arabs*, and various other reptiles, were foes in my way; but, thank God, I have been spared to return to my friends, and tell my perilous tale.”

Mr. Cammett, who escaped at the same time with Wyer, when the captain was massacred, says, “My story, in regard to the shipwreck of the *Alna*, and being surprised by the Indians on the coast of Florida, cannot be otherwise than the same as Wyer’s, until we entered the bushes, where we unfortunately got separated. I remained quiet, in concealment, until the dusk of the evening; then I thought it prudent to start. I walked across the beach to the bushes, to see if their trail continued — took care to use the same tracks back, so as to deceive them — got along the beach

five or six miles, and encountered a party of Indians. They saw me, and raised a horrid yell, and pursued me. I ran into a swamp, where the mud and water were about waist high. Two Indians remained where I entered, while the rest seemed to be surrounding me: they avoided the water on account of the snakes, the wreckers told me.

"I was about an hour there — concluded it would not do to stop till morning, for they would get me — got out, and took to the shore — was careful to go so close to the shore that every ripple of the water should wash out my tracks — came across a well of water that was covered, and a village of low huts, said to have been some old barracks. I took them to be Indian huts; as I saw no tracks beyond them, I was puzzled to know how to pass them. The palmettoes were like sharks' teeth, and made a noise in getting through. I was then on the border of the river — finally thought I would wade up to my neck, that no trace of me could be seen — got by in safety, lost their tracks, and began to feel as if I was delivered.

"Monday, still on the river, with trees and bushes growing to the edge. I was obliged to travel, and occasionally swim round — came to a place which I took to be two rivers that intersected this. I swam over, and found it to be an island covered with water, and the roots of the trees starting out two or three feet above ground, making a sort of bridge to walk on — tasted the water, and found it fresh — stopped and rested — a severe current on both sides. Seeing a number of sharks, I made a raft of drift-wood; but it was water-logged, and would not support me — abandoned it — took a lot of drift-wood, but could hardly keep it under me, the force of the current being so severe — reached the shore in safety; there I found the sea-shore, and kept on till 12 o'clock on Monday night. My feet were deeply cut with shells and palmettoes, and ankles so swollen, I could not bend them — my toes raw up between, and cruelly sore.

"Tuesday and Wednesday, swam several streams. I suffered with the intense heat — had no hat, and was obliged to wet my head to keep it cool — found a tar-bucket to carry water in — slept on board a wreck, with nothing but a quarter-deck left — my neck so swollen with mosquito bites that I could scarcely move my head — ate six dead fish on Tuesday, and eight on Wednesday. Wednesday

afternoon, crawled into a large log. The hole being too short to admit my whole length, I took a barrel up from the shore to make out the length. Had a good nap — waking, I felt something under my chin — gave it a brush off — was stung that instant by a centipede — got up, looked out, and saw four sloops making up the shore — wind light — I anxiously kept along with them, but they did not see me — no sleep that night.

“At daylight, saw them standing in for the shore. I seised my tar-bucket to a long pole, with my knife lanyard, and hoisted it as a signal of distress; they saw it, and to my unutterable joy I was taken on board the wrecking sloop Mount Vernon, where I found my lost friend, Wyer, who, to my astonishment, called my name from over the side of the vessel. Thus ended my cruel adventure; and not till then was I fully sensible of my soreness. Under the blessing of God, I have been saved to return to my friends in perfect health.”

Those who were murdered by the Indians, were Captain Charles Thomas, Andrew J. Plummer, mate, and John Sheafe, seaman, all of Portland, and William Reed, of Salem, cook. The only survivors were Wyer and Cammett, who published the following grateful tribute: —

“It is our humane and highly-pleasing duty to say of Captain George Alden and his crew, of the wrecking sloop Mount Vernon, that our treatment was in the highest degree *kind, hospitable, over-generous* — dressing our wounds, nursing us with parental kindness, giving us clothing, regretting, when we left, that they had no money to give us, and all of us feeling as if attached with the strongest ties of friendship. On board of the Index they were equally hospitable; and on board the revenue cutter Madison, Captain Howard (our old friend and acquaintance) gave us a feeling reception, and the most cordial welcome.

“To correct wrong impressions and wicked prejudices, that exist against the wreckers on the coast of Florida, we feel bound by every thing sacred to state, that instead of being ‘plunderers and pirates,’ as they are often represented, it is the height of their ambition to save lives and property.

“S. CAMMETT,  
“E. WYER, JUN.”

A DETAIL  
OF THE  
Terrible Proceedings on Board of an Italian Brig,  
THE  
ESPIRITO SANTO,  
IN WHICH  
THE PLAGUE BROKE OUT,  
DURING  
A VOYAGE FROM ALEXANDRIA TOWARDS LEGHORN;

By which awful Visitation the Crew became unable to manage the Vessel, and she was wrecked near Castle Rossa, on the Coast of Karamania, in the Mediterranean Sea; March, 1833.

BY ONE OF THE PASSENGERS,  
LIEUTENANT A. NOTT,  
OF THE HONORABLE EAST INDIA COMPANY'S SERVICE.



AFTER several years' active duty in the Honorable East India Company's service, I obtained a furlough to revisit my native land, and embarked at Bombay, on the 3d of January, 1833, in a native vessel; and after a dangerous and uncomfortable voyage of three months up the Red Sea, we reached Suez, where I disembarked and crossed the isthmus to Cairo. As the plague was raging with great violence in Alexandria, to avoid entering the city, I determined to proceed to Rosetta, and thence by sea to the port of

Alexandria, so as to obtain a vessel without landing. I was accompanied by a young military friend.

We arrived on the 13th of March, and procured a passage on board of an Italian brig, the *Espirito Santo*, bound to Leghorn, and sailed on the day of our arrival; and, as we left the harbor, we could not but congratulate ourselves on our escape from the abode of pestilence, little imagining that the germ of the terrific malady was latent amongst us. All was bustle, gayety, and life; the breeze was fresh and fair, and our little bark sprang gayly forward. Alexandria was on the horizon, but its domes and lofty minarets were fast sinking beneath it, and the sun shone upon them as gloriously as if its beams were not illuminating a whitened sepulchre.

We had been seven days at sea, when one of the crew was taken ill, and died on the following evening. I was somewhat alarmed at the account given; a suspicion flashed across my mind that it might be the plague. I therefore requested our doctor, a young Italian, who had not, I was informed, rendered the man assistance during his illness, to examine the corpse; and he at once reported, though with reluctance, that he had died of that dreadful disease. The announcement struck every one with astonishment and horror. Although keenly alive to our fearful situation, my companions and I affected a Mohammedan calmness, and passed the time in either smoking or sleeping in a part of the poop we had appropriated to ourselves.

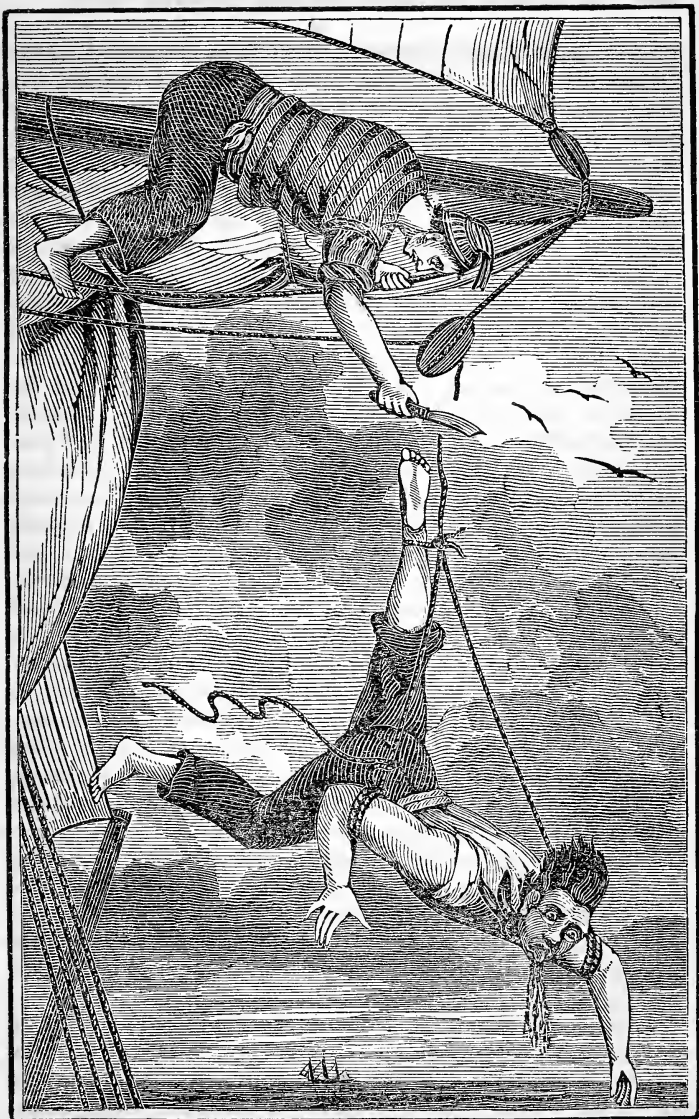
Another day passed, and no one complained. Already had we begun to indulge in the hope that it might be confined to the individual who had died; but the morrow made us acquainted with the full horrors of our situation — three others were simultaneously attacked with symptoms which left us no doubt as to the nature of their disorder. It became necessary to adopt the best precautionary measures left us; and I suggested that the long-boat, which is always stowed in the middle of the vessel, should be cleared for the reception of the infected, and such refreshment as they wished for was conveyed to them by long poles. Two speedily died, and were drawn forth by hooks attached to the ends of the poles, and thrown overboard; but a third lingered for some hours, and in the delirium which, in

plague cases, usually precedes dissolution, in spite of all the efforts of the crew, who stood with poles, oars, &c., to prevent him, he crawled from the boat, and endeavored to make his way to the after-part of the vessel: I never witnessed so ghastly an object. Frantic at the opposition offered to his progress, he clutched at the decks with desperate violence; his eyes were fixed and glaring, and the saliva fell from his lips as he gnashed his teeth or bit at the staves which intercepted his farther progress. Finding he was making his way aft in spite of all opposition, I suggested that a rope should be thrown over him, and the end fastened to the launch. My suggestions were in part adopted; but conceive my horror, after he had been entangled in the noose, to perceive a Maltese seaman spring up the rigging, run the end through a block on the fore yard-arm, and pass it below! In vain I remonstrated: "It may be your turn next," said the captain, with a fiendish sneer. I have seen a mad dog in a kind of area, so furious, that he was actually breaking his tusks against the wooden door; but when a gun was brought and pointed at him, before it was discharged, all his ferocity forsook him; he crawled into a corner, looked and howled imploringly upwards. Thus it was with this unfortunate man. The crew had eagerly seized the rope: in broken accents, the dying wretch implored for mercy — mercy in a plague ship! He was swayed over the side, suspended for a moment in mid air, as the seaman on the yard drew forth the knife from his girdle, opened it with his teeth, and severed the cord: a splash, one faint struggle, and the wild waves rolled over him forever.

I affect no mawkish sentiment, nor describe any overwrought feelings; but never, to the latest hours of my existence, will that man's look be effaced from my memory — never will the chill of horror which crept over me at the enactment of the last part of the tragedy be forgotten. I rejoined my companions; but felt faint and sick.

Almost indifferent to my own fate at the moment, I listened with apathy to an old Greek merchant, who was relating the manner in which the plague had been brought on board. What will not man risk for gain? Our commander, six days before we left, had received, and kept concealed in a boat towing astern, five plague patients from an-





A Man, whilst sick with the Plague, is drawn up to the Yard Arm, and cut down by a Maltese Sailor. — Page 332.

No.	Name of the person
1	John Smith
2	Jane Doe
3	Robert Johnson
4	Mary White
5	James Brown
6	Elizabeth Black
7	William Green
8	Sarah Hall
9	Thomas King
10	Ann Lee
11	George Miller
12	Helen Moore
13	Richard Taylor
14	Margaret Wilson
15	Charles Young
16	Elizabeth Adams
17	John Baker

other vessel; and although, when the ship sailed, but two survived, those two were permitted, without mention being made of it, to mix with the crew. Under such circumstances, the only wonder is, that it should have concealed itself so long. Those who had indulged the hope that their riddance of the last patient had exterminated the pestilence, were again doomed to disappointment. Ere the sun had set, two more were attacked, and about eight o'clock a third: all were transferred to the long-boat.

Not a hope of our escaping if we remained at sea was now cherished, and the vessel's head was accordingly put for Rhodes. In the course of an hour, the Mohammedan portion of the crew were already wrapped in slumber; the Christians (principally Italians and Greeks) were either scattered or in silent groups; here and there a solitary individual was in thought at home, meditating on wife and friends, and pledging his votive offering if ever he joined them in safety again. The wind had fallen light, and the waves surged heavily up the vessel's side, both mingling at intervals with the groans of the sufferers in the long-boat. My own feelings I do not attempt to describe. I had faced death before in many shapes; yet never did I feel so utterly depressed. My mind had received a shock from which it was not doomed it should quickly recover. I watched the greater part of the night, and at length sunk into that heavy slumber which usually follows high mental excitement.

I awoke next day at sunrise. Every thing appeared in confusion; the yards were not trimmed to the breeze, and as the braces were hanging slack, they swung lazily to and fro with the motion of the vessel. The men looked pale and exhausted, as from long-watching; an old man, about seventy years of age, proved an exception; he was a Turk, and when I inquired how he could openly break the precept of his religion, by quaffing the forbidden wine, he told me it was medicine, and repeated an Arabian proverb, equivalent to our "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies." There was no arguing, had I felt so disposed, with such a philosopher. The day passed away heavily enough; about noon, another dead body was removed and thrown over-board from the charnel house — the long-boat — and two more patients were deposited there.

Without being ill, I had fancied it utterly impossible to shake off the depression of spirits under which I labored. It continued to increase upon me until, on the announcement of supper, I went down with the others; but at the sight of the viands I felt dizzy, and a total absence of appetite. Wishing to alarm no one, I quietly withdrew from the table to my cabin, and had no sooner thrown myself on a couch, than I was seized with a convulsive shuddering, which was succeeded by a burning fever. My companion, who had been watching my increasing paleness, and had seen me retire, thought all was not right, and came to my cabin-door. A conviction immediately seized him as to the true state of the case; but wishing to soothe me, he calmly remarked, that we should be at Rhodes in the morning; and drew forth my money from a trunk, and placed it near my pillow. With a degree of moral courage which does him honor, he did not fear to moisten my lips with some vinegar and water which he mixed for me; and then, quietly telling me to compose myself, and I should be better on the morrow, he left me, to go on deck.

I must have quickly sunk into a state of exhaustion; for not half an hour elapsed ere he approached the cabin again, but receiving no answer, concluded that I had fallen into a doze; and at a late period of the night, both he and the captain, after endeavoring in vain to rouse me, concluded I was, as I appeared to be, dead. The morning came—I awoke with the keenest torments: my eyeballs felt as if they protruded, and throbbed with fearful violence. I suffered a raging thirst; a burning liquid seemed to traverse my veins; my brain whirled; I again passed into insensibility, and again recovered my senses. A tumor had formed under my left arm: this was sufficient to confirm my worst apprehensions as to the nature of my affliction; but, strange to say, with that confirmation returned all the strength of mind or firmness it may be my good fortune to possess. “I have escaped,” thought I, “through perils nearly as great as this, and, under the protecting hand of Providence, I may yet recover.” I lay perfectly quiet, I suppose for some hours, and then was roused by hearing the chain-cables running out. This ceased, and the noise was followed by low moanings, succeeded by louder lamentations; yet there was

not the usual din nor bustle of shipboard. Eager, notwithstanding my illness, to ascertain what was doing, I crawled forth from my couch to the upper deck, and saw no one but the cook and three companions; they were crying and beating their breasts. I learnt that the captain, and those of the crew and passengers who remained in health, finding they were sufficiently near the shore, had lowered the only boat, had crowded into her, and made the best of their way towards it, leaving myself and my companions in misery to our fate. Just before they pushed off, they cut away the anchors; there was, however, no bottom, and we were drifting slowly with the wind and current towards the land. I again crawled towards the poop, where I seated myself near a jar of water, (for my thirst continued unabated,) to await further events. My companions crowded around me; four persons were in the launch — two dead, and two unable to move, yet lingering — one, an Italian gentleman, had occupied his horrid tenement three days: their groans were truly heart-rending. At the distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the shore, our anchors took the ground: it was a bold, rocky-looking country, with a range of high mountains in the distance; on the beach we could perceive the crew and passengers, who beckoned us to land, but in mere mockery, for they had taken our only boat, had we been capable of managing one. My companions, half frantic at their desperate condition, determined, in spite of all remonstrances from me, to slip the cables, which they did, and we again drifted towards the shore. Fortunately, it was steep, and when we struck, we were not more than twenty yards distant; but how were we to get on land? The mate, who had been only suffering from slight fever, and was now well, at length, at my suggestion, swam to the shore with a rope, one end of which was fastened to a rock, and the other the crew made fast to the shrouds of the main rigging; upon this a noose was formed, reaching to the gunwale, in which my companions, with the exception of those in the launch, seated themselves, and were drawn by another rope to the shore. With the assistance of the cook, I, with immense exertion, placed myself in the noose. As I was drawn from the gunwale, I swung round, and caught the look and expression of the poor old Italian gen-

tleman in the launch — it was so despairing, so mournful, so reproachful, that I closed my eyes, I grew dizzy and weak, and, as I drew near the shore, became utterly incapable of holding longer, and fell headlong into the sea. As I rose to the surface, a seaman put forth an oar to me, which I grasped, and was in that manner drawn to land, which I had no sooner reached, than I sank senseless.

When I came to myself, I found my companion seated beside me, who said, "Before I quitted the vessel, I was going to your cabin, for the purpose, if possible, of rousing you to accompany me; but on my way I met the commander, who told me he had just left it, and that you were dead, and, villain as he is, I must do him the justice to believe he thought you were so. When, however, I still persisted in going to decide for myself, he intimated that if I did not forthwith step into the boat, he would push off. I was obliged to comply, but it was only with the hope that I should be able to again visit the vessel; that hope vanished when we approached the shore, for the boat struck on a rock and stranded, one of the passengers being drowned. But look," added he, turning quickly to me, "at the *Espirito Santo* — you are out of her in time." Until now, she had remained beating heavily against the rocks; suddenly she surged heavily over to leeward, the masts snapped off from the boards, three or four heavy seas curled up and swept over her, and the long-boat, with its inmates, the dead and living, was first torn from the deck, and quickly disappeared: the poor wretches must have sunk without an effort, for we could not obtain a glimpse of them.

It now became necessary to hold a consultation as to our future movements. Two Turks approached from a distance, and upon inquiring, we learnt from them that, in place of Rhodes, the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Karamania, near Castle Rossa, and about seventy miles from that island. They also told us that there was no village nearer than six miles; and to this it was determined we should proceed. I was dreadfully weak; my clothes were thoroughly drenched; I had received several bruises, and the tumor under my arm felt very painful. When the proposal was first made, I did not think I could have walked ten yards; however, my friend very kindly took charge of

my money, which I had fortunately saved by binding it round my waist, and we set forwards: the four infected persons and myself forming a separate group, which kept aloof from the rest. About sunset, we reached the village, and there met a person belonging to the Russian consulate: to him our commander addressed himself, stating that he and his companions had been wrecked that day on their coast, and entreating for shelter and protection, until intelligence of our situation could be communicated to our consul at Rhodes: not a word was mentioned respecting the plague. Learning, however, we had come from Alexandria, and not being willing, although Turks, to encounter any risk, as they knew the plague was raging there, a dwelling was provided for us at a short distance from the town. The commander, and such as remained healthy, took possession of one room, while the infected occupied another; the latter he wished me to join, but this I refused. Notwithstanding the fatigue of my walk, I felt better, and did not despair of recovery; the chance of which would, however, have been much lessened, had I complied with his wishes. Accordingly, I made a separate bargain with a Turk, who allowed me to sleep in his stable, where several horses were kept; from him, also, I purchased a ragged carpet, and with a large stone for a pillow, I took up my quarters in my new abode. My fever increased as the night advanced. About two hours after midnight, I was seized with delirium, which I imagine was the crisis of the disorder: a thousand horrid and absurd vagaries passed through my brain: now the frantic wretch who was cut from the yard seized my leg with his teeth, and gnawed the quivering flesh to the bone — now the Italian we had left in the launch clasped his cold and clammy arms around me, and pressed me, with a demon's laugh, to his loathsome person. I preserve, however, a recollection of at one period much shouting and noise, and also that a party with torches had rushed into the shed, but for what purpose I knew not till the next morning. I recovered my senses shortly after sunrise, and learnt from my companion that a disturbance had taken place during the night in consequence of the cook, who was delirious, crawling into the fire, which had been kindled to dress some provisions; his legs were most dreadfully burnt before they

could rescue him, as no one would venture to touch him, and the party who entered my apartment came to seek for a rope to throw over him: about an hour after, he died, and was buried by the Turks. Suspicions now arose in the minds of the inhabitants as to the real state of the case, and nothing was heard but threats that they would massacre the whole party. Mine was spoken of as a most suspicious case, and a party came to examine me: what they saw confirmed their fears, and already were the muskets of several ferocious and sanguinary Turks, eager for a pretext to shed the blood of a Christian, levelled at me, when an old moollah interfered. "Stop!" said he; "I see it written on his forehead that his time has not yet come." As the Turks, disappointed of their prey, turned sulkily away, and quitted the shed, the old man, after fixing on me a look at once expressive both of pity and benevolence, approached, and inquired if there was any thing he could do for my comfort, or to lessen my sufferings. I begged for water, which was all I craved: he placed a jar beside me, and then left me. In the evening, he sent his wife with similar offers of service. After much expostulation and entreaty, the captain and his party prevailed on the governor to keep all quiet, until an answer should be received from Castle Rossa, to which a letter, explaining our situation, was immediately conveyed. The perils of their situation were great, for the governor had but to hold up his finger, and they would cease to exist. This danger, added to the plague, rendered my condition still less enviable. I passed another miserable night. Next day, we received intelligence that a consular agent from Castle Rossa had arrived; but as he would not land, the whole party were marched down to the beach where the wreck occurred. Being heartily disgusted with my companions, who, it soon became evident, were only desirous to keep us with them that we might defray the whole of the expenses, I endeavored to persuade him, by the offer of a large sum, to furnish a boat, which would forthwith take us by ourselves to Rhodes, but could only obtain a promise that a boat on the following day would be sent to carry there the whole party; having made this promise, the officer put off from the shore, and made sail for his port. The Turks, who had accompanied us to the beach, now turned a deaf ear to



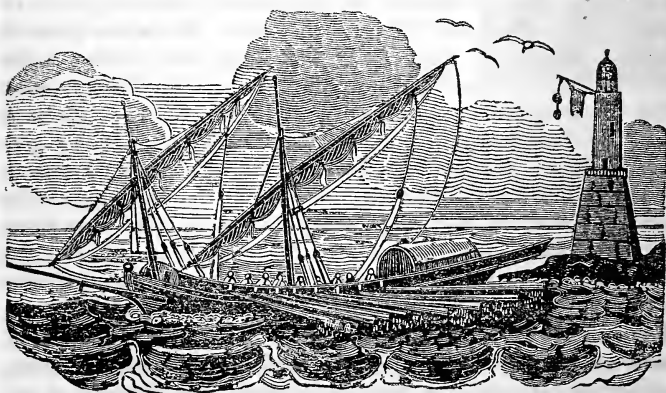
all our solicitations to be permitted to return to the village, but marched us off for about two miles to a little patch of green sward, surrounded by thickets. — “These are your quarters,” said the leader of the party. Remonstrance would have been useless, and indeed, in our situation, we could hardly hope for other treatment. Guards were stationed around, and it was intimated, in very plain terms, that any one attempting to quit that circle would be shot without ceremony. Myself and the other infected were directed to occupy one corner: our lodging and bedding was the damp earth; our canopy the scanty foliage of a dwarfish oak and the blue vault of heaven. The Turks now sent us a sheep, which was killed, and after some pieces had been broiled on the fire, they were thrown to us; eat, however, I could not — I loathed the sight of food: In the evening, it began to rain, which continued incessant during the whole time we remained.

I will not attempt to describe the miseries I endured for these two days. Hitherto, since quitting the vessel, I had not slept for an instant; but on the second night, I contrived to crawl near a fire, which an old Frenchman, spite of the rain, had contrived to keep in: he did not repulse me. The fever still continued, and I was now so completely exhausted, that I sank into a doze, which continued for about an hour. It had been my wish to dry my only pair of stockings, and I had gone to sleep with them in my hands extended over the fire. When I awoke, I found that I had completely burnt the foot off one. Crawling back to my own quarters, I carried with me a few embers, with which I contrived, with much difficulty, to dig a hollow, and with some of the Frenchman’s store of wood, to light a small fire. All happiness, they say, is by comparison; and as I warmed my benumbed fingers by its cheerful flame, and sipped a little coffee, contained in a cooking-pot which belonged to the man who had died last night, I poured forth my whole soul in gratitude to my Maker, who had thus far preserved me.

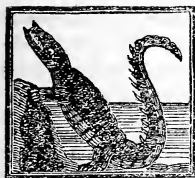
On the following morning, the boat arrived which was to convey us to Rhodes. It was a miserable-looking affair; but never shall I forget the pleasure I felt when I put my foot on board her. I was then sufficiently recovered for my fellow-

passengers not to feel apprehension of my conveying the contagion ; but the two other patients were towed astern in a small boat. Owing to adverse winds, we were three days in making Rhodes, and as we had but one day's provision when we left, the crew and passengers were nearly starved : even I, as we approached the island, began to feel the pangs of hunger. Upon our arrival, we were put in quarantine ; but quarantine, the acmé of a traveller's dread and misery, to us was an earthly paradise. We had bedding, a roof to cover us, and a fire. From the time we were wrecked until we arrived at Rhodes, (seven days,) I neither ate nor (beyond the brief slumber I have noticed) slept. I had no other clothes than those in which I had quitted the vessel. That I should have escaped the awful visitation, would, in itself, be a subject of wonder ; but that I should have done so under the complicated miseries and privations described, is next to miraculous.

It only remains for me to add, that the two patients who arrived with me at Rhodes died two days after landing ; and I am, therefore, the sole survivor of those who were attacked. After remaining twenty-nine days in quarantine, gradually recovering my strength and health, I sailed for England ; and here you see me now, very grateful to Providence for conducting me to my native land, and not much the worse for the perils I underwent on the way there.



A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH  
OF THE  
RIVER MISSISSIPPI,  
WITH  
ILLUSTRATIVE ANECDOTES OF ITS DANGEROUS NAVIGATION;  
AND  
AN AFFECTING ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
BURNING OF THE BEN SHERROD,  
A STEAMBOAT, ON THAT RIVER;  
MAY, 1837.



NATURE and art seem to have mutually combined for the destruction of human life in the formation of the Mississippi, and in the appliance of steam power in navigating its waters. However inimical to man nature may have been in the physical formation of this mighty river,

with its numerous whirlpools, eddies, currents, snags, and other hidden dangers, art has far exceeded it in the numerous fires, explosions, and collisions of steamboats, which are continually taking place on its lengthy surface. We will give a short and descriptive sketch of this important and celebrated river.

It has been the fashion with travellers to talk of the scenery of the Mississippi as wanting grandeur and beauty. Most certainly it has neither. But there is no scenery on earth more striking. The dreary and pestilential solitudes, untrodden, save by the foot of Indians; the absence of all

living objects, save the huge alligators which float past, apparently asleep, on the drift-wood, and an occasional vulture, attracted by its impure prey on the surface of the water; the trees, with a long and hideous drapery of pendent moss, fluttering in the wind; and the giant river rolling onward the vast volume of its dark and turbid waters through the wilderness, — form the features of one of the most dismal and impressive landscapes on which the eye of man ever rested. No river in the world drains so large a portion of the earth's surface. It is the traveller of five thousand miles — more than two thirds of the globe's diameter. The imagination asks, "Whence come its waters, and whither tend they?" They come from the distant regions of a vast continent, where the foot of civilized man has never yet been planted; and swelled by a hundred tributaries, they flow into an ocean yet vaster, the whole body of which acknowledges their influence.

The prevailing character of the Mississippi is that of solemn gloom. I have trodden the passes of Alp and Apennine, yet never felt how awful a thing is nature, till I was borne on its waters, in a steamboat, through regions desolate and uninhabitable. Day after day, and night after night, we continued driving right downward to the south; our vessel, like some huge demon of the wilderness, bearing fire in her bosom, and canopying the eternal forest with the smoke of her nostrils. How looked the hoary river-god I know not; nor what thought the alligators, when awakened from their slumber by a vision so astounding. But the effect on my own spirits was such as I have never experienced before or since. Conversation became odious, and I passed my time in a sort of dreamy contemplation. At night, I ascended to the highest deck, and lay for hours gazing listlessly on the sky, the forest, and the waters, amidst silence only broken by the clanging of the engine.

The "Father of Waters," as it is called, is ever restless and muddy; always filled with a great quantity of half-consumed bushes, branches, and trees, rolled rapidly past the shore. It is not without great exertion that man is capable of mastering its powerful waves. On the least neglect, he is lost without redemption. Unhappy he who has the misfortune of falling into the river: an invisible arm drags him

instantly to the bottom, never to appear again. Thousands are the means employed by the Mississippi to attract its victims. If a month happens to elapse without a steamboat or some other craft being engulfed in the agitated waves, all at once you hear of one of the former having foundered, after striking against a snag, projecting from the bottom of the river, or of the boiler having burst, or the boat taking fire,—or of a flat-boat being totally lost: on all these occasions, human lives are sacrificed. But this is not all. Vapors of a highly-pernicious nature rise in various directions near the banks of the river, and produce dangerous disorders. Tornadoes are also very frequent, and sometimes shocks of earthquakes are felt.

The navigation of the river is rendered very dangerous by the instability of the banks, and the impetuosity of the current, which is constantly undermining them, and tumbling immense masses in the river, which are called *snags*, *planters*, or *sawyers*. The trees are called *snags*, and *planters*, when they are firmly fixed in the bottom of the river perpendicularly, and appear a foot or less above the surface of the water. They are called *sawyers* when fixed less perpendicularly in the river, yielding to the pressure of the current, in some degree like the motion of a saw-mill saw, from which their name is derived. They are called *sleeping sawyers* when the top of the tree does not quite reach the surface of the water. There are also in the Mississippi many wooden islands, more dangerous than real ones, from there being a new or additional obstacle thrown in the way of the current. They consist of large quantities of drift-wood, arrested and matted together in different parts of the river. Many fatal accidents happen in consequence of boats running against snags, planters, and sawyers. Mr. Flint relates one which happened to the steamboat Tennessee, of New Orleans.

“It was a beautiful morning when she started. Her deck was absolutely crowded with passengers; not less, I was told, than three hundred being on board. They cheered the multitude, waved their hats, fired their swivel repeatedly, and went off with unusual demonstrations of gayety. Above Natchez, in a dark and sleety night, in one of the furious cypress bends of the river, the boat struck a snag. She

began to fill, and every thing was consternation and despair. One wretch seized a skiff, and paddled round the boat, calling on a passenger to throw his saddle-bags into the skiff, informing him, with great agony, that all his money was in them. He might have saved a dozen persons; but he kept aloof, that no one could get on board. We sometimes see, in the very same crisis, that one man will exhibit the dignity and benevolence of an angelic nature, and another will display the workings of a nature almost infernal. The engineer, who was greatly beloved, was invited to save himself in the yawl. His reply was noble — ‘Who will work the engine if I quit? I must do my duty.’ They tried in vain to run her on a bar. She sunk, and this intrepid man, worthy of a statue, was drowned in the steam-room. The passengers — men, women, and children — separated, and in the darkness were plunged in this whirling and terrible stream. The shrieks, the wailings, soon died away. I believe it was not ascertained how many perished, but it was known to exceed thirty persons. The rest made the shore as they could.”

Of the hundred tributaries which flow into the Mississippi, the Red River is one of the most remarkable. Its waters, when full, are of a deep-red tinge; and when low, its bars discover shoals of alligators, great and small, basking in the sun, or crossing the stream, as though logs had found the power of locomotion.

The Red River has one peculiarity — *the Great Raft*. Here the river runs through a vast swamp. The river divides into innumerable channels. These channels are closed up by logs, carried along by the current, and jammed together. This takes place for a length of eighty miles. This is a great impediment to navigation. Steamboats may ascend at certain seasons of the year, when the water is high, but with great difficulty. Keel boats make their way through it with great difficulty with cutting away logs, and mistaking their channel, and if they succeed in making their way, are occupied four times as long as would be requisite to ascend a clear river.

On an island, in the midst of this swamp, a boatman was left by mistake, and subsisted nine days on nothing but one squirrel and the barks of trees. He relates, that he cut up

a handkerchief for a line, and made a hook of a nail, which he had about him: with this fishing-tackle he took a fine cat-fish. He carried it a little distance from the bank, and was cleaning it to roast; for he had fire. As he went to the river, an alligator started from the mud, and made for the fish. In his extreme weakness, the alligator arrived first, seized the fish, and swallowed it in a trice. He relates that, in despair, he then laid himself down to die, and slept for a great length of time. When he awoke, the love of life returned upon him. He remembered to have seen a canoe, that had a hole in the bottom, which had been thrown by the stream upon the wreck of logs. The little labor requisite to enable him to roll it into the stream, caused him to faint repeatedly. But he finally achieved the task, stopped the hole in the bottom with moss and his handkerchief, daubed it with mud, and committed himself to the stream. Providentially, the boat took the right channel. This canoe struck a log, and turned over; but he was enabled to hang on to it until he floated down to a French house. The Frenchman was milking his cows at night. The man was a living skeleton. He grasped the pail of milk from the Frenchman's hands, and, had he not been prevented, would have drunk his death. He appeared like a perfect Captain Riley from the Arabian deserts. It is wonderful how much human nature can endure before the thread of life is broken.

We will now return to the Mississippi, and give the recital of

## The Burning of the Ben Sherrod.

BY A PASSENGER.

"On Sunday morning, the 6th of May, 1837, the steam-boat Ben Sherrod, under the command of Captain Castleman, was preparing to leave the levée at New Orleans. She was thronged with passengers. Many a beautiful and interesting woman that morning was busy in arranging the little things incident to travelling; and they all looked forward with high and certain hope to the end of their journey. Little, innocent children played about in the cabin, and would run to the guards now and then, to wonder, in infan-

tine language, at the next boat, or the water, or something else that drew their attention. 'O, look here, Henry; I don't like that boat Lexington.' 'I wish I was going by her,' said Henry, musingly. The men, too, were urgent in their arrangements of the trunks, and getting on board sundry articles which a ten days' passage rendered necessary. In fine, all seemed hope, and joy, and certainty.

"The cabin of the Ben Sherrod was on the upper deck, but narrow in proportion to her build; for she was what is technically called a Tennessee cotton boat. To those who have never seen a cotton boat loaded, it is a wondrous sight. The bales are piled up from the lower guards, wherever there is a cranny, until they reach above the second deck, room being merely left for passengers to walk outside the cabin. You have regular alleys left amid the cotton, in order to pass about on the first deck. Such is a cotton boat, carrying from one thousand five hundred to two thousand bales.

"The Ben's finish and accommodation of the cabin were by no means such as would begin to compare with the regular passenger boats. It being late in the season, and but few large steamers being in port, in consequence of the severity of the times, the Ben Sherrod got an undue number of passengers; otherwise she would have been avoided, for her accommodations were not enticing. She had a heavy freight on board, and several horses and carriages on the forecastle. The build of the Ben Sherrod was heavy, her timbers being of the largest size.

"The morning was clear and sultry — so much so that umbrellas were necessary to ward off the sun. It was a curious sight to see the hundreds of citizens hurrying on board to leave letters, and to see them coming away. When a steamboat is going off on the southern and western waters, the excitement is fully equal to that attendant upon the departure of a Liverpool packet. About 10 o'clock, A. M., the ill-fated steamer pushed off upon the turbid current of the Mississippi, as a swan upon the waters. In a few minutes, she was under way, tossing high in air bright and snowy clouds of steam at every half revolution of her engine. Talk not of your northern steamboats! A Mississippi steamer of seven hundred tons' burden, with adequate ma-



chinery, is one of the sublimities of poetry. For thousands of miles, that great body forces its way through a desolate country, against an almost resistless current; and all the evidence you have of the immense power exerted, is brought home to your senses by the everlasting and majestic burst of exertion from her escapement pipe, and the ceaseless stroke of the paddle-wheels. In the dead of night, when, amid the swamps on either side, your noble vessel winds her upward way — when not a soul is seen on board but the officer on deck — when nought is heard but the clank of the fire-doors amid the hoarse coughing of the engine, imagination yields to the vastness of the ideas thus excited in your mind; and, if you have a soul that makes you a man, you cannot help feeling strongly alive to the mightiness of art in contrast with the mightiness of nature. Such a scene — and hundreds such have I realized, with an intensity that cannot be described — always made me a better man than before. I never could tire of the steamboat navigation of the Mississippi.

“On Tuesday evening, the 9th of May, 1837, the steamboat *Prairie*, on her way to St. Louis, bore hard upon the *Sherrod*. It was necessary for the latter to stop at Fort Adams, during which the *Prairie* passed her. Great vexation was manifested by some of the passengers, that the *Prairie* should get to Natchez first. This subject formed the theme of conversation for two or three hours, the captain assuring them that he would beat her *any how*. The *Prairie* is a very fast boat, and under equal chances could have beaten the *Sherrod*. So soon as the business was transacted at Fort Adams, for which she stopped, orders were given to the men to keep up their fires to the extent. It was now a little after 11, P. M. The captain retired to his berth, with his clothes on, and left the deck in charge of an officer. During the evening, a barrel of whisky had been turned out, and permission given to the hands to do as they pleased. As may be supposed, they drew upon the barrel quite liberally. It is the custom on all boats to furnish the firemen with liquor, though a difference exists as to the mode. But it is due to the many worthy captains now on the Mississippi, to state that the practice of furnishing spirits is grad-

ually dying away; and where they are given, it is only done in moderation.

“As the Sherrod passed on above Fort Adams, towards the mouth of the Homochitta, the wood piled up in the front of the furnaces several times caught fire, and was once or twice imperfectly extinguished by the drunken hands. It must be understood by those of my readers who have never seen a western steamboat, that the boilers are entirely above the first deck, and that, when the fires are well kept up for any length of time, the heat is almost insupportable. Were it not for the draft occasioned by the speed of the boat, it would be very difficult to attend the fires. As the boat was booming along through the water close in shore,—for, in ascending the river, boats go as close as they can to avoid the current,—a negro on the beach called out to the fireman that the wood was on fire. The reply was, ‘Go to h—l, and mind your own business,’ from some half-intoxicated hand. ‘O massa,’ answered the negro, ‘if you don’t take care, you will be in h—l before I will.’ On, on, on went the boat, at a tremendous rate, quivering and trembling in all her length at every revolution of the wheels. The steam was created so fast, that it continued to escape through the safety-valve, and, by its sharp singing, told a tale that every prudent captain would have understood. As the vessel rounded the bar that makes off from the Homochitta, being compelled to stand out into the middle of the river in consequence, the fire was discovered. It was about one o’clock in the morning. A passenger had got up previously, and was standing on the boiler deck, when, to his astonishment, the fire broke out from the pile of wood. A little presence of mind, and a set of men unintoxicated, could have saved the boat. The passenger seized a bucket, and was about to plunge it overboard for water, when he found it locked. An instant more, and the fire increased in volumes. The captain was now awaked. He saw that the fire had seized the deck. He ran aft, and announced the ill tidings. No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than the shrieks of mothers, sisters, and babes, resounded through the hitherto silent cabin in the wildest confusion. Men were aroused from their dreaming cots to experience the hot air of the approaching fire. The

pilot, being elevated on the hurricane deck, at the instant of perceiving the flames, put the head of the boat shoreward. She had scarcely got under good way in that direction, than the tiller-ropes were burnt asunder. Two miles, at least, from the land, the vessel took a sheer, and, borne upon by the current, made several revolutions, until she struck off across the river. A bar brought her up for the moment.

"The flames had now extended fore and aft. At the first alarm, several deck passengers had got into the yawl that hung suspended by the davits. A cabin passenger, endowed with some degree of courage and presence of mind, expostulated with them, and did all he could to save the boats for the ladies. 'Twas useless. One took out his knife and cut away the forward tackle. The next instant and they were all, to the number of twenty or more, launched into the angry waters. They were seen no more.

"The boat, being lowered from the other end, filled, and was useless. Now came the trying moment. Hundreds leaped from the burning wreck into the waters. Mothers were seen standing on the guards with hair dishevelled, praying for help. The dear little innocents clung to the side of their mothers, and with their tiny hands beat away the burning flames. Sisters calling out to their brothers in unearthly voices — 'Save me, O, save me, brother!' — wives crying to their husbands to save their children, in total forgetfulness of themselves, — every second or two a desperate plunge of some poor victim falling on the appalled ear, — the dashing to and fro of the horses on the forecastle, groaning audibly from pain of the devouring element, — the continued puffing of the engine, for it still continued to go, — the screaming mother who had leaped overboard in the desperation of the moment with her only child, — the flames mounting to the sky with the rapidity of lightning, — shall I ever forget that scene — that hour of horror and alarm? Never, were I to live till the memory should forget all else that ever came to the senses. The short half hour that separated and plunged into eternity two hundred human beings has been so burnt into the memory, that even now I think of it more than half the day.

"I was swimming to the shore with all my might, endeavoring to sustain a mother and her child. She sank twice;

and yet I bore her on. My strength failed me. The babe was nothing — a mere cork. ‘Go, go,’ said the brave mother; ‘save my child, save my ——’ and she sank to rise no more. Nerved by the resolution of that woman, I reached the shore in safety. The babe I saved. Ere I had reached the beach, the Sherrod had swung off the bar, and was floating down, the engine having ceased running. In every direction heads dotted the surface of the river. The burning wreck now wore a new and still more awful appearance. Mothers were seen clinging, with the last hope, to the blazing timbers, and dropping off one by one. The screams had ceased. A sullen silence rested over the devoted vessel. The flames became tired of their destructive work.

“While I sat dripping and overcome upon the beach, a steamboat, the Columbus, came in sight, and bore for the wreck. It seemed like one last ray of hope gleaming across the dead gloom of that night. Several wretches were saved. And still another, the Statesman, came in sight. More, more were saved.

“A moment *to me* had only elapsed, when high in the heavens the cinders flew, and the country was lighted all round. Still another boat came booming on. I was happy that more help had come. After an exchange of words with the Columbus, the captain continued on his way under full steam. O, how my heart sank within me! The waves created by his boat sent many a poor mortal to his long, long home. A being by the name of Dougherty was the captain of that merciless boat. Long may he be remembered!

“My hands were burnt, and now I began to experience severe pain. The scene before me — the loss of my two sisters and brother, whom I had missed in the confusion, — all had steeled my heart. I could not weep — I could not sigh. The cries of the babe at my side were nothing to me.

“Again — another explosion! and the waters closed slowly and sullenly over the scene of disaster and death. Darkness resumed her sway, and the stillness was only interrupted by the distant efforts of the Columbus and Statesman in their laudable exertions to save human life.

“Captain Castleman lost, I believe, a father and child. Some argue, this is punishment enough. No, it is not. He

had the lives of hundreds under his charge. He was careless of his trust; he was guilty of a crime that nothing will ever wipe out. The bodies of two hundred victims are crying out from the depth of the father of waters for vengeance. Neither society nor law will give it. His punishment is yet to come. May I never meet him!

"I could tell of scenes of horror that would rouse the indignation of a Stoic; but I have done. As to myself, I could tell you much to excite your interest. It was more than three weeks after the occurrence before I ever shed a tear. All the fountains of sympathy had been dried up, and my heart was as stone. As I lay on my bed the twenty-fourth day after, tears, salt tears, came to my relief, and I felt the loss of my sisters and brother more deeply than ever. Peace be to their spirits! they found a watery grave.

"In the course of all human events, scenes of misery will occur. But where they rise from sheer carelessness, it requires more than Christian fortitude to forgive the being who is in fault. I repeat, may I never meet Captain Castleman or Captain Dougherty!"

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"I shall follow this tale of woe by some strictures on the mode of building steamboats in the west, and show that human life has been jeopardized by the demoniac spirit of speculation, cheating, and roguery. The fate of the Ben Sherrod shall be my text.

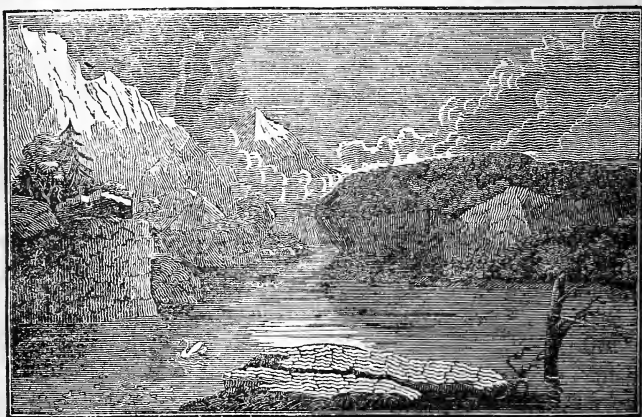
"It will be seen from this narrative, that the loss of the vessel was occasioned by racing with another boat — a frequent practice on the Mississippi. That people should run such risk, will appear strange; but if any of my readers had ever been on board of a steam-vessel in a race, they would not be surprised; the excitement produced by it is the most powerful that can be conceived — I have myself experienced it, and can answer for the truth of it. At first, the feeling of danger predominates, and many of the passengers beg the captain to desist; but he cannot bear to be passed by and left astern. As the race continues, so do they all warm up, until even those who, most aware of the danger, were at first most afraid, are to be seen standing over the very boilers, shouting, huzzaing, and stimulating the firemen to —

blow them up ; the very danger gives an unwonted interest to the scene ; and females, as well as men, would never be persuaded to cry out, ' Hold — enough ! '

" Another proof of the disregard of human life is here given in the fact of one steamboat passing by and rendering no assistance to the drowning wretches ; nay, it was positively related to me by one who was in the water, that the blows of the paddles of this steamboat sent down many who otherwise might have been saved.

" When I was on the lakes, the wood which was piled close to the fireplace caught fire. It was of no consequence, as it happened, for it being a well-regulated boat, the fire was soon extinguished ; but I mention it to show the indifference of one of the men on board. About half an hour afterwards, one of his companions roused him from his berth, shaking him by the shoulder to wake him, saying, ' Get up ; the wood's afire — quick.' ' Well, I knew that 'fore I turned in,' replied the man, yawning."

" A steamboat once caught fire on the Mississippi, and the passengers had to jump overboard and save themselves by swimming. One of those reckless characters, a gambler, who was on board, having apparently a very good idea of his own merits, went aft, and before he leapt overboard, cried out, ' Now, gallows, claim your own ! ' "



AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT  
OF  
A BOAT CONTAINING NINE NATIVES,  
WHICH WAS  
BLOWN OFF THE MALDIVE ISLANDS,  
IN THE INDIAN OCEAN,  
AND

Was swept by a south-west Monsoon across the great Bay of Bengal, to the Coast of Siam, a Distance of more than Two Thousand Miles ; July, 1836.



JUST as the sun was setting, in the lurid haze of a south-west monsoon, on the 20th of July, 1836, the inhabitants of Tavoy, on the western coast of Siam, were astonished by the aspect of a singular-looking craft, which made its appearance off that place. And though apparently not a decked vessel, yet she loomed large in the hazy horizon. As she came bounding before the gale, her singular build and rig, and the fragment of sail which she carried, being composed of alternate strips of purple and white matting, all conspired to excite in the breasts of the spectators the strongest curiosity, not unmixed with those superstitious fears peculiar to the Siamese. On her arrival at the entrance of the bay, it was evident, by her yawing about, that her crew were undecided what course to take, as the ground swell was rolling in heavily, and a tremendous surf was breaking on the shelving beach, in front of the village, the dangers of which could be plainly seen by those on board. After remaining some time in this ap-

parently wavering state, she rounded to, and ran under the lee of a hill on the southern point of the bay ; and was last seen taking in her party-colored sail and coming to anchor. The gale, which had lulled, now set in with renewed violence ; and, notwithstanding the superstition of many, by the exertions of some English traders at the place, a large fire was made on the shore, and kept burning through the night. And those who watched and replenished it, heard, at intervals, the sound of a conch-shell, blown by those on board, mingled with the wailings of the blast ; which betokened that these spirits of the deep had not vanished with the departed light.

At the earliest dawn, the strand was thronged by the eager and curious inhabitants. The gale having subsided, her grotesque crew weighed the anchor, hoisted the purple and white sail, and steered for the moorings, in front of the village. From her singular appearance, being high out of water, and covered with carved work from stem to stern, — all weather-bleached, rent, and ragged, — one would have supposed she had floated at random on the ocean for years. Although she proved to be a great curiosity, and the adventures, manners, and customs, of her crew of great interest, yet the illusions of the superstitious were dispelled by her proving to be an unfortunate boat belonging to the Maldive Islands. As far as their language could be understood, it appears that they were passing from Atoll Male, or King's Island, to Atoll Sonadiva, when a violent storm arose, which broke off their mast about one third of its length above deck, injured their rudder, and thus left them in a perilous situation upon the tempestuous ocean. And in this helpless state they had drifted entirely across the great Bay of Bengal, and reached Tavoy, on the western coast of Siam. They had not suffered any very severe privation, being providentially laden with rice, and the incessant rains from the monsoon, added to their original stock of water, gave them a goodly supply. The broken mast afforded them fire-wood. They stated that they were drifted across the bay in a month and a half ; but their computation of time could not be exactly depended upon : if correct, their boat must have been drifted along about fifty miles per day, which, with the current and south-west monsoon, was



not improbable. Their boat was about six tons' burden, the hull built of cocoa tree, without a single iron nail in it; there was a commodious berth towards the stern, and a kind of matted deck in the forepart, but quite unfit to throw off the water; and it is marvellous that an open boat of this description was not swamped. They had on board a rude compass, with a rough chart of their own islands and the Bay of Bengal, and a wooden instrument, shaped somewhat like the letter T, with which they professed to be able to find the latitude, when trading amongst their own islands; but beyond that range it was of no use, for when they sighted land near Tavoy, they imagined it was part of the Chittagong coast. The men appeared to be a mixture of Arabs and western coast Indians. They were nine in number, of a robust make, olive complexion, and well featured. They appeared naturally ingenious, from the manner in which the boat was fitted inside, and the various implements on board. They professed the Mohammedan faith, and had two religious books on board, written in the Arabic character, but in the Maldivian language. They could not endure dogs, and said there was not one on their island.

Notwithstanding they all arrived in tolerable health, yet, owing to change of diet and climate, one of them sickened and died soon after their arrival; and they were permitted by the Siamese to bury him in the Maldivian manner. They took the corpse and wrapped it up in cotton, with the right hand placed on the ear, and the left on the thigh. It was then laid on the right side, in a coffin of *candou* wood, and carried to the place of interment. The corpse was laid in the grave, with the head towards Mohammed's tomb; and after being deposited, the grave was filled up with white sand, sprinkled with water.

The Maldivian manner of burying at sea is to take the body and wash it, and put it into a coffin, with a written palm leaf, mentioning his religion, and requesting those who may meet with the corpse to give it decent interment. They then put a pearl in its mouth, sing over it, and, after having completed their ceremonies, they place it on a plank of *candou* wood, and commit it to the waves.

Though the Maldivians are Mohammedans, yet they preserve many pagan customs; for when crossed at sea, they

pray to the king of the winds ; and in every island there is a place where those who have escaped danger make offerings to him of little vessels, made for the purpose, in which they put fragrant woods, flowers, and other perfumes, and then turn the vessel adrift, to the mercy of the waves. Such are the superstitious notions they have of this airy king, that they dare not spit to windward for fear of offending him ; and all their vessels being devoted to him, they are kept equally clean with their mosques. They impute crosses, sickness, and death, to the devil ; and in a certain place make him offerings of flowers and bouquets, in order to pacify him.

The Maldives were the first islands discovered by the European navigators, on their arrival in the Indies. They are situated in the Northern Indian Ocean, about five hundred miles from Ceylon, and reach from one degree south to seven degrees north latitude. They extend about six hundred miles in length, and are upwards of one hundred in the broadest part. They are numerous, but many of them are only large hillocks of sand. But, in general, they are very fertile, and in particular produce great quantities of millet, and another grain much like, of both of which they have two harvests every year.

The water among these islands is of a dark color, and at the bottom of the channels is found a substance like white coral, which, when boiled in cocoa water, greatly resembles sugar. There is a very dangerous snake that frequents the borders of the sea.

The houses of the common people are built of cocoa wood, and covered with leaves, sewed one within another. But the better sort have their houses built of stone, which is taken from under the flats and rocks in the following manner. Among other trees in these islands, is one called *candou*, which is exceeding soft ; and when dry, and sawed into planks, is much lighter than cork. The natives, who are excellent swimmers, dive under water, and, having fixed upon a stone fit for their purpose, they fasten a strong rope to it : after this, they take a plank of *candou* wood, which, having a hole bored in it, is put on the rope, and forced down quite to the stone ; they then run a number of other boards, till the light wood rises up to the top, dragging the

stone up with it. By this contrivance the natives got up the cannon and anchors of a French ship, which was cast away there in the beginning of the last century.

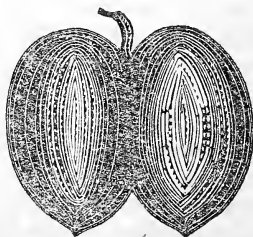
The Maldivians are, in general, a very polite people, particularly those on the Island of Male; they are very abstemious in their diet, and naturally very cleanly; when they rise in the morning, they immediately wash themselves, rub their eyes with oil, and black their eyebrows.

Male, on which these adventurers belonged, is the residence of the king. It is situated in the centre of the rest, and is about five miles in circumference. The king has here a magnificent palace, in which his beds are hung, like hammocks, between two pillars, ornamented with gold; and when he lies down, he is rocked to sleep by his attendants. His usual dress consists of a coat made of fine white cloth, or cotton, with white and purple edgings, fastened with buttons of solid gold; under this is a piece of red embroidered tapestry, that reaches down to his heels, and is fastened with a large silk girdle, fringed, and a great gold chain before, with a lock formed of the most precious and valuable stones. The grandees and soldiers wear long hair; but the king's head is shaved once a week; he goes barelegged, but wears sandals of gilt copper, which must not be worn by any other persons except those of the royal family. When he goes abroad, his dignity is particularly distinguished by a white umbrella, which no other persons, except strangers, are permitted to use. He has three pages near his person, one of whom carries his fur, another his sword and buckler, and a third a box of betel and areka, which he almost constantly chews.

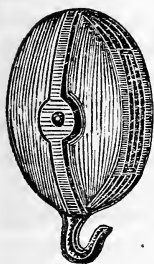
These islands are happily situated for producing mutual commerce to the respective inhabitants; for though they are in the same climate, and all of them very fertile, yet they produce such different commodities, that the people in one island cannot live without what is found in another. The inhabitants have likewise so divided themselves, as greatly to enhance this commercial advantage; for all the weavers live in one island, the goldsmiths in another, and so on of the different manufactures. In order, however, to make the communication easy, these artificers and traders have boats built high on both sides, in which they work,

sleep, and eat, while sailing from one island to another, to expose their goods to sale; and sometimes they are out a considerable time before they return to their fixed habitations. It was during one of these excursions that the boat which reached Tavoy was overtaken by the south-west monsoon.

That periodical storm, called the south-west monsoon, commences about the beginning of June. Its approach is announced by vast masses of clouds, that rise from the Indian Ocean, and advance towards the north-east, gathering and thickening as they approach the islands and main land. After some threatening days, the sky assumes a troubled appearance in the evening; and the monsoon, in general, sets in during the night. It is attended with such a thunder-storm as can scarcely be imagined by those who have only seen that phenomenon in a temperate climate. It generally begins with violent blasts of wind, which are succeeded by floods of rain. For some hours, lightning is seen without intermission; sometimes, it only illumines the sky, and shows the clouds near the horizon; at others, it discovers the distant hills, or vessels, and leaves all else in darkness, when in an instant it appears in vivid and successive flashes, and exhibits the nearest objects in all the brightness of day. During all this time, the distant thunder never ceases to roll, and is only silenced by some nearer peal, which bursts upon the ear with such a sudden and tremendous crash, as can scarcely fail to strike the most insensible heart with awe. At length, the thunder ceases, and nothing is heard but the continued pouring of the rain, and the rushing of the mighty gale.



THE FIGHTS AND ADVENTURES  
OF THE  
CREW OF THE RUSSIAN AMERICAN COMPANY'S SHIP  
THE  
ST. NICHOLAI,  
DURING  
A Sojourn of a Year amongst the hostile Natives of the  
North-West Coast of America; November, 1808.  
BY THE SUPERCARGO.



UR ship was bound for the coast of New Albion. On the 29th of September, 1808, we were opposite Vancouver's Cape Flattery, in  $48^{\circ} 25'$  N. latitude. We followed the coast during several days, for the purpose of sketching it. The natives came out in great numbers, and sometimes we were surrounded by more than one hundred of their boats, which, although small, generally held from three or four to ten people.

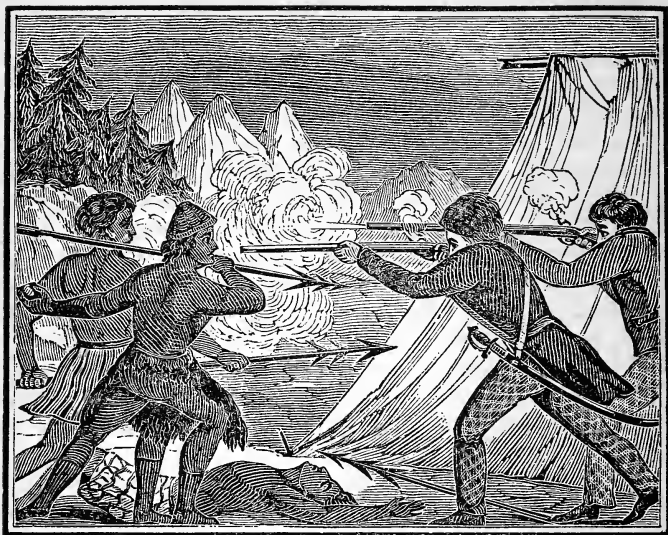
We never allowed more than three at a time to come on board — a caution which seemed the more necessary, as they were all armed. Several of them had muskets; others had arrows pointed with stags' antlers, iron lances without handles, and bone forks fixed on long poles; moreover, they had a species of arms made of whale-ribs, of the shape of a Turkish sabre, two inches and a half long, a quarter of an inch thick, and blunt on both edges: this weapon, we understood, they used in their night attacks, so common among these savages, killing their foes while asleep.

They offered to us sea-otters, reindeer-skins, and fish, for sale. For a large fish we paid them a string of blue beads, a quarter of an arshin long, and from five to six wershok of glass beads; but for beaver-skins they would take nothing less valuable than broadcloth.

A few days after this, we had a violent storm, which lasted for three days, the wind blowing from the south; at length, a sudden calm ensued, but the motion of the waves continued very high. At daybreak, the fog, which had till then surrounded us, disappeared, and we saw the shore at the distance of about ten or twelve miles. The calm rendered the sails useless, and the high waves would not allow us to have recourse to the oars; the current, therefore, carried us rapidly towards the shore. We thought ourselves lost, when happily a north-westerly breeze sprang up, by the help of which we got out of our perilous situation. Soon, however, a new storm arose, which was again interrupted by a calm; and at last, on the 1st of November, after much anxiety, and still more unavailing labor, our ship was cast on shore in  $47^{\circ} 66'$  N. latitude, nearly opposite the Island of Destruction. Happily, the ship had run on soft ground, and during high water; when the tide, therefore, had receded, we found her still entire, although she had been terribly shaken, and was half full of water. There was, however, no possibility of saving her; we therefore went on shore, taking with us the guns, muskets, ammunition, and every other article which we thought we might find useful in our desolate state. Our first care, when landed, was to clean and load our fire-arms, as we had every moment reason to expect a visit from the natives, against whose cupidity and savage fury we had no other security than our resolution. This being done, we made two tents with our sails, and had scarcely finished, when we saw a host of savages pouring down upon us. The mate, accompanied by four hunters, had gone on board, for the purpose of taking down the tackling from the ship. They had taken a burning match with them, there being still a few guns left in the brig. The captain, standing near her, gave the necessary orders, while I had the charge of watching the motions of the enemy and guarding our little camp.

Our tent was occupied by Mrs. Bulugin, (the captain's wife,) an Aleootskian, from Kadjak, a woman of the same nation, myself, and two natives, who had joined us without any invitation. One of them, a toën, (elder,) invited me to his hut, which, he said, was not far off; but prudence restrained me from accepting this invitation. I endeavored to inspire him with a friendly feeling towards us, and he promised that he would not injure us, and would also endeavor to prevent his countrymen from doing so. In the mean time, however, I was informed that the *Koljushes* were carrying off our stores. I entreated our people to bear with them as much as possible before they proceeded to hostilities, and represented to the toën the impropriety of the conduct of his party, and begged him to induce them to desist. But as we could not converse freely, it took me some time to convey my sentiments to him, and in the mean while the question was decided without our interference. Our people began to drive the savages away, and they, in return, pelted them with stones. As soon as I was informed of this, I rushed out of the tent; but at the same moment our hunters fired, and I was pierced in the chest with a lance. I ran back for a musket, and on coming out again saw the man who had wounded me; he held a lance in one hand, and in the other he had a stone, which he hurled at my head with such violence as to make me stagger to the ground; I fired, however, and he fell down dead. The savages soon took to flight, leaving two dead behind, and carrying one dead and a great many wounded with them. On our side, there were few who had not received some hurt or other, with the exception of those who had been on board. Our captain had been stabbed in the back. A great many lances, cloaks, and hats, which strowed the field of battle, formed our trophies of this sad victory.

We spent a comfortless night, and in the morning went to examine the country, with a view of finding a spot where we might winter in safety; but we found the whole of the coast covered with thick forests, and so low, that at high water it would be overflowed; it was, consequently, in no way adapted for our purpose. The captain therefore collected us together, and informed us, that by next spring the Company's ship Kadjak would touch upon this coast, in a



The Russians are attacked by the Natives.

harbor not more than sixty-five miles distant from the spot where we then were, to which harbor he proposed that we should immediately proceed. As there was neither bay nor river marked on the chart which could impede our journey, he thought it might be very speedily accomplished; and that, while the savages were engaged in plundering the vessel, we should have nothing to fear from them, since they could derive no advantage from annoying us. We all, therefore, unanimously replied, "Be it as you propose; we shall not disobey you."

Thus we entered upon our march, each of us armed with two muskets, one pistol, a quantity of ammunition, besides three barrels of powder, and some provisions, which we carried with us. Previously to our departure, however, we had taken care to spike the guns, destroy the muskets, and throw them, together with the remaining gunpowder, pikes, hatchets, and other iron tools, into the sea. We crossed a river in our boat; and, after advancing about twelve miles through the forest, we stopped for the night, and, having set our watches, passed it without being disturbed.



In the morning, we continued our route, left the forest, and again approached the coast, where we halted, in order to clean our fire-arms. About 2 o'clock, P. M., we were overtaken by two savages, one of whom was the toën who had visited us on our first landing. They gave us to understand that, by following the coast, we should meet with many impediments, both from its sinuosities and from the rocks, of which latter they reported that some were impassable. They also showed us a beaten track through the forest, which they advised us to follow, after which they prepared to leave us. Before their departure, however, I endeavored to give them a more formidable idea of the power of our fire-arms, by firing with a rifle at a small ring, marked upon a board, at a distance of one hundred and twenty feet. The ball pierced the board where I had marked it; and the savages, after having examined the aperture and measured the distance, departed.

During the night, a violent storm arose, accompanied by rain and snow; and, the bad weather continuing through the following day, we were obliged to wait in a cave till it was over. During all this time, we were beset by the savages, who frequently rolled stones upon us from the top of the hill. The weather clearing up the next morning, we pursued our journey till we reached a stream of some depth, which we followed on a beaten path, in the hope of meeting with a shallow part where we might ford it. Towards evening, we arrived at a large hut. The inhabitants had left; but a fire was still burning near it, and it contained a large supply of dried kishutches, (a species of salmon,) and opposite to it poles were fixed in the water for the purposes of fishing. We took twenty-five of these fish, for which we left about six yards of beads by way of payment; after which we encamped for the night, about two hundred yards from it, in the forest.

In the morning we perceived that we were surrounded by a troop of savages, armed with lances, forks, and arrows. I went forward, and fired my piece over their heads, which had the desired effect; for they immediately dispersed, and hid themselves amongst the trees, and allowed us to proceed. In this manner we had continually to contend against the savages, whom we endeavored to avoid, but who were con-

stantly besetting us, watching for a favorable moment for annihilating us.

On the 7th of November, we met with three men and a woman, who gave us some dried fish, speaking at the same time very ill of the tribe among whom we had hitherto suffered so much, and extolling their own. They followed us till the evening, when we reached the mouth of a small river, on the opposite side of which stood a village, consisting of six huts. Here they advised us to wait till high water tide, which would come on during the night, when they would get us boats to pass us over, adding, that it would not be safe to cross at low water. We felt, however, no inclination to trust ourselves in their hands during the night, and therefore retired to some distance, where we encamped till the next morning.

When we came again to the mouth of the river, we saw nearly two hundred savages near the huts; but as we could obtain no answer to any of our questions respecting a passage, we proceeded upwards in search of a ford. As soon as the natives perceived our intention, they sent us a boat rowed by two men, who were completely naked. As this boat could not have held above ten people at a time, we begged them to send us another, that we might all cross at the same time. They complied with our request in sending a second boat, but so small a one that not more than four persons could sit in it. It was attended by the woman whom we had met the day previous. The small boat was assigned to Mrs. Bulugin, a male and a female Aleootskian, and a youth who had been apprenticed on board the ship, whilst nine of the boldest hunters embarked in the other, the others remaining on the bank. As soon as the great boat had reached the middle of the stream, the savages who pulled it drew out a piece of wood which closed a hole which had been purposely made at the bottom of it, threw themselves into the water, and swam on shore. The boat was carried along by the current, and came at one period so near the opposite shore, that all our people in it were wounded by the darts and arrows which the savages threw at them; but, fortunately, the current took an opposite direction, and they succeeded in landing on our side at the moment when the boat began to sink. Those in the small boat, however,

all fell into the hands of these treacherous barbarians, who, justly supposing that the muskets which had been in the boat must have become useless by the wet, now crossed over in order to attack us. We, on our part, intrenched ourselves as well as circumstances would admit. After they had placed themselves in a line opposite to our position, they began shooting their arrows at us, and once even fired a musket; luckily, however, we had a few muskets left dry, with which we ultimately succeeded in driving off our enemies, after having wounded several of them and killed two. We, on our side, had one man mortally wounded; and as we would not allow him to fall a victim to those barbarians, we carried him along with us; but before we had advanced one mile, his sufferings became so great that he begged us to leave him to die in the forest, since our carrying him with us could not save him, and would only impede our flight; we therefore took leave of our dying companion, and proceeded onwards for some distance. At length we encamped in a convenient spot in a hilly part of the forest.

Now that our immediate danger was over, we began to reflect on our horrible situation. Our poor captain, in particular, who had lost a wife whom he loved more than himself, suffered an anguish beyond description. We could not conceive whence all the savages we had seen could have come, and how they could possibly be the inhabitants of those few huts. But we afterwards learned that they had assembled from all parts of the coast for the purpose of intercepting us, and that there were amongst them above fifty of those who had made the first attack upon us on our being cast on shore. Some had come even from Cape Greville, in  $47^{\circ} 21'$  latitude.

During the 9th, 10th, and 11th, it rained incessantly, and we wandered about the hills, scarcely knowing where, but only anxious to hide ourselves from the natives, whom we dared not meet in such unfavorable weather, our fire-arms having become perfectly useless. We suffered dreadfully from hunger, and were compelled to feed upon sponges, the soles of our boots, our furs and musket-covers. At last, however, even these wretched means failed likewise, and we again approached the last-mentioned river; but discovering

two huts, and fearing to encounter the savages, the weather being still wet, we again retreated into the forest, where we passed the night. On the 12th, our last morsel of bread being consumed, and the quantity of sponges found not proving sufficient for sixteen men, we killed our faithful companion, a dog, and shared his flesh amongst us. Our distress had now arrived at such a pitch, that our captain resigned his command into my hands, with the approbation of the whole crew, declaring himself unable to conduct us any longer.

On the 13th, the rain continued. On the 14th, the weather cleared up, and we resolved to attack the two huts which we had noticed. We found them deserted by all their inmates, except a lad about thirteen years of age, who was a prisoner. This lad informed us that the owners of these huts had hastily crossed the river, on noticing our footmarks.

After taking twenty-five dried fish for each man, we again retreated to the woods. We had not proceeded far, however, when we saw one of the natives running after us, apparently with the intention of making some communication; but as we were apprehensive lest he should discover our retreat, we aimed at him with our muskets, and thus forced him to retreat. We then advanced until we reached the edge of a rivulet, where our party halted. I then went, with one of the hunters and an Aleootskian, to a neighboring hill, for the purpose of reconnoitring. The hunter led the way, but had scarcely reached the summit, when I saw an arrow pierce his back. I immediately called out to the Aleootskian to draw the arrow out of the wound, but at the same moment he was wounded himself. I immediately looked round, and perceived a number of savages on a hill on the opposite side, and about twenty others running towards us, with the intention of cutting us off from our comrades. The arrows fell about us like hail. I fired my rifle, and wounded one of the savages in the leg, which induced the whole party to take to their heels, carrying the wounded man with them on their shoulders. The wounds of our two men proved slight; and we remained on this spot for two days, in order to recruit our strength.

Finding it impracticable to reach the harbor this season,

having no means of crossing the river, we resolved to follow the stream upwards, till we should reach a convenient spot for fishing, where we intended to intrench ourselves for the winter; after which we might act according to circumstances. This march was a very laborious one, for we were frequently compelled to leave the banks of the river on account of the thick underwood and rugged precipices with which they were lined; the rain, moreover, was incessant. After several days' journey, our progress in a straight line did not exceed twenty wersts. We were fortunate enough, however, to meet occasionally with some of the natives fishing in their boats on the river, who consented to sell us a few fish for beads and other trifles. At last, worn out with fatigue and hunger, we reached two huts; and necessity again compelled us to make a forced purchase of fish, as the inhabitants were at first unwilling to sell us any, alleging that the high water allowed the fish to pass over the frame-work which they had laid across the river, and rendered them scarce.

We encamped at a short distance, and on the following morning were surprised by the arrival of two of the natives, who, after some general conversation, desired to know whether we were not inclined to ransom Anna, (Mrs. Bulugin.) Mr. B. instantly offered his last cloak, and every one of us adding some part of his clothes, we soon formed a considerable heap, which we cheerfully offered for the ransom of the unfortunate captive. But the savages insisted on having four muskets in addition, declaring that their countrymen would not part with her for a lower price. Not wishing to give them an absolute denial, we demanded that we should be allowed to see the lady before we took further steps. The savages consented, and she soon appeared, attended by a great number of them, on the opposite shore. At our request, two men accompanied her in a boat, till within fifteen or twenty fathoms of us, where we again began bargaining for her. It would be in vain to attempt a description of the ensuing scene. The unfortunate couple were melted into tears, and their convulsive sobs almost deprived them of utterance. We also wept; and none but the unfeeling natives remained unmoved. The lady told her husband that she had been humanely and kindly treated, that the other prisoners were also alive, and now at the

mouth of the river. In the mean time, the natives persisted in their demand of four muskets; and finding us unyielding on this point, they at length carried their prisoner back again to the opposite shore. Mr. Bulugin, upon this, assuming the air of a commander, ordered me peremptorily to deliver up the muskets. In vain did I urge the impolicy of such an act, representing that having but one serviceable musket for each man left, the giving up of so many, which would be immediately employed against us, would lead to our certain destruction. He persisted in his demand, till the men all declared that they would not separate themselves from their muskets at any price. In thus determining, we all felt deeply for the distress of the poor man; but when it is considered that our lives or liberty were at stake, our conduct will be judged leniently. After this sad event, we pursued our journey for several days, till we were suddenly stopped by a heavy fall of snow; and as there was no appearance of its melting speedily, we began to clear a spot, and collect materials to build a house, residing in the mean time in temporary huts. We constantly saw boats with natives on the river; and one day, a youth, the son of a toën, with two other men, landed with his canoe, and paid us a visit. He told us that their hut was not far off; and on our offering to send one of our men with them, for the purpose of purchasing provisions, they seemed highly pleased, expecting, no doubt, to obtain another prisoner; but in this they were disappointed: the man went with them, but the young toën was detained as a hostage till his return. He came back empty-handed, for the savages, whom he had found to the number of six men and two women, would not sell him any thing. Having thus been cheated by these savages, we now detained them all, and despatched six of our men, armed with muskets, in their boat to the hut, whence they soon returned with all the fish they could find in it. We then made some presents to our prisoners, and dismissed them. Soon after, an old man brought us ninety salmon, for which we paid him with copper buttons.

A few days after this, we entered upon our new habitation; it was a square hut, with sentry-boxes at the angles. Soon after, we were again visited by the young toën, our neighbor: we asked him to sell us some fish, but receiving

a rude answer, we put him under arrest, declaring that he should not be released till he had furnished us with our winter store, viz., four hundred salmons, and four bladders of caviare. He immediately despatched his companions, who returned to him twice in the course of the week, holding secret conferences with him. At last he asked us for a passage for his boats, which being granted, we soon saw thirteen boats, containing about seventy people of both sexes, going down the river: these people soon returned to us with the articles required. We also obtained of them a boat, sufficiently large to carry six persons. We then dismissed the young man, after presenting him with a spoiled musket and a few clothes.

We frequently sent our boat up the river, and wherever we found any fish in the huts, seized upon them as lawful prizes. One day, when our boat was absent on one of these excursions, we had occasion to stop several boats full of savages, who were rowing in the same direction. As soon as our boat returned, we allowed them to proceed; they declined, however, saying that as our boat had taken away their fish, they had no further business. I endeavored to make them understand, that, having been driven to this spot by their cruelty, we had no other resource for the preservation of our lives, than seizing upon their stores. I assured them, however, that we would content ourselves with what we could find up the river, if they would leave us unmolested for the winter; nor would we ever, in such case, send our boat downwards. This diplomatic point having been agreed to, we remained undisturbed during the whole winter, and in possession of abundance of food.

Being informed that the savages were gathering in large numbers at the mouth of the river, and preparing to obstruct our progress along the coast in every possible manner, it was resolved to build another boat, with which we might, in the ensuing spring, ascend the river as high as possible, and then, turning towards the south, endeavor to reach the river Columbia, about which the natives are less barbarous. The task was difficult, but it was executed; and we only waited for mild weather to enter upon our hazardous expedition, when an event occurred which frustrated the whole of our plan.

Mr. Bulugin resumed his command; and having embarked

in our boats, we left our barrack on the 8th of February, 1809, and sailed down the river. We stopped at the same spot where, the year before, Mrs. Bulugin had been produced to us. We now clearly perceived the object of our captain; but so great was our compassion for his sufferings, that we silently resigned ourselves to the dangers to which he was about to expose us.

Here we were visited by an old man, who presented us with an *ishkat* (a water-tight basket made of branches) full of a species of root of which mariners brew a kind of acid liquor. He showed himself very attentive, and offered to pilot us down the river, the navigation of which was rather intricate, on account of the many trees that were floating in it: we accepted his offer, and he acquitted himself honorably. Having reached a small island, he ordered us to come to, and he went on shore. He returned soon after, informing us that there were many people on the island, who would shoot at us if we attempted to pass; he offered, therefore, to take us through a narrow channel, where we should be safe. We had nothing left but to trust to his honor, and we were not disappointed. We reached the mouth of the river in safety, and landed on a spot opposite an Indian village. Here our guide, whose name was *Ljut-ljuljuk*, left us, after we had presented him with a shirt, a neckcloth, and a tin medal, cast for the occasion, and which we requested him to wear suspended about his neck.

Next morning, we were visited by a great many natives; and among them we recognized the woman who had deceived us, and drawn Mrs. B. and her companions into captivity. We immediately seized her, together with a young man, and, having fastened logs of wood to their feet, we declared that they should remain our prisoners till our people were restored to us. Soon after, the woman's husband made his appearance, and assured us that they were not among them, having been allotted to another tribe; but that he would go in search of them, and bring them to us in four days, if we would only promise not to kill his wife in the interval.

We now intrenched ourselves on a neighboring hill; and about a week after, a number of savages appeared on the opposite shore of the river, expressing a wish to enter into



treaty with us. I immediately went down to the water's edge, attended by several of our people. An elderly man, dressed in the European style, appeared as the leader of the opposite party, amongst whom was Mrs. B. She immediately told us that our female prisoner was the sister of this chief; that they were both kind people, to whom she owed the greatest obligations, and demanded that we would instantly set her at liberty. On our telling her, however, that her husband would not liberate her, unless she herself were first restored to him, she replied, to our horror and consternation, that she was very well contented to stay where she was; at the same time advising us to deliver ourselves also to her present protectors. Their chief, she said, was a candid and honorable man, well known on this coast, who would, without the least doubt, liberate, and send us on board two vessels, now lying in the Bay of St. Juan de Fuca. As to the other prisoners, she said they were dispersed among the tribes in the vicinity.

I tried for some time to persuade her to a different determination; but finding her immovable in her resolution, I returned, and reported her answer to her husband. The poor man thought at first that I was joking, and would not believe me; but, after a little consideration, he fell into a complete fury, took up a musket, and swore he would shoot her. But he had not gone many steps when he relented; he stopped, and, bursting into tears, begged me to go by myself, and try again to bring her to reason, and even to threaten that he would shoot her. I went and did as he bade me, but the woman resolutely replied, "As to death, I fear it not; I will rather die than wander with you again through the forests, where we may fall at last into the hands of some cruel tribe, whilst now I live among kind and humane people: tell my husband that I despise his threats."

This cruel answer almost deprived the unfortunate and doting husband of his senses: he leaned against a tree and wept bitterly. In the mean time, I reflected upon his wife's words, and ultimately determined to follow her advice. I communicated my resolution to my companions, who at first unanimously declared against it; but on Mr. B.'s declaring that he would follow my example, they begged to be allowed to consider till the next morning.

The morning came, and the savages appeared again, renewing their demand for the restoration of the captives. This was immediately agreed to, and at the same time Mr. Bulugin, myself, and three others of our party, surrendered ourselves to their discretion. The remainder of our comrades, however, obstinately refused to follow: having taken, therefore, a hearty farewell of each other, we departed with the tribe to which we now belonged.

The next day we reached the village of the *Koonishtshati*, (a tribe in the vicinity of Cape Flattery,) where my host, the above-named chief, *Yootramaki*, had his winter residence. Mr. B. went to the master of his wife, whilst the three others fell into various hands.

The remainder of our companions attempted to reach the Island of Destruction, but foundered upon a rock, and after losing all their gunpowder, had some difficulty in escaping with their lives. They tried, therefore, to overtake us; but being intercepted by another tribe, they were all taken prisoners and dispersed along the coast.

At the end of about a month, my master returned to his village near Cape Flattery, taking with him myself and Mr. B., whom he had purchased from his master, with a promise of purchasing his wife also. We lived for some time very comfortably; but afterwards our situation frequently changed; the savages sometimes selling, sometimes giving us to one another. The fate of poor Mr. and Mrs. B., who had become reconciled to each other, was truly cruel; sometimes they were united together, sometimes they were separated, and in constant fear of being so forever. At last death kindly released them; the lady died in August, 1809, and in February of the following year, her disconsolate husband followed her, but not to the grave, for his wife had been at her death in the hands of such a barbarian, that he would not allow her a burial, but had her exposed in the forest.

In the mean time, I passed the greater part of my captivity with the good *Yootramaki*, who treated me like a friend. These people are like children, and pleased with every trifle: I found, therefore, no difficulty in ingratiating myself with them; and the construction of a paper kite and a watchman's rattle, spread my reputation, as well as that of the Russian nation in general, far among them. At last

their veneration for my abilities was carried so far, that, in one of the general assemblies of the toëns, it was resolved that they would henceforward consider me as one of their equals; after which I always enjoyed the same honors as my master, or any other chief. They often wondered how Bulugin, who could neither shoot birds flying nor use the hatchet, could have been our chief.

During the ensuing winter, so great a dearth of provisions ensued, that one beaver was paid for ten salmons. With some chiefs the want was so great, that three of our countrymen took refuge with me, and my master was kind enough to support them till the next spring, when they were demanded back by their owners, and I had influence enough to insure them immunity for their flight.

In the month of March, we again removed to our summer village, where I built for myself a hut with embrasures for defence, and of so novel a construction, that the chiefs came from great distances in order to see and admire it. In the mean time, however, God had heard our prayers, and provided for our deliverance. On the 6th of May, an American brig, the *Lydia*, Captain Brown, visited this coast. I went on board, and found one of our companions, whom the captain had released near the River Columbia. This honest tar immediately offered to ransom the whole of us. The savages, who thought this a good opportunity for obtaining large quantities of European goods, made such exorbitant demands, that Captain Brown, to cut the matter short, took one of their chiefs into custody, and declared that he would detain him till all the Russians were delivered up to him for a moderate price, for which several of us had already been ransomed. This proceeding had the desired effect; in less than two days, he liberated thirteen of us. Seven had died during our captivity; one had been sold to a distant nation, among whom he remained; and one was ransomed in 1809, by another American vessel, near the River Columbia.

On the 10th of May, our vessel weighed anchor, and after touching at several points of the coast, for the purpose of barter, we were safely landed, on the 9th of June, at New Archangelsk.

THE SUFFERINGS  
OF  
FOUR NEGROES WHO ESCAPED FROM  
THE SEYCHELLES ISLANDS,  
IN THE  
INDIAN OCEAN,  
AND  
WERE PICKED UP IN THE MOZAMBIQUE CHANNEL;  
OCTOBER, 1823.



IN 1823, as H. B. M. ship *Barracouta*, Captain Boeteler, was running for the eastern coast of Africa, the following distressed fugitives were picked up in the Mozambique Channel.

“We passed through the Comoro Islands with a strong wind; and on the 22d of October, when about eighty miles from the land of Africa, with almost a calm prevailing, we observed, in the early part of the afternoon, a distant white speck on the water, apparently slowly approaching. It was supposed to be a large bird of the albatross species, magnified beyond its natural size by refraction; and it was only just before a breeze sprung up, that it was discovered to be a boat.

We arrested our course instantly, feeling confident that nothing so small would be out so far from the land from any other cause than necessity.

“As she approached, we perceived her to be a large canoe, with a sail, formed by a small piece of blue dungaree and an old cotton sheet. In her sat four black men, haggard and emaciated in their appearance, while a fifth lay stretched at full length under the seats, apparently in a

dying state. They lowered their sail, and seemed to hesitate whether or not they should venture on board; upon which we endeavored to remove their fears, by friendly motions to advance, and by means of one of our seamen, who spoke a little Arabic. We imagined, of course, that they belonged to the coast, but, by venturing too far out, had been blown off. To our astonishment, they replied in French, inquiring, in a most anxious manner, if we were of that nation; and on receiving an answer to the contrary, they uttered a cry of joy, and paddled alongside as fast as their little remaining strength would allow.

“Upon coming on board, it was evident that

‘Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat,  
Had done their work on them by turns.’

‘*Water! water!* for God’s sake, give us *water!*’ they frantically exclaimed, as they feebly staggered on board. It was measured out in small quantities, mixed with wine, and given to them at intervals, accompanied with small portions of soft food.

“The poor negro who was lying on the bottom of the boat, as he was humanely lifted on board by the sailors, pointed to his frothy lips, as the word *water* faintly rattled in his throat. A small quantity was put to his lips; but the larger portion came up again, tinged with blood, the swollen and inflamed glands having nearly stopped up the windpipe. This intelligent fellow joyfully expressed the happiness he felt at escaping from a fate which he before considered as inevitable; and as the ship had a skilful surgeon on board, every attempt, which humanity or science could dictate, was made to arrest the flight of life, which was hovering on his lips. Yet how short the illusion! How like the many and transient joys of this life! Before he had been on board an hour, his pulse was gone; and ere the sun had touched the shores of his native Africa, the mountains of which were just perceptible in the western horizon, he had drank of the bitter cup prepared for all the living; having expired from mere debility, sensible to the last, and still clinging to the hope of life and liberty.

“It was some time before the others were sufficiently re-

covered to make us acquainted with their history. It then appeared that they were from the Seychelles Islands, where, oppressed by the cruelty of their master, a Frenchman, they seized his canoe, and quitted the small island, one of the Amirantes, where they had been left without an overseer. Not knowing which way to steer, and careless of the port they might reach, all places appearing preferable to that from which the tyranny of their master had driven them, they had taken what articles they conceived might be serviceable; and amongst them was fortunately the curious sail before mentioned, to which they owed their preservation, as the glare of the sun upon the white sheet first attracted our attention, which the dark shade of the boat would otherwise never have done. They had a little fish, some rice, and about a gallon of water, upon commencing their arduous voyage; but from never having experienced the necessity of looking to the future, they improvidently consumed their little store in the first few days, and when picked up by us, were in almost the last stage of starvation, and certainly could not have survived more than a day longer without nourishment. By great care and attention, they survived; but remained in a dreadfully weak and debilitated state for a considerable time. Seventeen notches in the side of their canoe, indicated the many days of misery and distress they had passed during this voyage of seven hundred and fifty miles — a distance scarcely credible, considering the means they had for its performance.

“Notwithstanding the rigor of the laws at the Seychelles Islands, by which an attempt to escape from slavery is regarded as a capital offence, desertions are constantly taking place, and to such an extent that, although we afterwards visited those islands, we could never ascertain to whom those picked up by the Barracouta belonged. It is extraordinary that the proprietors of the slaves, now that they are so difficult to obtain, should pursue the same line of policy respecting their moral conduct as when they were both numerous and cheap — it not being at all uncommon for twenty men to be placed on an island, for its cultivation, with not more than two or three women as their companions.

“I shall not for a long time forget the impatient tosses of the head, and angry looks, displayed by a lady, when the

subject of slave marriages was canvassed, during a conversation at the Seychelles. 'A negro, a paltry negro ever understand or conform to the social tie of wedlock! No, never, never!' Yet she was English. It is this privation of female society that disgusts the slaves, and induces them to desert, although they are aware that death is the penalty of the offence."

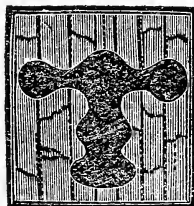


THE EXPLOSION  
OF THE  
STEAMBOAT MOSELLE,  
AT CINCINNATI, ON THE OHIO RIVER;

CONTAINING

A minute Detail of that terrible Event, and of the  
tremendous Force of the Steam; April, 1838.

BY JUDGE JAMES HALL.



THE recent explosion of the steamboat Moselle, at Cincinnati, affords a most awful illustration of the danger of steam navigation, when conducted by ignorant or careless men, and fully sustains the remark, that "the accidents are almost wholly confined to insufficient or badly-managed boats."

The Moselle was a new boat, intended to ply regularly between Cincinnati and St. Louis. She had made but two or three trips, but had already established a high reputation for speed; and, as is usual in such cases, those by whom she was owned and commanded, became ambitious to have her rated as a 'crack boat,' and spared no pains to exalt her character. The newspapers noticed the *quick trips* of the Moselle, and passengers chose to embark in this boat in preference to others. Her captain was an enterprising young man, without much experience, bent upon gaining for his boat, at all hazards, the distinction of being the fastest upon the river, and not fully aware, perhaps, of the inevitable danger which attended this rash experiment.

On Wednesday, the 25th of April, between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, this shocking catastrophe oc-



curred. The boat was crowded with passengers; and, as is usually the case on our western rivers, in regard to vessels passing westerly, the largest proportion were emigrants. They were mostly deck passengers, many of whom were poor Germans, ignorant of any language but their own, and the larger portion consisted of families, comprising persons of all ages. Although not a large boat, there were eighty-five passengers in the cabin, which was a much larger number than could be comfortably accommodated; the number of deck passengers is not exactly known, but it is estimated at between one hundred and twenty and one hundred and fifty, and the officers and crew amounted to thirty, making in all about two hundred and sixty souls.

It was a pleasant afternoon, and the boat, with steam raised, delayed at the wharf, to increase the number—already too great—of her passengers, who continued to crowd in, singly or in companies, all anxious to hurry onwards in the first boat, or eager to take passage in the *fast-running* Moselle. They were of all conditions—the military officer hastening to Florida to take command of his regiment—the merchant bound to St. Louis—the youth seeking a field on which to commence the career of life—and the indigent emigrant, with his wife and children, already exhausted in purse and spirits, but still pushing onward to the distant frontier.

On leaving the wharf, the boat ran up the river about a mile, to take in some families and freight, and having touched at the shore for that purpose, for a few minutes, was about to lay her course down the river. The spot at which she thus landed was at a suburb of the city, called Fulton, and a number of persons had stopped to witness her departure, several of whom remarked, from the peculiar sound of the steam, that it had been raised to an unusual height. The crowd thus attracted—the high repute of the Moselle—and certain vague rumors which began to circulate, that the captain had determined, at every risk, to beat another boat which had just departed—all these circumstances gave an unusual *éclat* to the departure of this ill-fated vessel.

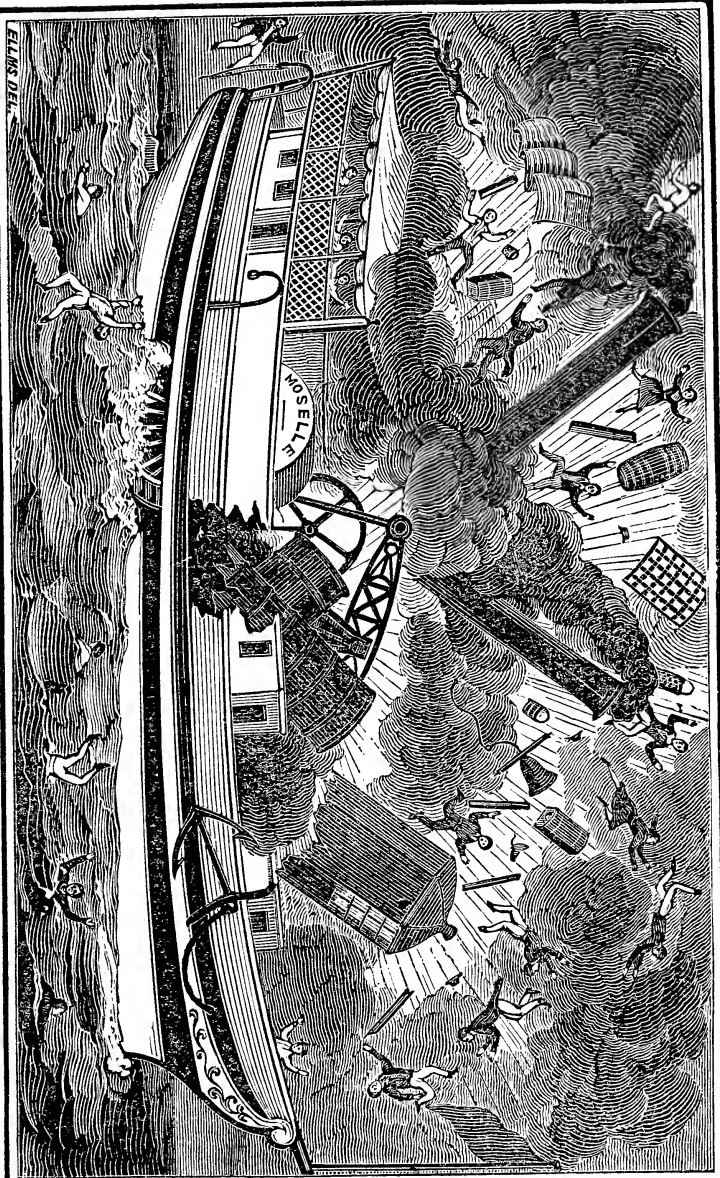
The landing completed, the bow of the boat was shoved from the shore, when an explosion took place, by which the

whole of the forepart of the vessel was literally blown up. The passengers were unhappily in the most exposed positions — on the deck, and particularly on the forward part, sharing the excitement of the spectators on shore, and anticipating the pleasure of darting rapidly past the city in the swift Moselle. The power of the explosion was unprecedented in the history of steam; its effect was like that of a mine of gunpowder. All the boilers, four in number, were simultaneously burst; the deck was blown into the air, and the human beings who crowded it hurried into instant destruction. Fragments of the boilers, and of human bodies, were thrown both to the Kentucky and the Ohio shore; and as the boat lay near the latter, some of these helpless victims must have been thrown a quarter of a mile. The body of Captain Perry, the master, was found, dreadfully mangled, on the nearest shore. A man was hurled with such force, that his head, with half his body, penetrated the roof of a house, distant more than a hundred yards from the boat. Of the number who had crowded this beautiful boat, a few minutes before, nearly all were hurled into the air, or plunged into the water. A few, in the after part of the vessel, who were uninjured by the explosion, jumped overboard. An eye-witness says that he saw sixty or seventy in the water at one time, of whom not a dozen reached the shore.

The news of this awful catastrophe spread rapidly through the city; thousands rushed to the spot, and the most benevolent aid was promptly extended to the sufferers — to such, we should rather say, as were within the reach of human assistance — for the majority had perished.

The writer was among those who hastened to the neighborhood of the wreck, and witnessed a scene so sad that no language can depict it with fidelity. On the shore lay twenty or thirty mangled and still bleeding corpses, while others were in the act of being dragged from the wreck or the water. There were men carrying away the wounded, and others gathering the trunks, and articles of wearing apparel, that strowed the beach.

The survivors of this awful tragedy presented the most touching objects of distress. Death had torn asunder the



The Explosion of the Steamboat Moselle, at Cincinnati, on the Ohio River. — Page 382.

1890-1891. The first year of the new century. The first year of the new century. The first year of the new century.

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most tender ties ; but the rupture had been so sudden and violent, that as yet none knew certainly who had been taken nor who had been spared. Fathers were inquiring for children, children for parents, husbands and wives for each other. One man had saved a son, but lost a wife and five children. A father, partially deranged, lay with a wounded child on one side, a dead daughter on the other, and his wife, wounded, at his feet. One gentleman sought his wife and children, who were as eagerly seeking him in the same crowd — they met, and were reunited.

A female deck passenger, that had been saved, seemed inconsolable for the loss of her relations. To every question put to her, she would exclaim, “O my father! my mother! my sisters!” A little boy, about four or five years of age, whose head was much bruised, appeared to be regardless of his wounds, but cried continually for a lost father ; while another lad, a little older, was weeping for his whole family.

One venerable-looking man wept a wife and five children ; another was bereft of nine members of his family. A touching display of maternal affection was evinced by a lady, who, on being brought to the shore, clasped her hands and exclaimed, “Thank God, I am safe!” but instantly recollecting herself, ejaculated in a voice of piercing agony, “Where is my child?” The infant, which had been saved, was brought to her, and she fainted at the sight of it.

A public meeting was called in Cincinnati, at which the mayor presided, when the facts of this melancholy occurrence were discussed, and among other resolutions passed, was one deprecating “the great and increasing carelessness in the navigation of steam vessels,” and urging this subject upon the consideration of congress. No one denied that this sad event, which had filled our city with consternation, sympathy, and sorrow, was the result of a reckless and criminal inattention to their duty, on the part of those having the care of the Moselle ; nor did any one attempt to palliate their conduct. Committees were appointed to seek out the sufferers, and perform the various duties which humanity dictated. Through the exertions of the gentlemen appointed on this occasion, lists were obtained and pub-

lished, showing the names of the passengers as far as could be obtained, and giving the following result : —

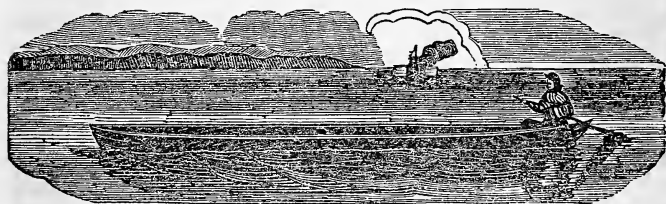
Killed	. . . . .	81
Badly wounded	. . . . .	13
Missing	. . . . .	55
Saved	. . . . .	117
		<hr/> 266

As many strangers entered the boat but a few minutes before its departure, whose names were not registered, it is probable that the whole number of souls on board was not less than *two hundred and eighty*. Of the missing, many dead bodies have since been found, but very few have been added to the list of *saved*. The actual number of lives lost, therefore, does not vary much from *one hundred and fifty*.

The following observations are made in the report of the committee, relative to the tremendous force of the steam : —

“Of the immense force exerted in this explosion, there is abundant evidence ; still, in this extraordinary occurrence in the history of steam, I deem it important to be particular in noting the facts, and for that purpose I have made some measurements and calculations. The boat was one hundred and sixteen feet from the water’s edge, one hundred and ninety-two from the top of the bank, which was forty-three feet in perpendicular height above the water. The situations of projected bodies ascertained were as follows : — Part of the body of a man, thrown nearly horizontally into a skiff at the water’s edge, one hundred and sixteen feet ; the body of the captain, thrown nearly to the top of the bank, two hundred feet ; the body of a man, thrown through the roof of a house, at the distance of one hundred and twelve feet, and fifty-nine feet above the water’s edge ; a portion of the boiler, containing about sixty square feet, and weighing about four hundred and fifty pounds, thrown one hundred and seventy feet, and about two thirds of the way up the bank ; a second portion of

the boiler, of about thirty-five square feet, and weighing about two hundred and forty-five pounds, 'thrown four hundred and fifty feet on the hill side, and seventy feet in altitude; a third portion of the boiler, twenty-one square feet, one hundred and forty-seven pounds, thrown three hundred and thirty feet, into a tan-yard; a fourth portion, of forty-eight square feet, and weighing three hundred and thirty-six pounds, thrown four hundred and eighty feet, into the garret of a back-shop of a tan-yard, having broken down the roof and driven out the gable-end. The last portion must have been thrown to a very great height, as it had entered the roof at an angle of at least sixty degrees. A fifth portion, weighing two hundred and thirty-six pounds, went obliquely up the river eight hundred feet, and passing over the houses, landed on the sidewalk, the bricks of which had been broken and driven deeply into the ground by it. This portion had encountered some individual in its course, as it came stained with blood. Such was the situation of the houses that it must have fallen at an angle as high as forty-five degrees. It has been stated, that bodies of persons were projected quite across the river into Kentucky. I can find no evidence of the truth of this: on the contrary, Mr. Kerr informs me, that he made inquiries of the people on the opposite shore, and 'could not learn that any thing was seen to fall farther than half way across the river,' which is at that place about sixteen hundred feet wide."

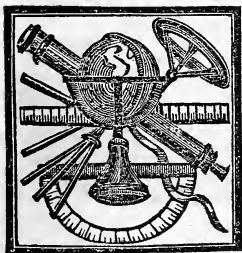


THE UNKNOWN FATE  
OF  
M. DE BLOSSEVILLE,  
OF THE  
FRENCH BRIG-OF-WAR LILLOISE,  
WHO  
SAILED ON A VOYAGE OF DISCOVERY TO THE ARCTIC OCEAN,  
AND NEVER RETURNED;

With the Detailed Journals of the Three Voyages,  
undertaken by the French Government, in Search  
of that celebrated but unfortunate Navigator and  
his Comrades; 1833.

TRANSLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

THE ORIGINAL NARRATIVES ARE PRESERVED IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE  
FRENCH NAVY.

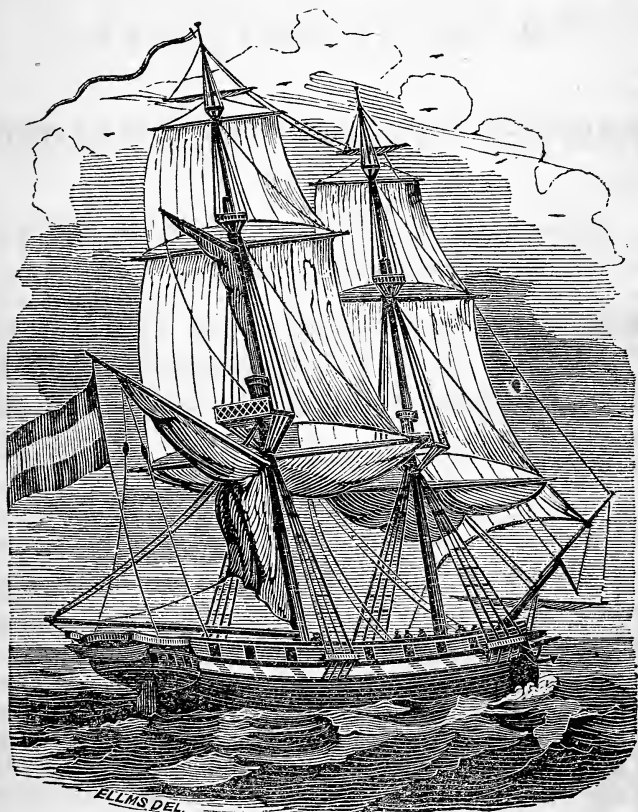


THE great and persevering exertion made by the French nation to rescue M. de Blosseville and his companions in the Lilloise, if they survived, or to discover traces of them, if they had perished, has justly excited the sensibilities of the civilized world, and is a most honorable trait in the French character.

In the fishing season, the French government annually send a vessel of war to the coast of Iceland, to protect the fishermen, and to render assistance to those who meet with disasters. In 1833, the officer despatched on this service was M. de Blosseville, the most



zealous, promising, and scientific officer in the French navy. He was already possessed of experience, having been on voyages of discovery and exploration in the southern hemisphere.



The French Brig-of-War the Lilloise.

He was instructed by the minister of marine to avail himself of this opportunity to explore a part of the coast of Greenland; and to further the cause of science, by making observations, and collecting objects of natural history. In pursuance of this object, he sailed from Dunkirk,

in the brig-of-war *Lilloise*, in July, provided with an efficient crew. After reaching Iceland, and remaining a few days among the fishing vessels, he proceeded westward to the coast of Greenland; and in exploring those icy seas he received some damage in a gale of wind. He returned to Vapnafiord, in Iceland, to repair damages; and sent a report of his proceedings, up to that time, to the minister of marine, which was the last communication ever received from this unfortunate officer. The brig was, however, seen after this, on the 14th of August, under double-reefed topsails, and her lower sails close-hauled; and was last seen and recognized on the 25th of August.

As the *Lilloise* did not come home in autumn, and no intelligence of her having been received, the friends of science and humanity became justly alarmed for their safety; and in the spring of 1834, the French government despatched the brig-of-war *Bordelaise* to search after the missing vessel. The command of this expedition was given to Captain Dutailis, an experienced officer, whose official narrative, as given to admiral de Rigny, the minister of marine, after his return from the search, we will now insert.

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### The Journal and Conjectures of Captain Dutailis, of the Brig *Bordelaise*, during the First Voyage in Search of M. de Blosseville, in the Summer of 1834.

ADMIRAL:—In receiving from your excellency the honorable mission of searching the dangerous seas of the northern regions, for some traces of the 'brig *Lilloise*, concerning whose fate the cause of science, and the French nation, have conceived the greatest alarm, and being fully aware of the deep responsibility of conducting such an enterprise,—in order that I might justify the high confidence reposed in me, I soon forgot the natural difficulties which attended such an expedition, and looked forward only to the result which could still be hoped for. From that moment, all my efforts have been directed to this end. As I was

almost entirely without previous exact information, which might guide my steps, or throw light on my operations, I have often been obliged to seek for a rule of conduct in the reasonings and suggestions of the moment. The elements which were wanting, I have hoped to supply by zeal and activity; and I have the presumption to believe that the *Bordelaise* has exhausted all the means at her disposal to obtain what was expected of her investigations.

The complete obscurity which envelops the fate of M. de Blossenville, very naturally conducts the mind to form the following conjectures:—

*First.* That the *Lilloise*, anterior to the 4th of August, 1833, after having met with great damages, and forced to harbor a second time in one of the ports north or west of Iceland, had been detained there by the ice, or state of the vessel.

*Second.* Or, having been arrested by the ice on the coast of Greenland, the crew would have been able, in the most favorable supposition, to gain the land and reach a Danish colony, and return by one of those vessels that carry on the whale fishery in the west.

*Third.* Or, that she had perished at sea by one of those unfortunate occurrences so frequent in those parts.

The first of these conjectures being already strengthened by the information furnished at Dunkirk, appearing to be founded on the most probable basis, my first endeavors will be directed towards the verification of these indications; and afterwards I shall examine what degree of certainty can be accorded to the two others.

Setting out from Dunkirk on the 7th of May, 1834, I steered first for Vapnafiord, as my instructions prescribed, where I arrived on the 22d. I expected to receive at this place, which was the last officially-known stopping-place of the *Lilloise*, more complete details concerning her; but my expectations were deceived. The rigors of an arctic winter had cut off the inhabitants from all communication with the northern part of the island; and nothing relating to this vessel had arrived at this station after her departure from it. I learnt, a little while after, from a French brig that was lying there at the same time, that the *Lilloise* new planked certain parts of her bows, and strengthened them with iron. Of

this there is no question, as, according to the report of M. de Blossville, received in France, it was an injury to the bowsprit lashings. Having accomplished my object at Vapnafiord, and being convinced that if the Lilloise had put in, it must be in some one of the bays to the north or west, I sailed, on the 26th, to attempt the passage of Cape Lauganas, notwithstanding the warning I had received from the presence of ice upon all this coast. But I flattered myself that the reports which were made to me had been exaggerated, and that by great precaution I should effect my projects. Unluckily, on the 28th, I ascertained to a certainty that the ice in fact extended from the N. E. to the W. S. W. of the compass, and that all access was become impossible. There remained to me but two alternatives; either to wait until the heavy gales had shattered the mass, or sail round the island immediately, by passing to the south. As the mercury in the barometer indicated a series of fine days, and knowing that it was not uncommon for the navigation of the northern coast to be shut up during a whole year, I adopted the latter course, as affording the best chance of success, and soon had reason to congratulate myself on the resolution I had taken; for, in visiting a great number of French vessels I met on my route, I received some very valuable information from the captains, which all tended to prove to me that the Lilloise had been seen after her departure from Vapnafiord, beating about with winds from the W. S. W., on a N. W. tack.

The most important and precise of these tidings, was that of Captain Deranjo, of the fishing corvette *L'Envie*. He was sailing at that period in company with the vessels which I had just spoken, and found himself, on the evening of the 14th, so near the Lilloise, that, the brig having displayed her national colors, he hastened to hoist his own signals. All these different vessels were then about three leagues from land, at the entrance of Lagunda Fiord, running on the starboard tack, with the wind very fresh from the W. S. W. The Lilloise had two reefs in her topsails, the lower sails close-hauled, and soon abandoned the fishers, who, sailing on longer tacks, went before her: the bad weather, more than the darkness, soon lost her from their sight. I was, therefore, then ready to draw some important conclusions

from these premises, and of which the substance was, that at this period the Lilloise was not directed towards the land she had last discovered; since, with the wind from the W. S. W., if she had wished to continue the hydrographic survey which she had commenced, she would have returned to the point from which she set out, or would have been in the route towards Cape Barclay, which she had neither well recognized nor clearly determined, and then her course would have been at least N.  $\frac{1}{4}$  N. E., the variation being from  $40^{\circ}$  to  $45^{\circ}$  N. W., and the current running to the S. W. These indications appeared to me so much the more positive, that the captains, interrogated separately, all agreed upon the facts, and offered but a very slight difference in the period, which varied from the 12th to the 14th, according as their memories were more or less faithful. Believing thence that I should be sure soon to discover the places where the Lilloise had touched land, I directed myself in all haste towards the west. When stopped by a strong wind, I decided to drop anchor at Talkna Fiord or Luz Bay. I sought in the bay, but in vain, to procure some intelligence, and not being able to succeed there, concluded, since the weather continued so bad, as even to break a bower-anchor and chain-cable, while at anchor, to gain the more northern bays.

The 14th of June, I got under way, with two reefs in my topsails. I beat about all that and the following day; but having met with grèat injury to several sails, and breaking another chain, and expecting no amelioration at hand, I decided to put in at Dyrefiord. I found five French ships in this bay; like myself, the bad weather had driven them there, and kept them in grievous inaction; they had made some vain efforts to ascend higher, and the ice, which they had perceived in the distance the evening before, obliged them to abandon the fishery for the present, as well as all attempt on Cape Nord, all access to which was absolutely shut out. I learnt conclusively that all communication with the shore was cut off in that direction; and that the navigation in those parts was, for the time, impracticable. "We are placed in circumstances so much the more unfortunate this year," said the Danish merchant of Dyrefiord to me, with whom I had entered into correspondence, "that

after a winter of uncommon rigor, the season is now so far advanced, that if it continues so, we shall not be able to lay in our provisions for the next winter; for, independent of the ill success of our fisheries, we shall be obliged still to give up the hope of raising the few raw products which are commonly cultivated." It was, in fact, remarkable, that on the 20th of June, the thermometer varied from 4° to 0.

From this latter bay, I repaired to Scutuls Fiord; there I received positive intelligence as to the position and extent of the ice, and with the addition of the information by the merchant, as well as by the fortunate return of the vessels he had sent out, I came to the certain knowledge that the passage by the north was again impossible. After having renewed my water, I decided to proceed again towards the south, in the hope of falling upon the traces of the Lilloise, which had not been seen in this bay, and whose presence could not be proved at any point round about. A few vague tidings led me to believe that the brig, the object of our search, had anchored in the Gulf of Brede Bugt, at a period anterior to the 14th of August. This opinion, all uncertain as it was, deserved particular attention, since upon the fact depended, perhaps, the opinion which ought to be formed concerning her future movements. I sailed, therefore, towards this point, when imperious circumstances stopped me in crossing Luz Bay. I found there the greater part of our vessels, who, in carrying on their fishery, were occupied in repairing the numerous damages they had met with during my stay at Scutuls, in consequence of a very violent gale from the east. From the indications received at the first which I interrogated, I visited the greater part of them, in order to learn those who had need of assistance. I was happy in being useful to some. After devoting some time to these important duties, I thought to avail myself of the favorable opportunity which was offered to meet the *Rose* and the *Gabrielle*. The incomplete reports which their captains had made, left me in hopes of obtaining some further elucidation. I little thought then that it was to be the last I should hear concerning the fate of the brig Lilloise. I found these two vessels at the distance of ten leagues; the captain of the *Rose* invalidated what had been pretended he had been heard to say; but the captain of the

Gabrielle asserted, in the most formal manner, that he had seen and recognized the Lilloise from the 20th to the 25th of August, only a league and a half off, across the sand cones, between  $65^{\circ} 30'$  and  $65^{\circ} 40'$  north latitude. The veracity of this captain—which I cannot call in question, since he endeavored to furnish the details of the various observations which he had been able to make—led me to conclude that my presumptions had not carried me far from the fact; and from the 4th to the 14th of August,—or it might be from the 14th to the 20th, or 25th,—she could be waiting for no other, during this advanced stage of the season, than the moment for effecting her return to France. That moment would be very difficult to determine precisely, for her private instructions, which have not been communicated to me, perhaps prescribed it; but it must certainly be very nigh, since the bad season always breaks off the navigation of the coast of Iceland in the beginning of September. The weather, which was very fine for a few days, permitted me, by visiting a very great number of vessels, to make an approximation towards the true period, or to make a reconciliation amongst the various periods, and to assure me that the brig had not cast anchor in the Gulf of Brede Bugt: the fogs which succeeded, and soon after the bad weather, having forced me to seek an asylum for myself, I again took shelter at Dyrefjord.

We had got at that time to the 12th of July. Strong winds, which succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity, forced our fishers to rally round me; and made them lose a time so much the more precious, that the season began to advance, and ice continued to occupy all the north. Neither chance, nor my own researches, as well on the difficult points of the coast, as amongst the residents and merchants, have led me to the discovery of the place where M. de Blossville had harbored; the same obscurity rests upon what he could have done from the 4th to the 14th, and from the 14th to the 25th of August. The places at which the brig Lilloise could have anchored, are so numerous, that a whole year would be necessary to visit them all; and, at least, since she had not been near the factors, it would be almost impossible to indicate it with precision. The correspondence which I established at all

the places where I have been, and those which I have maintained by the intercourse of the merchants with those of other bays, are to me a sure guaranty, that it is not near them that the Lilloise had gone to seek a refuge. If she had received injuries, — which I put beyond doubt, if she found herself in the midst of the ice, — or if the continuance of the prevailing winds had forced her to seek a harbor, it must have been at one of the intermediate ports where commerce is established. If consideration be made for the difficulties attending an idiom which was unknown to us, and entirely foreign to the Danish language; those which naturally proceeded from the nature of the country; and, in fine, those which resulted from a peculiarly exclusive season, which it was necessary constantly to resist, — the public will easily comprehend the perseverance which we have been obliged to use, to arrive only at those results we have obtained. It has not been in my power to extend my observations beyond the 25th of August. What I can affirm is, that at the last-mentioned epoch, — and I have had occasion to convince myself of it by the inspection of various journals, — the gales were so violent, that the greater part of the vessels which were not in port, and could not gain a shelter, let themselves drive before the wind, under bare poles, and, abandoning the fishery before obtaining a full freight, returned to their several ports of equipment. Despairing of gathering new information, and having exhausted all the means at my disposal, I decided on returning to the north.

On the 27th, I anchored at Scutuls, where we learnt that the ice had begun to start, and that, on the 25th of July, some Iceland boats had doubled Cape Nord, by passing between the detached pieces. This circumstance, favorable as it was, yet had in the mean while lost its importance, since, from what had transpired, it was henceforth useless to extend my researches to Greenland. An exploration upon that coast became evidently illusory, and what your excellency had, without doubt, foreseen, in giving me orders first to collect intelligence in Iceland, and in afterwards leaving at my option the choice of future operations. The most cursory view of the facts which I have exhibited above, proves conclusively, to this day, that the Lilloise did not return to Greenland; and that, if she had made that



passage, it must have been a very few days after the 4th of August, since the ice was at Cape Nord on the 7th; and it is well known that, as soon as it appears there, all access from it to Greenland is impossible, unless attempted by vessels constructed and equipped for arctic navigation. It is thus that I explain her appearance on the western coast, the 14th of the same month. After this period, how could M. de Blosseville have decided to attempt a new voyage, when, on the 4th of August, he wrote to your excellency that the season was too far advanced; and so much so, that the ice would hardly start before winter? If that was his opinion on the 4th of August, how would he have returned there after the 14th? I do not conclude from this, that he could not have gone there between these two periods, but, by recalling to mind what has been previously advanced, that he had been able to proceed but on one tack for some leagues, and that he had immediately returned. Let me be permitted to add still some reflections on the preceding. On the 14th and the following days, all attempts to go to Cape Barclay would have been useless; since, supposing him under the most favorable circumstances, he could have approached it but within twenty-four leagues. What, then, would it have been some days later, if he wished to reach this point, to connect his new observations with the old, or whether he wished to proceed more northerly, and run the chance of driving along with the ice, when it should put itself in motion? But M. de Blosseville had not enough provisions to attempt such a voyage; nor a vessel of sufficient stoutness to wish to penetrate into those masses, whose immovability he had experienced at so great a distance from the end which he had promised to attain. Whence it can be concluded, laying speculation aside, from the presence of the Lilloise among the "sand cones," from the 20th to the 25th of August, that she could not have remained in the ice, at whatever distance she may be supposed to be from Greenland. If it be admitted that these reasons are specious, and that, in spite of all the unfavorable circumstances which could induce M. de Blosseville to abandon an exploration which could hold out to him and his crew only the most fatal termination, if it be supposed that he returned to Greenland, I then believe that, if he had been

fortunate enough to save his vessel, or those of the men who would have been able to withstand the fatigues and long privations, it would have been necessary to look for him to the west of Cape Farewell; besides, vessels from various nations touch every year upon these coasts; and at the period of the return of these vessels, they would have been able to get to France. These suppositions, each more favorable than the other, would be in opposition to numerous facts which have come to my knowledge. The Lilloise, in the first place, would not have been able to support the least shock or pressure of the ice. And how, in fact, would she have been able to resist, when vessels constructed expressly, and having beams of fourteen inches square, have been often struck and abandoned? In admitting, even, that a basin formed around her would have preserved her from all manner of shocks, experience proves that, at the first breaking up of the ice, she would have drifted to the most southern part of Greenland; but, in this supposition, provisions were necessary to pass the winter, and she was provided only till the 12th of October. They would then have been obliged to abandon the vessel, and seek to gain the land; here would commence difficulties which the mind could hardly span. They must struggle with the cold, and climb mountains of ice, of an immense height, covered with projections on all sides. If it can be believed that all these obstacles were conquered; that a high and steep coast had not stopped them; that they had been able to carry provisions enough to gain those countries inhabited by wandering families; that they had supplied their necessities by means of the chase;—then they would have perhaps been able to reach the western colonies, where they would have found help and succor of all sorts. But, consoling as these suppositions may be, we can no longer abandon ourselves to them, without material proofs of the loss or existence of the Lilloise; its future, I agree, is covered with a veil which the human mind may seek vainly to raise; but in my eyes, nevertheless, the loss of this vessel is incontestable; and if my researches have not enabled me to learn in a precise manner the period and the circumstances, they have at least led me to think that it could not have been on the coast of Greenland that she disappeared. If such had not

been my opinion, based upon the most notorious facts, I should have regretted not being able to approach these coasts this year; since, till the month of August, every time that I have attempted the passage by the north, the ice has opposed to me an obstacle which it was not possible for me to surmount. As I have already had the honor of saying to your excellency, the ice was effectually put in motion towards the 26th of July; but its removal was but momentary; and its sudden appearance happened again to expose three of our vessels, which alone had attempted the passage. Two of them still remain engaged there, without it being possible for me to get them out again; and the third, the *Bien Aimée*, Captain Lamestre, is the only one that has succeeded in returning by the west. From the report of the captain, he had found at Hope Bugt a piece of chain cable, a copper kettle, and a piece of wood circled with iron; the whole having come to the shore during the year 1833. These different articles appeared to have belonged to a whaling vessel. As the wind remained still contrary, I took advantage of the first improvement to quit Scutuls; and the 5th of August, made sail for the north. The strong east winds and heavy sea soon forced me to give it up; and I steered towards the cape. I drifted to the south, and put in at Onundafjord, where some vexations had been exercised towards our fishermen, by the islanders of the southern part of the bay. I made my stay useful in the interests of our vessels; but the bad season coming on more and more, the rain and the snow being almost constant, I proceeded towards the south, where our fishers were collected to take in their water, and prepare for their return. Having attempted ineffectually to obtain the anchorage of Patrix Fiord, the only bay which I had not visited in this part, I left the west of Iceland, two days after the departure of our vessels, and after a passage of twenty days I arrived at Dunkirk. The state of health of the crew is very satisfactory. May I be permitted here to make a general recapitulation of the voyage which I have just ended?

If I have not been so fortunate as to recover the brig *Lilloise*, I believe I have done, at least, all that it was possible for me to do, in the circumstances in which I was placed.

For the information of the government, I have sought not only to avail myself of the facts, but also the most likely suppositions. After having sought traces of her upon the coasts of Iceland, I have been able to prove her presence till the time when it is believed she would effect her return to France. I would have followed her step by step, so to speak, upon all the points at which she might have touched, if sorrowful convictions, and events independent of my will, had not occurred to alter my intentions. Nothing would have prevented me from relieving my countrymen, and accomplishing, to its whole extent, the trust which was confided to me; but this result was not reserved for me.

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As a report reached France, after the return of Captain Dutailis, that the Lilloise was confined in the ice off the coast of Greenland, and was abandoned by M. de Blossenville and his companions, who had reached one of the Danish colonies on that inhospitable shore, the French government determined to continue the search; and the national corvette the Recherche was equipped in the most thorough manner, and the command given to M. Trehouart, an officer of great scientific attainments, who was directed to proceed to the frozen seas of the arctic regions; and, if possible, to find and rescue his missing countrymen, and restore them to the vine-clad hills of their native land. We will give his story, as reported to admiral de Rigny.

### A Narrative of the Proceedings of Captain Trehouart, of the Corvette Recherche, during the Second Voyage to discover Traces of M. de Blossenville and his Companions, in the Summer of 1835.

ADMIRAL:—I have the honor of rendering an account to your excellency of the fruitless researches which I have made upon the western coasts of Iceland, and upon the edges of the icebergs which line the eastern coasts of

Greenland, to find there the brig *Lilloise*, commanded by the scientific and gallant M. de Blossville.

Setting out from Cherbourg the 17th of April, at 7 o'clock in the morning, I encountered, from the first night, a gale of wind from the east, on which I decided to pass to the west of the British isles. The 7th of May, I discovered the southern coast of Iceland; and the 11th I dropped anchor at Reikavik. This passage, made during a series of rough weather, afforded me an opportunity of proving the goodness of the crew and the vessel which your excellency had been pleased to trust to me.

The governor of Iceland, M. de Rueger, had been absent for some months; but I was received in the most cordial manner by his representative, M. Finsen, chief justice of the colony. He took great pains to give me the information which I asked of him, concerning the *Lilloise*. I have had the honor of presenting to you, in a former report, the letter which he wrote to me on this subject; you will there perceive how little hopes there remained to me of learning any thing more precise in the Gulf of Brede Bugt. The bishop had also the goodness to give me a letter of recommendation to the missionary living at Dyre Fiord, who, last year, furnished some information to Captain Dutailis.

I quitted Reikavik the 18th, and after having passed some days among the fishing vessels that I found in great numbers under Cape Staalberg, I went to see Direme, to obtain the information which he had received. I have had the honor of laying before you two notes, the one in Danish, the other in Latin, which he sent me. Your excellency will have remarked of them that it is not now, as last year, a Dutch captain who had seen the *Lilloise* perish, but, rather, that a captain of that nation had heard a sailor of Dunkirk say, that this vessel had undoubtedly perished in the Gulf of Brede Bugt, or among the ice. I did not stay any longer for so vague a document, but directed my course to Onundafjord, where I obtained from M. Sevenden, a Danish merchant, a note, which seemed to give me some hopes of discovering the clew that I was seeking. It was conceived in the following terms, and I have the honor of laying before your eyes a literal translation.

“The only report here, brought to this place from Luz

Bay, which was received there by a Dutch fishing vessel, is, that the aforesaid vessel, whilst carrying on its fisheries at Cape Nord, in the former part of September, 1833, saw the French vessel, concerning which information is asked, founder some miles in the offing, without being able, on account of the force of the gale, to reach its unfortunate crew."

M. Sevenden not being able to call to mind the name of the person from whom he had these tidings, nor the period at which he had obtained them, I sailed for Luz Bay, hoping to obtain there something more positive; but my hope was deceived. The gizelleman of this bay declared to me, in the most direct and formal manner, that no such information of the kind had ever come there; that he, as chief of the bay, visited all the vessels which entered there; that, carrying on commerce with the Dutch, he was acquainted with the captains of the few vessels of that nation who visit that coast, and that he had never heard them speak of this shipwreck. He even wrote to M. Sevenden to defy him to name the person of Luz Bay from whom he obtained this intelligence. I caused this letter to be carried; but the latter could add nothing to what he had told me before. By chance, I fell in at the same time with seven of the Dutch vessels, who commonly carry on the fishery at Iceland. I visited them, and obtained nothing from them which could induce me to believe that this information had any foundation. They are all from a little port on the Meuse, called Vladengen; and assured me that if one of their comrades had come to the knowledge of the fact mentioned, he would have eagerly imparted it to them, as well as informed his government of it. All these different passages, made during dreadful weather, following an extremely severe winter, in which it was often necessary to beat about for whole days, to obtain favorable anchorage, had brought me to the 16th of June. It was the favorable period for visiting the Gulf of Brede Bugt; and also that which I had assigned to M. Gaimard, to join us at Grounuford. In consequence, I quitted Onundaford the 16th, and presented myself the 20th before Olasvug, where I counted on obtaining some information; but at the moment that, at a little distance from the place, I was waiting for a pilot, in order to enter,

M. Clausen, a merchant of the place, had the goodness to come on board, and, in announcing to me that he knew nothing of the fate of the *Lilloise*, persuaded me not to anchor in the road, which was not good. I arrived the same evening at Grounefiord, and obtained nothing at this place more satisfactory than at Olasvug, where I afterwards went by land. The accounts which I could gather, all agreed with those which I had obtained from the governor. They were of such a nature as to prove, as well as the latter, in a positive manner, the impossibility of the loss of the *Lilloise* in the gulf, without it should have been known; the smallest rocks being frequented in summer by the fishers, and also by the boats that collect sea-birds' eggs. The merchants did not doubt that some remains of her would have been found, if this misfortune had happened there. I desired M. Gaimard, who had joined me, and who was, in continuing his voyage, to explore a great part of the shores of this gulf, to gather information on this point, and I quitted Grounefiord on the 25th, well convinced of the uselessness of any longer researches in these parts; for, if the least doubt remained on my mind, I could have easily dispelled it, by freighting, at a little expense, a deck boat of the country, which I could have equipped with an officer and some sailors from the *Recherche*, and with which I could have caused the shoals of the gulf to be visited; but the intelligence which I received was so precise, that I could not stop for this measure, which could not lead to any useful result.

I steered my course towards Steneuts Fiord, a more northern point, inhabited by a merchant. I cast anchor the 27th; and having found nothing which could interest me, I left there, on the 28th, for Ofa Bugt. I reached this bay on the night of the 30th. I again found it closed up with pieces of ice, which, some days before, had rendered the approach to it impracticable. This bay, formed at the north by Cape Nord itself, is precisely that from which, according to the report of the merchant of Onundafiord, the *Lilloise* should have been seen to sink. The few inhabitants I found there, and who dwell there only during the summer, all affirmed to me, under oath, having had no knowledge of the *Lilloise*, or of her wreck. I assured myself of this in a

still more positive manner, by examining with the greatest care a great quantity of pieces of wood, which the sea constantly throws up on the shores of this bay. Amongst a great number of decayed fragments, and all more or less disfigured by the prolonged action of the ice upon them, it was impossible for me to discover any thing which could have served for the construction of a ship. I do not doubt, however, that if the Lilloise had perished at some miles' distance, many pieces might have come ashore; and in that case I should have found them there; for the people do not use them for fuel. This last essay demonstrated the impossibility of proving the destruction of the Lilloise upon this coast. I had availed myself of all the means which might help me to form such a conclusion, and it was now well proved to me that if this misfortune had happened to her, no one had known it; and therefore it was impossible for me to establish the certainty of it. In consequence, I thought of putting into execution the other part of your excellency's instructions, which prescribed to me the exploring of the icebergs which line the eastern coast of Greenland. Before undertaking it, I formed to myself a plan of proceedings, based upon the following probabilities: —

The 29th of July, 1833, M. de Blossville, after having reached the 68th° 30' latitude, and 28th° longitude, ran in at an opening in the ice, and discovered the coast of Greenland, and was afterwards forced, by bad weather, to return to Vapnafiord, to repair the damage done to her bowsprit. The 4th of August, she quitted this bay; and, in writing to your excellency, he announced his intention of returning to the point he had left on the 29th, in order to continue his discoveries towards the south. Captain Dutailis and myself have obtained the proof of the arrival of the ice upon all the coast north of Iceland, on the 5th or 9th of August; and also the undoubted presence of the Lilloise the 13th and 14th of August, the same year, at anchor off, and a little distance from, Onundafiord; the latter of these facts proving to my mind, to a demonstration, that M. de Blossville, surprised by the unexpected arrival of the ice, had seen the impossibility of accomplishing his project, and even considered himself fortunate to double Cape Nord before the passage should be entirely impracticable. I had come



to the conclusion that if, at a period so advanced as the 14th of August, he had not given up making discoveries, he had been obliged to confine his attempts between the most northern point which he could attain; that is, to nearly the parallel of Cape Nord, and the most northern lands, recently discovered by the lieutenant of the Danish navy, Graah. This supposition decided me to extend my researches between these two parallels; and I set out for that purpose, from the Bay of Ofa Bugt, the 1st of July, at 2 o'clock, A. M. I directed my course to the N. N. E., and having made six leagues in that direction, I at first met with some detached cakes of ice, which I passed; and soon after the solid mass. It extended as far as the eye could reach, to the E. S. E., and seemed to join the land some miles from Cape Nord; the weather was foggy at intervals, the breeze faint, and varying from N. W. to N. I took the western tack, and kept along the mass, at a little distance off; stopping always when the fog did not permit me to see into the interior of the mass distinctly. At 7 o'clock in the evening, I found myself at the bottom of a bay, where I thought I perceived an open space. The fog not permitting me to distinguish clearly, I sailed towards it, to make sure. I met at first a great number of detached pieces, which were open enough to leave a free passage to the corvette; but they soon became so thick, that it was impossible for me to avoid them all, and to prevent the Recherche from striking very rudely against one of them. In this position, the ship became lifted up more than three feet forward; but the ice giving way under her weight, it remained there only a few minutes. From this moment, I was no more master of the movements of the ship; the fragments of ice being so close together, that, for the space of half an hour, it was only passing from one to another, expending upon each one the little air which it had been able to take before reaching it. I was about to make fast to a cake of ice, and use the ice anchors, to get out of this difficulty, when, a passage opening, I profited by it to get clear. In the evening, the wind changing to the east very fresh, and the fog growing thick, I was forced to take more sea room.

On the morning of the 2d, the weather having become

clear, I repaired again to the mass, at a little distance from the place where I had quitted it the night before. I continued to stretch along its edge, always keeping less than two miles off, and often passing detached pieces. With the exception of a few hours of fog, of contrary winds, or of calms, from this moment till the 8th, I was constantly favored with fine weather and easterly winds, varying to the north, which enabled me to keep along very near to the mass. I found it every where compact and solid; sometimes clogged with cakes of ice, to the distance of more than three miles, and as often clear; so that it could be followed within a few cables' length. It formed a great number of bays, of greater or less extent, whose mouths were almost always clogged with enormous cakes of ice. During this exploration, which a combination of favorable circumstances enabled me to make with great particularity, I saw nothing which seemed to give any evidence of the shipwreck of the Lilloise in these parts. Notwithstanding, from the top of the masts, it was almost possible to distinguish objects at six leagues in the interior of the mass, I have not been able to approach the coast of Greenland within sixteen leagues, and although the weather was often favorable, I have never seen it. I regret, also, not having been witness of those curious phenomena of refraction, mentioned by several navigators; as also of those movements of ice, producing similar strange effects. I found them without apparent movement, of a medium height of from five to six metres, excepting some mountains in the interior of the mass, and which I estimated to have been fifty or sixty metres high.

On the night of the 8th, the weather ceased to be fine; and the wind from the E. S. E. brought up a very thick fog. I was obliged to keep a good distance off from the mass. During the passage of the 9th, I had another view of the mass, in a clear spell, but not sufficiently distinct to ascertain its direction. In the evening, the wind became very fresh; and the sea becoming very rough, and the fog very thick, I moved still farther off, to avoid the danger of being driven before the wind amongst the ice. In this posture of affairs, I had attained the object proposed, since I had exceeded, by twenty leagues, the latitude of the lands

discovered by Graah; and, favored by circumstances, I had explored the one hundred and thirty-six leagues of ice, which join the Cape Nord of Iceland to the point where I had arrived, with an exactness which left no room for further observation, and made it necessary to decide between two plans — that of returning immediately to Iceland, and abandoning all hopes of finding the Lilloise, and that of attempting to attain to the Danish establishments situated on the south-west coast of Greenland; where, according to the note of the Central Geographical Society, it would be almost impossible to obtain any information. I decided on the last step, for I had at heart to try all chances, feeble as they might be, which might conduct me to the result I had been trying after for three months. And although this last step was not prescribed in my instructions, I hoped that your excellency would approve it on account of my motive in undertaking it. In taking this determination, I did not lose sight of the difficulties which would come in my way. I possessed no document on the navigation of these parts, so often clogged with ice, and obscured by fogs. I had learnt only from an Iceland merchant that Frederickshaall was the most difficult point of access, and that, as with some others, whole years sometimes passed without being able to approach it. The chart I possessed was on so small a scale as only to give the positions, without furnishing the minor details. It was therefore almost a voyage of discovery, that I was about to undertake. I saw not to the end, but was determined, though acting with prudence, to stop short of nothing but absolute impossibility.

From the 9th to the 13th, the weather continued to be foggy, and the wind had passed to the N. N. E., where it had moderated. But the fog, which dissipated only at short intervals, permitted me to steer to the west only with the greatest caution. The 15th I came in sight of the ice, but the fog did not enable me to discover whether it was the mass itself, or only some pieces; and I was obliged to pass them. The afternoon of the 14th was rather clear, and at an early hour, came in sight of the mass. It seemed to run from the south to north; I took the latter route to skirt along at three miles' distance, to ascertain if there was not a more northern passage, which would conduct me to Cape Farewell.

At 5 o'clock, the fog became thicker than ever. At half past 6, I stood off to sea; as I had suddenly had sight of the mass ahead, and under the wind, I hove to immediately, and found myself at the mouth of a gulf formed by the ice, of which the wind, from the south-east at that time, gave me no chance of doubling, by any tack, its most advanced points. I was obliged, in order to get out of it, to beat about on small tacks, fearing at every minute to meet floating pieces of ice, which a very great darkness, occasioned by the addition of a very thick fog to the nightfall, would not have permitted me easily to avoid. At 11 o'clock, I was out of danger, and stood towards the south, to seek a passage there. The 15th was entirely lost. The 16th, from the morning, the weather became rather fine. At 7 o'clock, I found the extremity of it. It was situated  $58^{\circ} 30'$  latitude, and  $45^{\circ} 20'$  longitude. In the afternoon, the wind having changed to the north-west, I was obliged to beat about, and came to the conclusion that the mass, at its extremity, was only ten miles wide. The day, during the 17th, was very fine till evening; I continued to beat about to obtain the meridian of Frederickshaall, and met some large cakes of ice, floating at a great distance at sea. At 5 o'clock, the fog came on anew; I estimated my distance at more than twenty leagues, and of course still far from the mass, which I had not supposed at such a distance; but at 6 o'clock, I recognized very large pieces of ice, upon which the ship had like to have struck. To tack about was, happily, but the affair of a moment. At that time, the light, occasioned by the refraction of the ice, when it is approached very near, discovered the position of the mass, without enabling me to judge well of its direction. This unexpected encounter, at more than twenty leagues from land, and so near the place I wished to reach, gave me fears of not being able to get there. I continued, nevertheless, to beat about, and on the 18th, I had arrived at nineteen leagues to the west of the point where I had seen the ice the evening before; having passed by the longitude of Frederickshaall by several miles, and made all sail, with a strong breeze and fine weather, to attempt to arrive there before night, when, at 1 o'clock, the watch announced the ice; and soon afterwards I found myself at the foot of a mass, composed of

enormous pieces, whose extent in width and direction from east to west, was as far as the eye could reach. The extent of the mass would even prevent me from reaching Cape Desolation, beyond which I was entirely ignorant, if these were my establishments, and beyond which my map did not extend. I was to conclude, therefore, that I had arrived on one of those occasions, so frequent, in which the ports of these coasts are inapproachable; and I decided, with great regret, to abandon an attempt to which I could not attach much importance, considered relatively to the object of my mission, but which ten days of very difficult and often dangerous navigation, had made me wish success to. In the afternoon of the 18th, I decided to return to Iceland, and favored by western winds, I reached Cape Nord the evening of the 24th. I there found our fishing vessels in great numbers, none of which had been able to double Cape Dangerous; and at that time the ice, which I had just met, joined the land some miles to the S. E. of Cape Nord; so that again this year, as the last, the communication between the east and west, by the north of the island, would have been impracticable; and this was before the end of the good season. From the 25th to the 30th, strong westerly winds having obliged our vessels to stand across the bay from the N. W., I profited by it to proceed to Dyrefjord, to repair some damages, and to procure a few days' repose, as well as fresh provisions for my crew; a long use of salt meats, joined to the dampness of the atmosphere, having brought on symptoms of scurvy.

I put out to sea the 15th of August, and remained till the 21st amongst the fishers. At this period, their number having considerably diminished, I repaired to Reikavik, where I found M. Gaimard, who had just arrived there. This indefatigable naturalist, after having succored, at Reikavik, the captain of the shipwrecked vessel, the *Harmonie*, visited all the eastern part of the island, and by researches in the bottom of the Gulf of Brede Bugt, and on the northern shore, had become firm in the conviction that the *Lilloise* had not been wrecked in these parts. He learnt that, in May, 1828, an English whale ship, Captain Hutchinson, was lost to the east of Cape Nord. M. Gaimard, as well as myself, are very sure that M. Seviden, of Onun-

daiford, must have confounded this shipwreck with that of the Lilloise.

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As Captain Trehouart did not succeed in reaching the coast of Greenland, and in communicating with the Danish colonies, during this voyage, so as to ascertain whether M. de Blossville and his companions were detained in that inhospitable country by the icy barriers which surrounded it,—to ascertain this, and to trace to its origin the report which was current, that a French brig-of-war had been seen to go down off the coast of Iceland; and also for the purpose of examining the coast near where this vessel was said to have foundered, for pieces of wreck,—the French government determined to give one more search, and commissioned Captain Trehouart, who again embarked in the *Recherche*, for the Arctic Ocean, in the spring of 1836.

In order to encourage a search generally, they promulgated the following ordinance:—

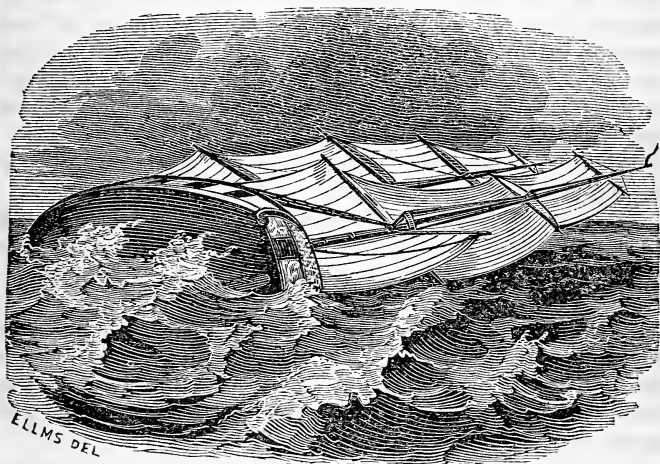
*First.* “That a reward of one hundred thousand francs shall be bestowed on the French or foreign navigators who may restore the whole or a part of the officers and crew of the Lilloise.

*Second.* “That a reward proportioned to the service rendered shall be given to those who may announce the first correct intelligence of them, or who may restore to France any papers or effects, whatever, which have belonged to this expedition.”

### A Narrative of the Third and Last Voyage, in Search of the Lilloise, during the Summer of 1836, as reported to Admiral de Rigny, by Captain Trehouart.

ADMIRAL:—I have the honor of informing your excellency, that after leaving Cherbourg I proceeded north with all despatch, and reached the coast of Iceland, where I anchored in the harbor of Reikavik; and soon after we commenced scientific operations.

On the 2d of June, M. Gaimard being provided with every necessary which could insure the success of the exploration with which he was charged, I left him, and steered for the N. W. coast of the island, where I hove to among the vessels of the fishery. After remaining some days among them, I proceeded to Dyre Fiord, for the purpose of completing water. I accidentally found in this bay the Dutch galliot William the First, commanded by Jacob Vankeulen. This captain had with him last year, as his second, the same Pierre de Goede who gave the French captain, Frederick, the report which I had the honor to address you



The Brig-of-War which was seen to capsize off Iceland.

some time after my return, and in which he declared he had seen a French brig-of-war capsized on the 28th of August, 1833, some miles off Cape Staalbiorg. Captain Vankeulen assured me that Goede had frequently spoken of this wreck, and informed me that the vessel in which this sailor was embarked in 1833, was commanded by the same Tunus Vandeflet; and that his owner was M. Hoguedinck, of Wardergen, a little port on the Meuse; that these two seamen were not at Iceland this year, but in the fishery in the north; and it would be easy, on their return, in the month of October, to obtain from them more particulars.

After having again visited the fishing vessels, and received the assurance that the presence of the *Recherche* was not immediately necessary among them, I availed myself, on the evening of the 14th, of a favoring breeze, and made sail for the west coast of Greenland. From some information which I had obtained at Cherburg and Reikavik, I learned that Frederickshaal, which I had in vain sought for last year, was not a port, but simply the residence of two Moravian brothers; and that the first Danish settlement on the coast was Julienshaal; that the approach to this port was almost always impracticable, in consequence of the ice; and to attain it, it was necessary to go up to Frederickshaal, and afterwards, with the aid of a pilot, to descend along the coast, in the strait between it and the ice. This intelligence, together with the hope, which M. de Krieger, governor of the island, had given me, of meeting at Frederickshaal the Danish captain, Graah, who, of all persons, could give me the best information on the mission with which I was charged, decided me to steer directly for this place.

With a favorable wind, I reached the meridian of Cape Farewell on the 21st; but from that time to the 29th, the winds and currents prevented my making much progress. On the 30th, being twenty-five leagues off Frederickshaal, I met with the first ice. I passed all that night, and part of the 1st of July, in working between two banks, which left a space of about two miles between them. In the afternoon, the breeze, which hauled to the northward, enabled me to make good progress to the east, along a bank of ice; and to windward were several open spaces. At 8 in the evening, my progress was stopped by a bank, extending from north to south. After having ascertained from the mast-head that there was open water on the other side of it, and that the floes were not so fixed that it would be impossible to find a passage through them, I determined in passing this obstacle, and did so in a quarter of an hour, without accident. I neared the land afterwards some leagues, and found another bank, which I thought it as well not to attempt passing through at the commencement of night; and I laid by in the space, free from ice, through which I had come.

At 2 to 3 in the morning, this clear space existed no



longer ; the ice was so closed together, that the vessel was surrounded with it on all sides ; and it was almost impossible to prevent it from closing on the vessel. In seeking for an open channel, and with this view crossing a bank closed well together, the Recherche struck violently against an iceberg ; and although she made no water, I had reason to believe that, from the violence of the shock, her hull was damaged. At 8 in the morning, it being impossible to heave to, I made the vessel fast to one of them ; but scarcely had the men, who went to fix the graplin, entered the boat, to return on board with the end of the hawser, when the ice broke, and occasioned the loss of the graplin. This accident, which had nearly cost the lives of several men, obliged me to remain under canvass ; and during all this day our greatest pains were required to keep the ice clear of the vessel.

Until the evening, in spite of a fresh breeze, the sea remained smooth ; but towards 8 o'clock, P. M., we observed a swell coming from the northward, which shortly became very high. From this time, the ice became in motion, and set to the south with more or less velocity. I judged from the eddies that it was drifting from three to four miles per hour. This commotion of the ice rendered our position more critical, by increasing the difficulty of keeping clear of large bergs, which the great swell that prevailed rendered very dangerous.

On the 3d, at noon, the sea became clearer, and there only remained outside the vessel a few very large bergs, sufficiently scattering to enable us to work between them. But to the eastward a great number of bergs remained compact together, which I did not think fit to encounter ; and I decided on waiting for a favorable moment to approach the land, about six leagues to the north of Frederickshaal. It fell calm, and on the next day I despatched an Esquimaux fisherman to the director of the establishment, requesting him to furnish me with a pilot. In the evening of the 6th, after passing through the narrow channels formed by the islands at the entrance of that port, the Recherche anchored in an excellent roadstead, secure from all danger.

I received from M. Moller, the director of this establishment, the most generous assistance. He apprized me that

M. Graah was at Goodhaab, a colony about sixty leagues to the north. He was entirely unacquainted with the disappearance of the Lilloise, and had never heard of her. Being in frequent communication with other establishments, and particularly with that of Julienshaal, he assured me that, if any news of the Lilloise had been received there, he would have known it. This was confirmed to me, some time afterwards, by the arrival of M. Woolf, assistant director of Julienshaal, who stated that nothing was known of the Lilloise.

I requested M. Moller, whose experience of eleven years on the coast rendered his opinion valuable, to inform me frankly what he thought of the possibility that the crew of the Lilloise might arrive at a Danish settlement; and I cannot adopt a better mode of communicating to you his opinion on this subject, than by transmitting a literal translation of the letter which M. Moller wrote to M. Krieger, in answer to that which I had sent him.

“M. le Governor: Captain Trehouart has requested me to inform you, by letter, the opinion which I entertain of the possibility that the crew of the Lilloise may have been able to save themselves; and I have therefore the honor to state to you, that although such an event is not probable, it is not at all impossible that some of the crew of this brig may be so fortunate as to reach the eastern coast of Greenland on the ice; more particularly, if they had light boats, provisions, and clothing, to protect them against the cold, during many days' exposure on the ice.

“Should any in this manner be so fortunate as to gain the land, it will not be impossible that, under favorable circumstances, they may have passed along the coast to Frederickshaal; and there is no doubt that in this passage they would find many inhabitants of the eastern coast from whom they would derive assistance to continue their route. In this case, I have had the honor of informing the captain that there is no doubt, if the crew are so fortunate as to reach Julienshaal, they will be treated by the Danish servants in the best manner the circumstances of the place will admit; and that an account of them will be sent to the royal mercantile office of Greenland, at Copenhagen, and thence to the French legation.”

On my arrival at Frederickshaal, I wrote to Messrs. Graah and Hollebiel; the one director, and the other inspector, of Greenland. I communicated to them the object of my mission, and begged them to inform me their opinion of the hopes which we yet entertained of one day finding our lost countrymen. I could have their answer in twelve days, and I resolved to wait for it; but on the 19th, having learnt that these gentlemen had quitted Goodhaab, and were making a tour in the north, which rendered it impossible they could receive my letters till the end of August, I determined to commence my return to Iceland, and I requested M. Moller to send me their answers by the first opportunity.

The last season was exceedingly severe on this coast. The vessel destined for Frederickshaal was blocked up there by the ice, from the month of July, and forced to pass the winter; that of Julienshaal, after being detained at Frederickshaal for fifteen days, for the opening of the ice, finished by being lost before she reached her destination. I availed myself, by the stay of the Recherche at Frederickshaal, to examine her bottom. M. de Cotenson, lieutenant de frigate, in spite of the temperature being at zero, dived down several times, and informed me that the stern was much injured, six feet below the line of flotation; that a piece more than two feet long had been broken off by the ice, and that it extended down to the rabbit of the keel, leaving the ends of the planks exposed. It being impossible to repair an injury so severe, in a port destitute of all the necessary means, I contented myself with covering it with a greased tarpaulin, trusting that the vessel, which had not hitherto proved leaky, might continue so.

On the 21st, I quitted Frederickshaal, leaving M. Moller the number of the *Annales Maritimes* containing a copy of the order which offers a reward to any one who shall return to France all or part of the crew of the Lilloise. After being occupied two days in passing the drift-ice, which happily I found but little closed, I steered for Iceland, and arrived at Dyre-Fiord on the 7th of August. I passed some days in that bay, and then proceeded to the fishermen, where I remained until their departure home.

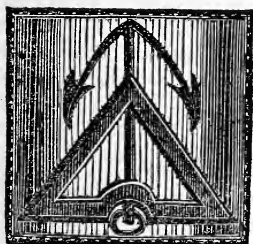
On the 20th, finding the brig alone on the western coast, I steered for Reikavik, where I remained till the 3d of

September. Detained by easterly winds at the entrance of the east channel, it was not till the 27th that I reached Cherburg.

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As all hopes of rescuing the Lilloise had now vanished, the name of that unfortunate vessel was formally erased from the list of the French navy. It is probable that a great degree of obscurity will ever envelop her fate; but the most probable conjecture is, that the vessel which was seen to go down off Iceland was her. A report was some time prevalent, that a stone had been found on the coast of Greenland, on which was a rudely-carved inscription, purporting to have been done by some of her unfortunate company; but this, and many other rumors which reached France, could never be authenticated.

A VIVID DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
BURNING OF THE STEAMBOAT LEXINGTON,  
DURING  
A WINTER'S NIGHT,  
ON THE  
WATERS OF LONG ISLAND SOUND;  
JANUARY, 1840.



AT 4 o'clock in the afternoon of Monday, the 13th of January, 1840, the steamer Lexington left the pier in New York for Stonington, in Connecticut. After threading the intricate channels of the East River, and passing the eddying dangers of Hurl Gate, under the guidance of that skilful pilot, Captain Manchester, she reached the open sound before nightfall, and pursued her solitary way towards her destined haven. The weather was mild for the season, but the few vessels which were in sight betokened a wintry navigation; and the monotony of the scene was only relieved by the flocks of sea fowl, affrighted from the bosom of the deep by the splashing of the paddles. The brant would take its lengthened flight; but the black duck, on sudden wing, just skimmed the surface of the waves, for a short distance, as its funereal plumage glistened in the setting sun; while, high in air, the ever-restless gull careered on well-poised wing, or shot suddenly athwart the zenith.

As the twilight deepened, the starry concave began to sparkle ; and on the verge of the horizon,

“The lighthouse fire blazed  
Like a star in the midst of the ocean.”

The evening repast being prepared, the company sat down to the well-furnished board of Captain Child, whose generous hospitality and urbane demeanor made them forget for the time that they were at a strange table. After supper, some passed the time in social converse ; many, who were fatigued, prepared to retire to their berths ; others sat apart, musing fondly upon the anticipated scenes of home, which rose more vividly before the mind's eye the nearer they approached it. And the fond mother endeavored to lull her tender children to repose, from whose weary but restless eyelids sleep was debarred by the novelty of their situation.

But amidst this fancied security, the cry of “*Fire*” resounded throughout the fatal bark. That fearful cry, which blanched the cheek of the female, and quailed the heart of the timid, nerved the breast of the brave and resolute. A simultaneous rush was made for the deck ; upon reaching which, the fire was discovered near the smoke-pipe, and began rapidly to extend aft, increasing in height and volume every moment, fanned, as it was, by the great current of air generated by the rapid motion of the boat. The greatest consternation now prevailed ; all was confusion ; no systematic course of action could be adopted : it was attempted to rig the fire-engine, but in vain. And the engineer was driven from his station by the flames which encircled the steam-engine, and to stop it was impossible ; on it went, clanging their death march, with fearful revolutions. The pilot endeavored to head her for the land ; but the wheel-ropes gave way, and he was driven from his station almost suffocated, and she was left to plough the waters at random. Nothing could be done ; on rushed the boat, amid the shrieks of the sufferers, the crackling of the fire, and the roaring of the winds. And as the bags of cotton became enveloped in the flames, they would burst with an explosive force, filling the atmosphere with the burning flakes, and descending in showers upon the bosom of the dark waters ; which, for

a great distance to leeward, appeared an undulating plain of fire. The sea was red, the heavens were red, and the glow reddened with the rest the pallid brows of that doomed and flame-encircled company.

A rush was now made for the quarter-boats, and they were instantly filled, as they were hanging on the davits, by the bewildered passengers. But in lowering them, owing to the quick motion of the boat, they filled, and were rapidly left behind; the loud shriek of despair, which rose from these drowning wretches, was, for a moment, louder than the roaring of the winds and flames. The *life-boat* was now resorted to; and to tear the covering off, and launch it, was but the work of a moment. But, being forward of the wheel, it was drawn under, and torn away from those who held the warp. The fire had now cut off all communication between the bow and stern of the boat; on board of which were congregated the pious and the learned, the mechanic, the mariner, and the merchant, the rich and the poor. There were those just returning from years of wandering in foreign climes, and had sailed on other seas, when the blast of the hurricane put on its greatest fury; others who had been on board of ships destroyed by fire and shipwreck; one who was at Conception, in South America, during the great earthquake of 1835, when, in the short space of six minutes, that city was laid in ruins,—where the stunning noise of falling houses, the horrible cracking of the earth, the stifling heat, the blinding, smothering clouds of dust, all dwindled before the present terrific scene, with all the horrors of its swift-approaching and inevitable result.

“The horrors of that night, passed by us in the happy unconsciousness of sleep, what tongue can tell, what pencil can paint, what heart can conceive?—men, women, and children, hemmed in between the fierce wintry wave and the fiercer flames,—drinking drop by drop the bitterness of death,—hopeless, inevitable destruction yawning before them,—the strength of the strong, the courage of the brave, the presence of mind of the collected, alike unavailing. What thoughts of anguish unutterable must have wrung the hearts of those devoted victims!—thoughts of the loved ones they had left, or were hastening to join. What vivid pictures of home

must have risen up before the mind's eye, to deepen the gloom and horror of the real scene around them. The imagination recoils from these sad images, and we forbear to fill up the outlines of so terrific a picture."

As all hopes of being saved by the boats were now cut off, the most desperate exertions were made by those on the fore-castle to keep back the fire, in hopes that some vessel might come to their rescue. Every thing which could hold water was eagerly seized upon; and the boxes containing specie were broken open, the dollars poured out and trodden under foot as worthless, whilst the boxes were used to throw water on the devouring flames. Thus, inch by inch, they were driven forward, fighting the fire, until driven over the bows into the icy bosom of a wintry sea. The survivors on the fore-castle, at this period, were calm and collected, and making every exertion to save their lives, by throwing the baggage crates overboard, and making a raft of the flag-staff and planks.

At 12 o'clock, Captain Manchester left, telling them that every thing which man could do had been done. We thus have intelligence from the fore-castle four hours later than from the quarter-deck; as what took place there, after 8 o'clock in the evening, is only known to Him who received their dying aspirations in that fearful hour of their dissolution. As they must have seen at once the utter impossibility of all human exertions to reach any earthly strand, it is probable that they soon began to prepare for landing on the distant shores of eternity. But as we should be out of our depth in sounding upon this subject, we will leave the coast clear for the opinions of those great and good men who are so profoundly acquainted with the philosophy of the human mind, and of its secret workings in such fearful emergencies. Dr. Channing, in touching upon this subject, while speaking of his friend, Dr. Follen, says—

"It was not the physical pain which I shuddered at, when I first heard of that night of horrors. It was the mental agony of those who, in a moment of health and security, were roused to see distinctly the abyss opening before them, to see God's awful ministers of fire and sea commissioned to sunder at once every hold on life, and to carry them so unwarned into the unknown world. Even this agony, how-



ever, in the first moment of our grief and horror, was perhaps exaggerated.

“When my mind, composed by time, now goes back to that flame-encircled boat, I search for one among the crowd, who was singularly dear to me, the close and faithful friend of many years; and as he rises to my mind, I see no terror on his countenance. I see him with collected mind and quick eye looking round him for means of escape, using every energy of a fearless spirit, thoughtful, too, of others as well as himself, and desisting from no efforts of love and prudence till the power of effort failed. I see, indeed, one agony; it was the thought that the dear countenances of wife, and child, and beloved friend, were to be seen no more on earth. I see another, perhaps deeper agony; it was the thought of the woe which his loss was to inflict on hearts dearer to him than life. But even at that hour his love was not all agony; for it had always lived in union with faith. He had loved spiritually; he had revered in his friends an infinite, undying nature; he had cherished in them principles and hopes stronger than death. I cannot doubt that, in that fearful hour, he committed them and himself with filial trust to the all-merciful Father. I cannot doubt that death was disarmed of its worst terrors—that the spirit passed away in breathings of unutterable love and immortal hope. Thus died one of that seemingly forlorn, desolate, forsaken company; I hope thus others died. But one such example mingles with the terrors and agonies of that night so much that is heavenly, soothing, cheering, that I can look at the scene without overwhelming gloom, and without one doubt of the perfect goodness of God.”

The Rev. Mr. Lathrop, in speaking of their situation at this time, says—“They had nothing to do but to wait, to suffer, and to die. If ever any situation required manhood, fortitude, and the power of religious faith, it must have been this. Let us trust, brethren, that these were not wanting. Let us trust that those brief hours were not all hours of pain, of grief, of unmitigated anguish. Let us hope that while glad memories of the past thronged thick and fast upon their minds, and burning thoughts of home, of wife, of husband, of children, and kindred, no more to be seen on earth, tore with anguish their hearts, there also came in upon their souls,

sweet and holy in its influences, that faith, mightier than any human affection, stronger than any mortal peril, which lifts the spirit to God, and gives it peace in death."

One scene, which took place on that quarter-deck, as circumstantially told, is truly affecting, and shows the powerful and sacred feelings of maternity, even in such an appalling situation. A little boy, the son of Mrs. Bates, was picked up on the shore; and upon removing the frozen sea-weed with which his lifeless form was entangled, a lady's green veil was found carefully tied round his face, to protect it from the scorching cinders and suffocating smoke. Heaven lifted high its everlasting portals to admit such a noble spirit and her kindred offspring.

The unfortunate boat kept floating on; and for hours the blaze was seen shooting up from her in columns, lighting the whole Sound, and then dying away in darkness. Thus the evening wore on, and midnight still found her cindery hulk just oscillating on the surface. At this time, a few well-directed thrusts of an oar through the charred sides, would have sent her rapidly to the bottom. Under her counter and guards, a few wretched beings, scorched, maimed, and covered with soot, still clung instinctively to life. From the drift of the Lexington, and the place where last seen, she must have been drifted directly for the light boat, on the Middle Ground, and could not have been more than two or three miles from it when last discovered by her blaze, showing her solitary and sable pipes standing as monuments over some mighty moving catacomb of death.

About 3 o'clock, as one of the survivors, who was floating on a bale of cotton, and had drifted to a great distance, bent his eager gaze to where the curve of the horizon was broken by the view of the burning boat, which was now fast decreasing in vividness, suddenly the curve which was cut off became connected, and in vain his strained eye sought the unfortunate Lexington; nothing obstructed the view of sky and ocean; she had gone down, and the pale moon alone shed her silvery effulgence on the wave. After a few moments, no shrieks, no shouts from her were longer heard; the bitterness of death was passed; all was tranquil as the grave.

It is painful to contemplate, that out of one hundred and

fifty human beings, who saw the sun set from that deck, but four should live to see it rise ; the rest having passed off like the meteor at night, never to be seen again. Spring with its verdure, summer with its flowers, and autumn with its golden fruits, have come and passed ; but their lifeless forms are not recovered, for they are supulchred among the wild and wandering waters — those who expected to sleep in the tombs of their ancestors, under the willows of their native churchyard, or among the flowery avenues of Mount Auburn, where the marble obelisk stands embowered amid the deep and waving foliage, as the ever-varying tints of sunlight and shadow chase over its polished surface. But, far removed from scenes like those, here they repose among the coral groves of the ocean, enveloped in the long sea-grass for a winding-sheet.

A few of their bones, after being thrown upon the shore and bleached by the sea fogs, may glitter among the sands ; but by far the greater number of these unfortunates, together with the ponderous machinery, metallic substances, earthen and glass utensils, have become embedded in the sediment at the bottom ; where these bones and substances, being removed from the mechanical action of the waves and the corrosion of the sea water, will last for indefinite ages ; and when, by the revolution of matter, the bottom of Long Island Sound may have become the bed of a fruitful valley, and the surface is penetrated for the purposes of agriculture or the arts, they may be discovered, to adorn the cabinets of the geologists and antiquaries of those remote periods.

We will now leave the Lexington at the bottom, and ascend to the surface of that dark and wintry sea, on which ten or twelve human beings were left floating on fragments of the wreck and bales of cotton. Four only survived ; and we will give the story of Mr. Crowley, the second mate, whose sufferings were the longest protracted.

When the alarm of fire was given, he proceeded to the spot, and there discovered six bales of cotton on fire. He immediately handed up to Captain Manchester, who was on the promenade deck, three pails of water ; and then, with others, continued to draw water and throw it on the fire until driven away by the strength of the flames. Before leaving the wreck, he saw one of the quarter-boats launched

by some of the passengers, and called out to them "to put the plug in the boat;" he assisted one of the passengers to throw overboard the "hawser tub," and another the "chaffing board;" he then threw over a "side plank," and jumped on it, but soon afterwards swam to a bale of cotton which floated near him.

The moon set soon after the boat sunk, and he was left in darkness; but he thrashed his benumbed limbs, to keep them from freezing. When the dawning light of Tuesday morning had silvered the surface of the Sound, he minutely scanned every point of the horizon, in hopes of receiving succor from some passing vessel; but in vain; no sail appeared in sight until the middle of the forenoon, when a sloop was seen to leave the Long Island shore; and, after nearing the place where the Lexington was last seen, twice she rounded to, and at each time picked up a man. He endeavored, by waving his waistcoat, to attract their attention, but in vain. She sailed back to the shore with the rescued, leaving him to suffer on the waves. But, with true fortitude, he never lost his presence of mind, or his hope of escape; and noted the different points of land, which he knew, as he floated past them. When the night of Tuesday came on, he thought himself near Falkland Island, and expected to drift ashore there; but finding himself exhausted, he, miraculous to state, composed himself on his bale of cotton, went to sleep, and slept soundly until morning. Much revived by his sleep, he continued through the following day to make every exertion his situation permitted to reach the land, which, however, he did not do until 9 o'clock at night.

After the bale grounded, he crawled several rods, through the loose ice, to the dry beach. His passage was obstructed by a high bank. He with difficulty climbed to the summit, and having become completely exhausted, he was on the point of sinking down, when he saw a light. Hope now gave him new life, and mustering all his strength, he pushed forward, and upon reaching it, he found that it lit up the hospitable hearth of Mr. Huntingdon. And the family circle were at that moment listening to the particulars of the loss of the Lexington, which the son, who had just arrived from New York, was telling. His unexpected appearance in the

little family circle, pale and wretched, with his waistcoat wound round his head, naturally created a sensation; but he had scarce time to tell that he was one who had escaped from the scene of death, ere he received all the care and attention his situation required. His feet were badly frost-bitten; but in a few days he was able to leave for New York.

Captain Chester Hillard, a passenger, gives the following statement:—

“I went on board of the Lexington at 3 o'clock, P. M. The greatest proportion of the freight consisted of cotton, which was stowed under the promenade deck. Between the wheel-house and engine, there was sufficient space for a person to pass; and there was a tier of cotton bales, stowed in the passage, on the side next to the wheel-house. I went into the fore-castle, over which were three or four baggage cars. The life-boat was on the starboard side of the promenade deck, forward of the wheel-house, covered with canvass. I took no notice of her until I saw persons endeavoring to clear her away. We took supper about 6 o'clock; there were two tables set, rather more than half the length of the cabin: they were filled, and some of the passengers had to wait for the second table. The boat was going at the rate of twelve or fourteen knots per hour.

“As I was on the point of turning in, about an hour after supper, and had taken my coat and boots off, I heard the alarm of fire. I did not at the time apprehend any thing serious, but, quickly dressing myself, and taking my overcoat under my arm, went on deck, and discovered the casing of the smoke-pipe, and a part of the promenade deck, on fire. There was a great rush of the passengers, and much confusion; the after part of the casing was burning, and the fire was making aft.

“I saw nothing of the commander, but from what I could hear of the crew forward, I supposed they were at work, trying to rig the fire-engine. I saw no buckets used, and think they were not made use of, and think that the fire-engine was not got to work. I shortly after went on the promenade deck; but my attention had previously been directed to the passengers, who were rushing into the quarter-boats; and when I went on the quarter-deck, they were

both filled. They seemed to be determined to destroy themselves, as well as the boats, which were their only means of safety. I went to the starboard boat, which they were lowering away; they lowered it until she took the water, and then some one cut away the forward tackle-fall, when the boat instantly filled with water, there being some twenty persons in her at the time; the boat passed immediately astern, entirely clear. I then went to the other side; this boat was cleared away and lowered in the same manner, full of passengers. She fell astern like the other, and was disengaged before she had entirely filled.

"By this time the fire had so increased, that I pretty much made up my mind that '*it was a gone case,*' and thought that the best thing that could be done was to run the boat ashore; and for this purpose went to the wheel-house after Captain Child. He was there, and upon advising him to run ashore, he replied that she was already headed for the land. The fire by this time began to come up around the promenade deck; and the wheel-house was completely filled with smoke. There were two or three on the promenade deck, near the wheel-house, and their attention was turned to the life-boat. I was apprehensive that the promenade deck would fall through, but assisted to strip off the canvass and clear away the boat; but did not intend going in her, as I had made up my mind that, if they got her down on the main deck, they would serve her as they had done the others. I now found it was time to leave the promenade deck, as the fire was bursting up through it. Upon going aft, down on the main deck, found them at work with the hose, but whether by the aid of the engine, or not, I cannot say; and I did not know, at the time, that there was a force pump on board.

"The smoke now became so dense, that I could not see distinctly what they were about. And I think that the communication with the forepart of the vessel was now cut off. Up to this time, from the first hearing of the alarm, perhaps twenty minutes had elapsed; and the engine had stopped. I recommended to the few passengers and deck hands who remained, to throw the cotton overboard: after we had done it, I told them they must do something for themselves, and the best thing they could do was to take to the cotton. There

were ten or twelve bales thrown overboard ; which was nearly all that remained on the larboard side, which had not taken fire. I cut off four or five fathoms of line, and with it spanned a bale of cotton, which, I believe, was the last one not on fire ; it was a very snug, square bale, about four feet long, three wide, and a foot and a half thick. Aided by one of the firemen, I put the bale upon the rail, round which we took a turn, slipped it down below the guard, when we both got on to it. The boat lay broadside to the wind, and we were under the lee of the boat on the larboard side. We placed ourselves one on each end of the bale, facing each other ; and the bale floated about one third out of the water. The wind was pretty fresh, and we drifted at the rate of a mile and a half per hour. We did not lash ourselves on, but coiled up the rope and laid it on the bale. My companion did not like the idea of leaving the boat immediately, but wished to hold on to the guards. I determined to get out of the way, being convinced that to remain there much longer, would become pretty hot quarters. We accordingly shoved the bale round the stern, and, the moment we reached it, were drifted from the boat. This was just 8 o'clock by my watch, which I looked at.

“As we left the wreck, I picked up a piece of board, and used it as a paddle, or rudder, with which to keep the bale end to the sea.

“At the time we left the boat, there were but few persons remaining on board. I saw one lady. The ladies' cabin was then all on fire. The reason why I noticed the lady was, that her child had got overboard, and was then about two rods from her. We passed by the child so near, that I could put my hand on it as it lay on its back. The lady saw us approaching the child, and cried out for us to save it. We then drifted away from the boat, and it was pretty rough. I had as much as I could do to manage my bale of cotton ; we were sitting astride of the bale, with our feet in the water. I was wet up to the middle, from the water which at times washed over the bale. We were in sight of the boat all the time, till she went down, about a mile off. When we left the wreck, it was cloudy ; but about 9 o'clock, it cleared off, and we had a fine night of it until the moon went down. I looked at my watch as often as

every half hour, through the night; the boat went down at 3 o'clock. It was so cold as to make it necessary for me to exert myself to keep warm; which I did by whipping my hands and arms around my body. About 4 o'clock, the bale capsized with us; a heavy sea came and carried the bale over end-ways; my companion was at this time with me, and we managed to get to the bale on its opposite side. We at this time lost our piece of board; afterwards the bale was unmanageable. My companion had complained a good deal of the cold from our first setting out. His name was Cox, a fireman. On our first starting from the boat, I gave him my vest, as he had on his chest only a flannel shirt. He had on pantaloons, boots, and cap.

"Cox remained on the bale after it had upset about two hours, until daylight. For the last half hour he was speechless, and lost the power of his limbs, as he did not try to hold on. I rubbed him, and beat his flesh, to keep up the circulation. But the bale coming broadside to the sea, it gave a lurch, and Cox slipped off, and I saw him no more. He went down without a struggle. I then got into the middle of the bale, to make it ride easy, and then got my feet on it, and so remained until the sloop picked me up. The sea had by this time become quite smooth. On seeing the sloop, I waved my hat, to attract the attention of those on board. I was not frozen in any part.

"The name of the sloop was the '*Merchant*,' Captain Meeker, of Southport, who are entitled to a great deal of credit, as they did more on the occasion than any one else. They tried, during the night, to get out to the aid of those on board the Lexington; but in coming out, she grounded on the bar, and they were compelled, before they could get her off, to lighten her.

"It was 11 o'clock when I was picked up. The sloop had, previous to reaching me, spoken the light boat, to ascertain the direction of the fire. On board, I had every possible attention shown me; they took me into the cabin, and then cruised in search of others. They picked up two other living men, Captain Manchester and Mr. Charles E. Smith."

Her excellent pilot, Captain Manchester, gives the following narration:—

"About half past 7 o'clock, some one came to the wheel-



house door, and told me the boat was on fire. On looking aft, I saw the upper deck burning all round the smoke-pipe, blazing up two or three feet; the flame appeared to be in a thin sheet all around the smoke-pipe, coming up through the promenade deck. I then returned into the wheel-house, and put the wheel hard a-port, to steer for the Long Island shore, about four miles distant. But before she headed for the shore, Captain Child came and took hold of the spoke of the wheel, and something gave way, which I believe was the tiller rope. The smoke now came into the wheel-house so thick, that Captain Child was obliged to go out; and I followed him. I then called to them on the fore-castle to get out the fire-engine and buckets: the engine was got out, but they could not get at the buckets; or, at least, I only saw a few. I now went to the life-boat, and found some persons taking the tarpaulin off it. I caught hold of the lashing of the boat, and requested them not to let her go until we got a line fastened to her. The fire was then burning through the promenade deck. I cut the lashing, and told them to launch the boat. I jumped down on the forward deck, took hold of the hawser, and found it was not fastened to the steamboat. I told them to hold on to the rope, but they all let go one after another; the engine was still going, and I was obliged to let it go myself also. We then found two buckets, and commenced throwing water with them and the specie boxes; whilst doing this, some others took the flag-staffs, and parts of the bulwarks, and made a raft, to which we made a line fast, and hove it over the side of the boat; we then threw the baggage overboard from four baggage cars, and made them fast with a line; the engine was now stopped; we threw out every thing by which we thought any person could save themselves, and threw on water, in hopes that some person might come to our relief.

“The main deck now fell in as far as the capstan; the people had by this time got overboard, some of them drowned, and others hurrying on to the baggage cars, the raft, and other things. What was left of the main deck was now on fire; and got us cornered up, in so small a space, that we could do nothing more by throwing water. There were then only eight or ten persons astern, on the steamboat, and about thirty on the fore-castle. They asked

me what they should do, and I told them there was no chance for any of us; that if we staid there we should be burned to death, and if we went overboard we should probably perish.

"I then took a piece of spun-yarn and made it fast to my coat, and also to the rail, and so eased myself down upon the raft. There were two or three others on it already, and my weight sunk it. I held on to the rope until it came up again; and when it did, I sprang up and caught a piece of railing, which was in the water, and from thence got on a bale of cotton, where there was a man sitting; found the bale was made fast to the railing, took out my knife and cut it off. I saw a man standing on the piece of railing; he asked me if there was room for another. I made no answer, and he jumped and knocked off the man that was with me, and I hauled him on again. I caught a piece of board, which was floating past me, and shoved the bale clean off from the raft, and used the board to endeavor to get in shore at Crane Neck Point, but I could not succeed. When I left the wreck, I looked at my watch; it was 12 o'clock. The man on the bale with me said his name was M'Kenny, and lived at New York; he died about 3 o'clock. When I hauled him on the bale, I encouraged him, and told him to thrash his hands. My hands now became so frozen that I could not use them at all. The last thing I recollect was seeing the sloop, and I raised my handkerchief, hoping they would see me. I was then sitting on the cotton, with my feet in the water. The cotton never rolled at all, although there were some heavy seas. The man who was on the bale spoke of his wife and children; that he had kissed them the morning he left home, that he was never before through the Sound. I was taken off the cotton by Captain Meeker, and carried to Southport, where I received every possible attention."

The following is a list of the Lexington's company, as near as could be ascertained:—

*New York.*—H. C. Craig; Charles Bracket; Mr. Fowler; R. W. Dow; Mr. Bullard; Charles S. Noyes; Albert E. Harding; Mrs. Russel Jarvis, and two children; Mr. Stuyvesant; Stephen Waterbury; E. B. Patten; Patrick M'Kenna; Thomas James; Wm. Cowen; Mr. Lawrence;

Charles Boswell; Richard Pierpont; Mr. Phipps; Mr. Carey; William H. Townsend; two children, (names not given;) four colored persons.

*Boston.*—Isaac Davis; John Brown; Charles W. Woolsey; Abraham Howard; Adolphus Harnden, superintendent of Harnden's Express, (he had in charge \$18,000 in specie, and \$20,000 in bills;) Mr. White; Mr. Everett; Captain John G. Low; Henry J. Finn; Charles Eberle; J. A. Leach; Nathaniel Hobart; H. C. Bradford; Benjamin D. Holmes; William Dexter; T. H. M. Lyon; Otis Eldridge.

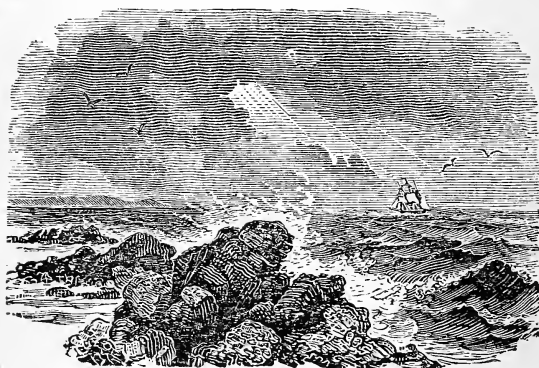
*Providence.*—John L. Winslow, and his son John Winslow, (were carrying home the corpse of his son H. A. Winslow, in company of the widow;) Captain Benjamin F. Foster; William A. Greene; Elias Brown, jun.; William Nichols.

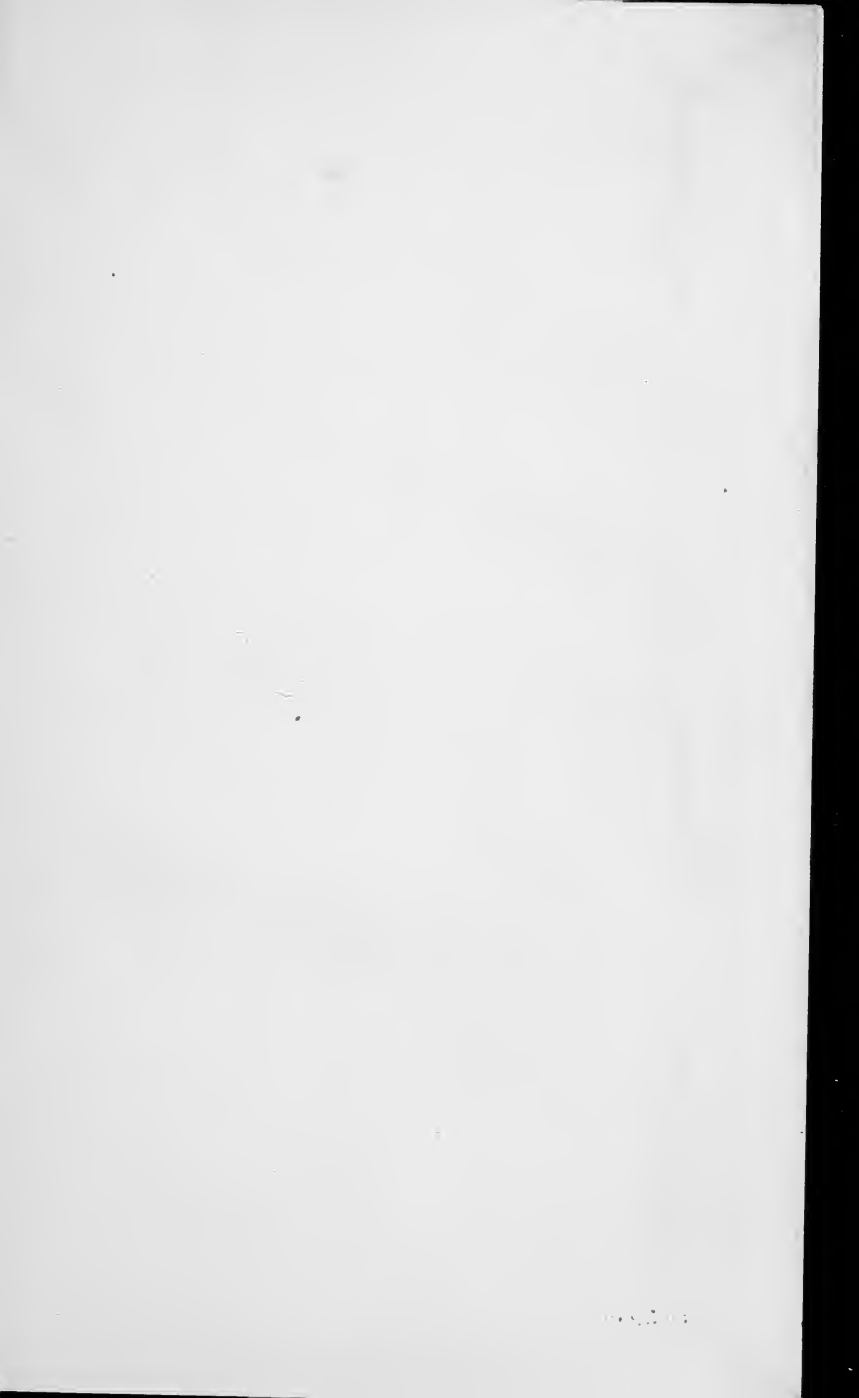
*Stonington.*—Captain C. Hillard, (saved;) Mr. Van Cott; Charles H. Phelps; Mrs. Mary Russell, (she had been married the day before.)

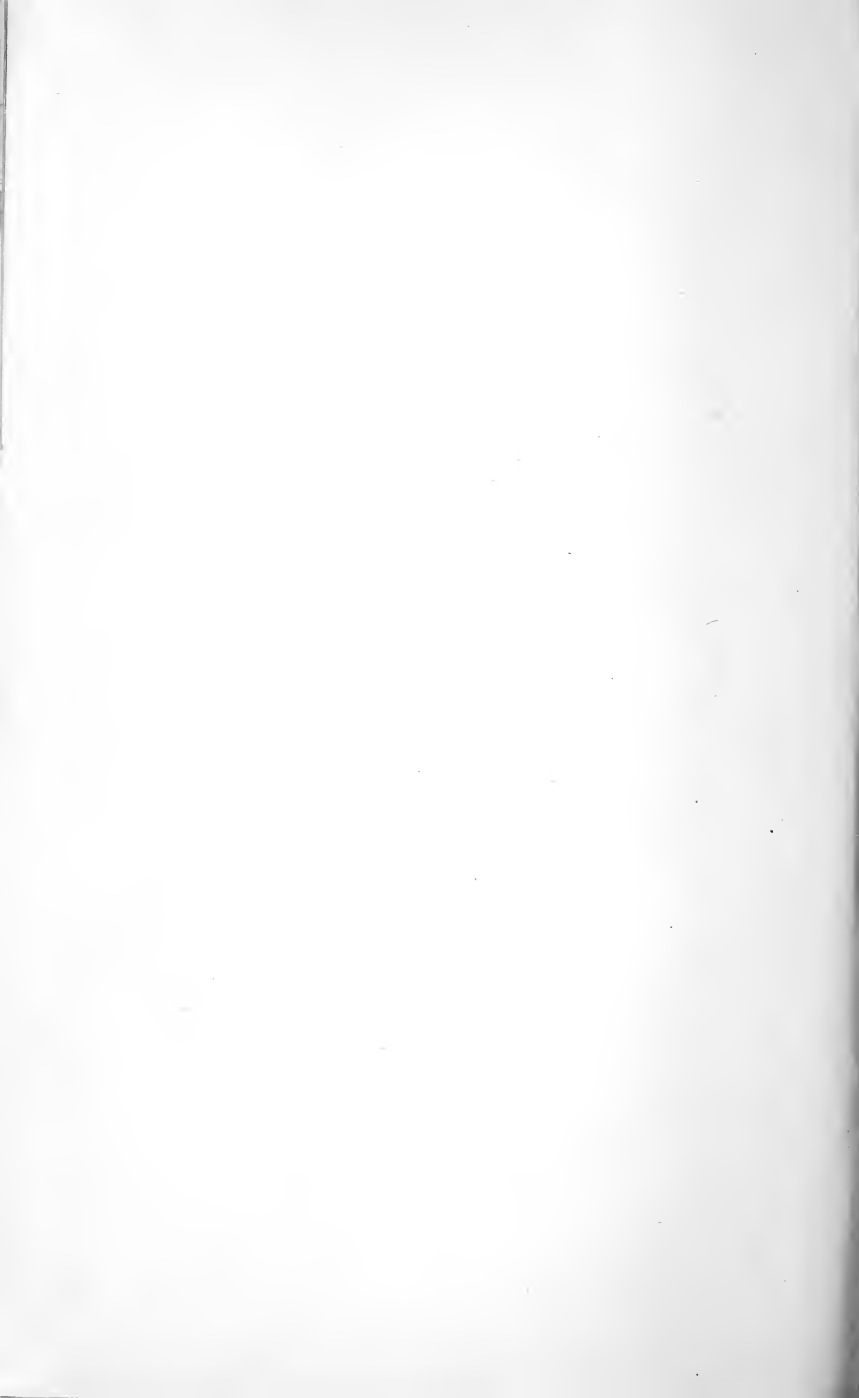
John Corey, of *Foxborough, Mass.* J. P. Felt, jun., of *Salem, do.* Captain J. D. Carver, of *Plymouth, do.* Alphonso Mason, of *Gloucester, do.* Robert Blake, of *Wrentham, do.* Richard Picket, of *Newburyport, do.* Captain Theophilus Smith, of *Dartmouth, do.* Charles Lee, of *Barre, do.* John Lemist, of *Roxbury, do.* Jonathan Linfield, of *Stoughton, do.* Philo Upson, of *Egremont, do.* James Walker and John Gordon, of *Cambridgeport, do.* Captain Smith, of *Dedham, do.* Miss Sophia T. Wheeler, of *Greenfield, do.* Samuel Henry, of *Manchester, England.* Rev. Dr. Follen, of *Cambridge, Mass.* Mr. Pierce, of *Portland.* Royal T. Church, of *Baltimore.* Wm. H. Hoyt, mail contractor, Mr. Weston, and John W. Kerle, of *Baltimore.* James G. Brown, of *New Orleans.* Mr. Walker, of *Baltimore.* N. F. Dyer, of *Pittsburg.* Captain Mattison and Robert Williams, of *Cold Spring, N. Y.* David M'Farlane and Wm. H. Wilson, of *Williamsburg, L. I.* James Ray, *Kennebunk, Maine.* Mrs. Lydia Bates, her daughter, Lydia C. Bates, and son, James C. Bates, wife and children of James Bates, of *New Jersey.* Mr. Davenport, of *Middletown, Conn.* George O. Swan, of *Columbus, Ohio.* Mr. John Martin and Gilbert Martin, father and

son, lately from *England*. David Greene, of *Philadelphia*. Wm. Price, of *Portland*. G. B. Smith, of *Brooklyn, L. I.* Mr. Bosworth, of *Royalton, Vt.* Mr. Peck, of *Southington, Connecticut*.

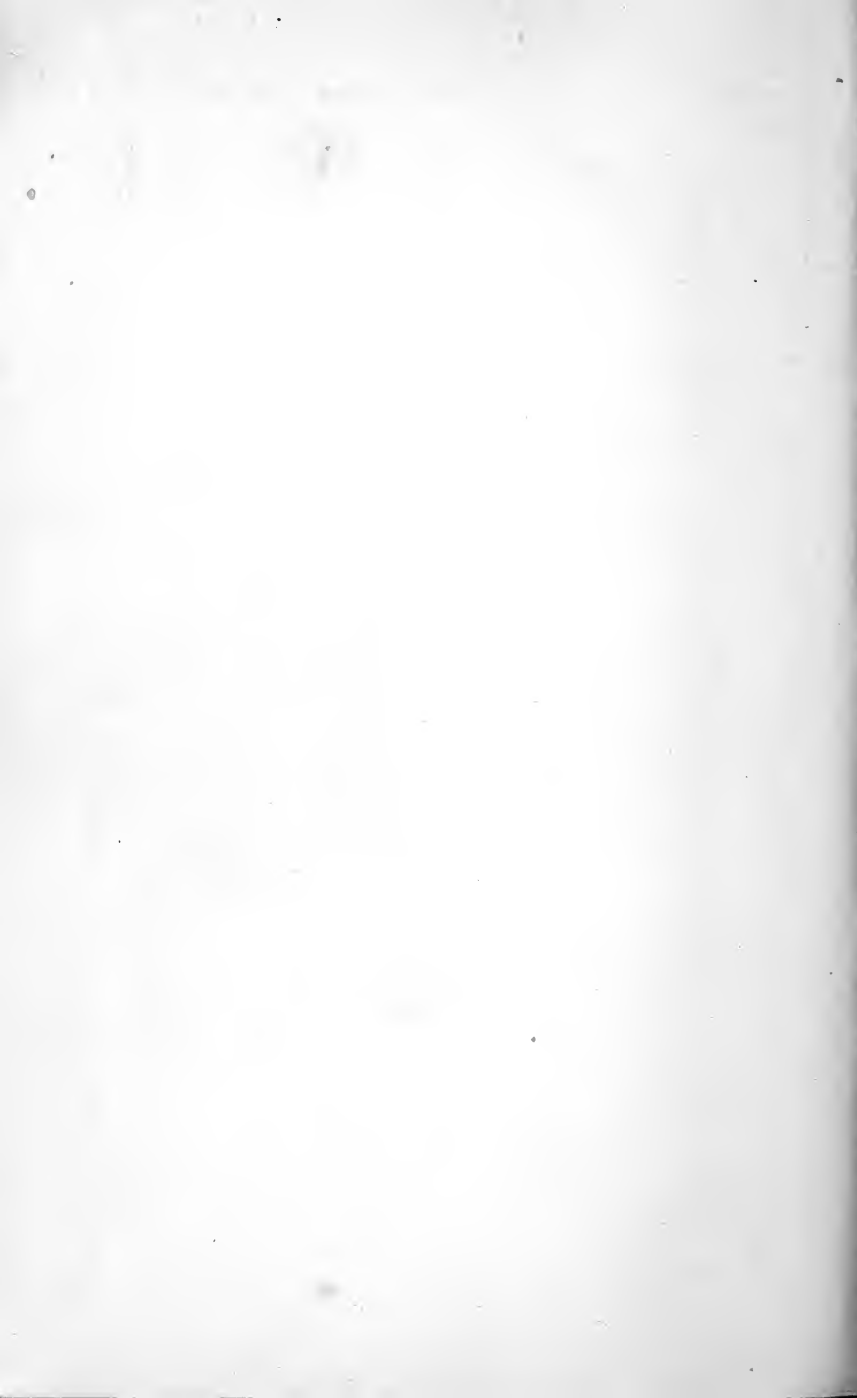
*The officers and crew of the boat were* George Child, *captain*; Jesse Comstock, *clerk*; Edwin Thurber, *first mate*; David Crowley, *second do., (saved;)* Stephen Manchester, *pilot, (saved;)* Cortland Hempstead, *chief engineer*; William Quimby, *second do.* The crew, firemen, and waiters, numbered *thirty*. Of these, Mr. Charles E. Smith, a fireman, alone was saved.



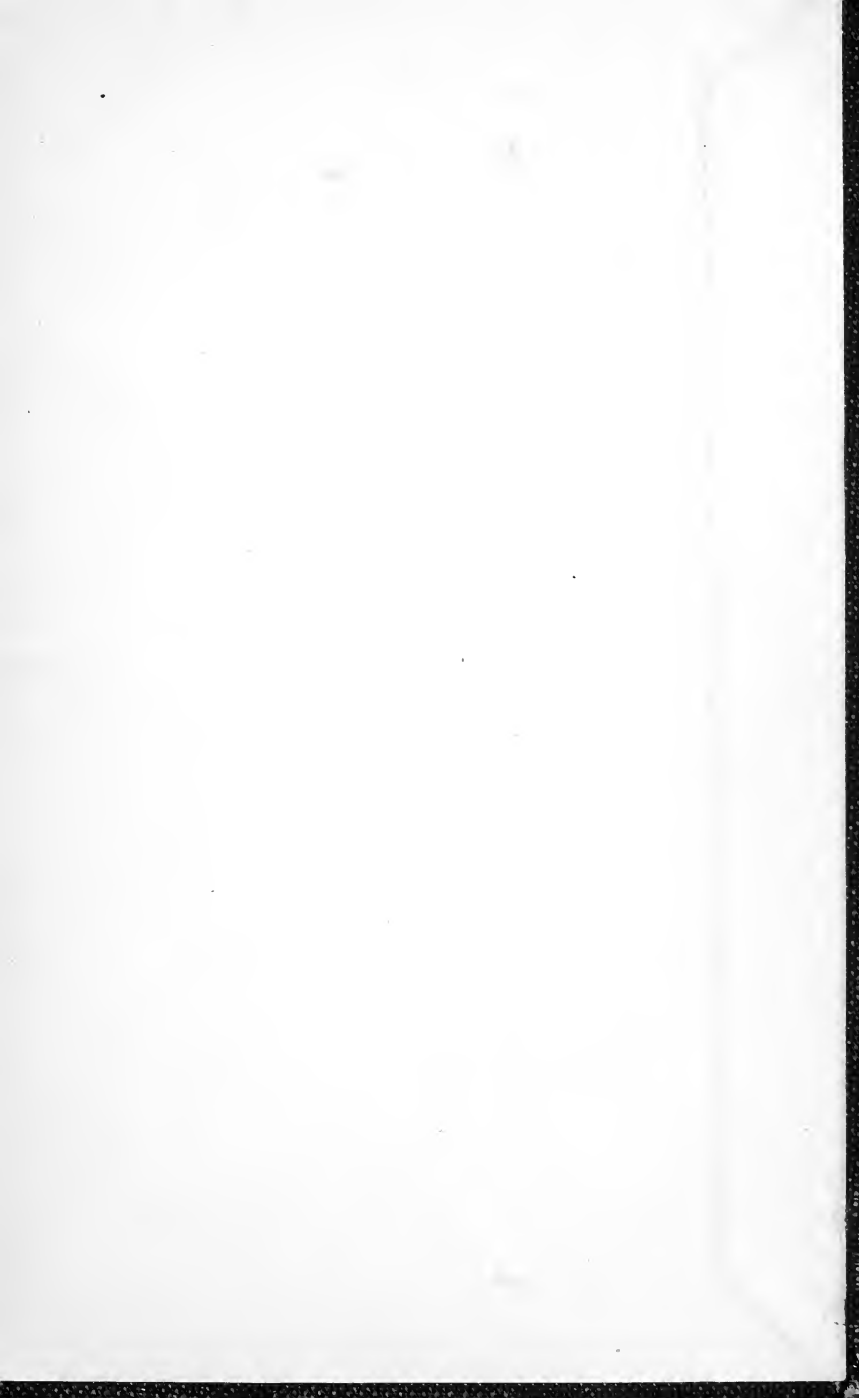












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